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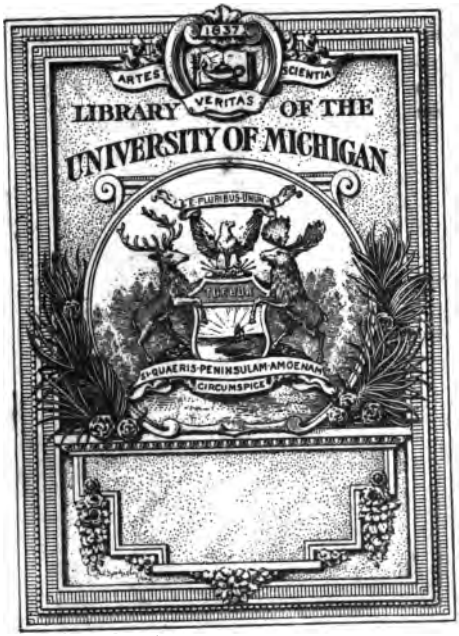

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THE WORKS

OF

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

IN SIX VOLUMES

VOLUME V

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THE WORKS OF

ALFRED

LORD TENNYSON

VOLUME V

ANNOTATED BY

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

EDITED BY

HALLAM LORD TENNYSON

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THE

DEATH OF ŒNONE,

AKBAR'S DREAM,

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

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JUNE BRACKEN AND HEATHER

To ——

THERE on the top of the down,
The wild heather round me and over me June's high blue,
When I look'd at the bracken so bright and the heather so brown,
I thought to myself I would offer this book to you,
This, and my love together,
To you that are seventy-seven,

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With a faith as clear as the heights of the June-
blue heaven,
And a fancy as summer-new
As the green of the bracken amid the gloom of
the heather.

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TO THE MASTER OF BALLIOL

I

DEAR Master in our classic town,
You, loved by all the younger gown
There at Balliol,
Lay your Plato for one minute down,

II

And read a Grecian tale re-told,
Which, cast in later Grecian mould,
Quintus Calaber
Somewhat lazily handled of old;

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III

And on this white midwinter day —
For have the far-off hymns of May,
All her melodies,
All her harmonies echo'd away ? —

IV

To-day, before you turn again
To thoughts that lift the soul of men,
Hear my cataract's
Downward thunder in hollow and glen,

V

Till, led by dream and vague desire,
The woman, gliding toward the pyre,
Find her warrior
Stark and dark in his funeral fire.

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THE DEATH OF ŒNONE

ŒNONE sat within the cave from out
Whose ivy-matted mouth she used to gaze
Down at the Troad; but the goodly view
Was now one blank, and all the serpent vines
Which on the touch of heavenly feet had risen,
And gliding thro' the branches overbower'd
The naked Three, were wither'd long ago,
And thro' the sunless winter morning-mist
In silence wept upon the flowerless earth.
And while she stared at those dead cords that ran

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Dark thro' the mist, and linking tree to tree,
But once were gayer than a dawning sky
With many a pendent bell and fragrant star,
Her Past became her Present, and she saw
Him, climbing toward her with the golden fruit,
Him, happy to be chosen Judge of Gods,
Her husband in the flush of youth and dawn,
Paris, himself as beauteous as a God.

Anon from out the long ravine below,
She heard a wailing cry, that seem'd at first
Thin as the batlike shrillings of the Dead
When driven to Hades, but, in coming near,
Across the downward thunder of the brook
Sounded 'Œnone'; and on a sudden he,
Paris, no longer beauteous as a God,
Struck by a poison'd arrow in the fight,
Lame, crooked, reeling, livid, thro' the mist

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Rose, like the wraith of his dead self, and moan'd

'Œnone, *my* Œnone, while we dwelt

Together in this valley — happy then —

Too happy had I died within thine arms,

Before the feud of Gods had marr'd our peace,

And sunder'd each from each. I am dying now

Pierced by a poison'd dart. Save me. Thou knowest,

Taught by some God, whatever herb or balm

May clear the blood from poison, and thy fame

Is blown thro' all the Troad, and to thee

The shepherd brings his adder-bitten lamb,

The wounded warrior climbs from Troy to thee.

My life and death are in thy hand. The Gods

Avenge on stony hearts a fruitless prayer

For pity. Let me owe my life to thee.

I wrought thee bitter wrong, but thou forgive,

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Forget it. Man is but the slave of Fate.
Œnone, by thy love which once was mine,
Help, heal me. I am poison'd to the heart.'
'And I to mine' she said 'Adulterer,
Go back to thine adulteress and die!'
He groan'd, he turn'd, and in the mist at once
Became a shadow, sank and disappear'd,
But, ere the mountain rolls into the plain,
Fell headlong dead; and of the shepherds one
Their oldest, and the same who first had found
Paris, a naked babe, among the woods
Of Ida, following lighted on him there,
And shouted, and the shepherds heard and came.
One raised the Prince, one sleek'd the squalid hair,
One kiss'd his hand, another closed his eyes,
And then, remembering the gay playmate rear'd

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Among them, and forgetful of the man,
Whose crime had half unpeopled Ilion, these
All that day long labour'd, hewing the pines,
And built their shepherd-prince a funeral pile;
And, while the star of eve was drawing light
From the dead sun, kindled the pyre, and all
Stood round it, hush'd, or calling on his name.
But when the white fog vanish'd like a ghost
Before the day, and every topmost pine
Spired into bluest heaven, still in her cave,
Amazed, and ever seeming stared upon
By ghastlier than the Gorgon head, a face,—
His face deform'd by lurid blotch and blain—
There, like a creature frozen to the heart
Beyond all hope of warmth, Œnone sat
Not moving, till in front of that ravine
Which drowsed in gloom, self-darken'd from the west,

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The sunset blazed along the wall of Troy.
Then her head sank, she slept, and thro' her dream
A ghostly murmur floated, 'Come to me,
Œnone! I can wrong thee now no more,
Œnone, my Œnone,' and the dream
Wail'd in her, when she woke beneath the stars.
What star could burn so low? not Ilion yet.
What light was there? She rose and slowly down,
By the long torrent's ever-deepen'd roar,
Paced, following, as in trance, the silent cry.
She waked a bird of prey that scream'd and past;
She roused a snake that hissing writhed away;
A panther sprang across her path, she heard
The shriek of some lost life among the pines,
But when she gain'd the broader vale, and saw
The ring of faces redden'd by the flames

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Enfolding that dark body which had lain
Of old in her embrace, paused — and then ask'd
Falteringly, 'Who lies on yonder pyre?'
But every man was mute for reverence.
Then moving quickly forward till the heat
Smote on her brow, she lifted up a voice
Of shrill command, 'Who burns upon the pyre?'
Whereon their oldest and their boldest said,
'He, whom thou wouldst not heal!' and all at once
The morning light of happy marriage broke
Thro' all the clouded years of widowhood,
And muffling up her comely head, and crying
'Husband!' she leapt upon the funeral pile,
And mixt herself with *him* and past in fire.

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ST. TELEMACHUS

HAD the fierce ashes of some fiery peak
Been hurl'd so high they ranged about the globe?
For day by day, thro' many a blood-red eve,
In that four-hundredth summer after Christ,
The wrathful sunset glared against a cross
Rear'd on the tumbled ruins of an old fane
No longer sacred to the Sun, and flamed
On one huge slope beyond, where in his cave
The man, whose pious hand had built the cross,
A man who never changed a word with men,
Fasted and pray'd, Telemachus the Saint.

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Eve after eve that haggard anchorite
Would haunt the desolated fane, and there
Gaze at the ruin, often mutter low
'Vicisti Galilæe'; louder again,
Spurning a shatter'd fragment of the God,
'Vicisti Galilæe!' but — when now
Bathed in that lurid crimson — ask'd 'Is earth
On fire to the West? or is the Demon-god
Wroth at his fall?' and heard an answer 'Wake
Thou deedless dreamer, lazying out a life
Of self-suppression, not of selfless love.'
And once a flight of shadowy fighters crost
The disk, and once, he thought, a shape with wings
Came sweeping by him, and pointed to the West,
And at his ear he heard a whisper 'Rome'
And in his heart he cried 'The call of God!'

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And call'd arose, and, slowly plunging down
Thro' that disastrous glory, set his face
By waste and field and town of alien tongue,
Following a hundred sunsets, and the sphere
Of westward-wheeling stars; and every dawn
Struck from him his own shadow on to Rome.

Foot-sore, way-worn, at length he touch'd his goal,
The Christian city. All her splendour fail'd
To lure those eyes that only yearn'd to see,
Fleeting betwixt her column'd palace-walls,
The shape with wings. Anon there past a crowd
With shameless laughter, Pagan oath, and jest,
Hard Romans brawling of their monstrous games;
He, all but deaf thro' age and weariness,
And muttering to himself 'The call of God'
And borne along by that full stream of men,
Like some old wreck on some indrawing sea,

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Gain'd their huge Colosseum. The caged beast
Yell'd, as he yell'd of yore for Christian blood.
Three slaves were trailing a dead lion away,
One, a dead man. He stumbled in, and sat
Blinded; but when the momentary gloom,
Made by the noonday blaze without, had left
His aged eyes, he raised them, and beheld
A blood-red awning waver overhead,
The dust send up a steam of human blood,
The gladiators moving toward their fight,
And eighty thousand Christian faces watch
Man murder man. A sudden strength from heaven,
As some great shock may wake a palsied limb,
Turn'd him again to boy, for up he sprang,
And glided lightly down the stairs, and o'er
The barrier that divided beast from man

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Slipt, and ran on, and flung himself between
The gladiatorial swords, and call'd 'Forbear
In the great name of Him who died for men,
Christ Jesus!' For one moment afterward
A silence follow'd as of death, and then
A hiss as from a wilderness of snakes,
Then one deep roar as of a breaking sea,
And then a shower of stones that stoned him dead,
And then once more a silence as of death.

His dream became a deed that woke the world,
For while the frantic rabble in half-amaze
Stared at him dead, thro' all the nobler hearts
In that vast Oval ran a shudder of shame.
The Baths, the Forum gabbled of his death,
And preachers linger'd o'er his dying words,
Which would not die, but echo'd on to reach

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Honorius, till he heard them, and decreed
That Rome no more should wallow in this old lust
Of Paganism, and make her festal hour
Dark with the blood of man who murder'd man.

(For Honorius, who succeeded to the sovereignty over Europe, supprest the gladiatorial combats practised of old in Rome, on occasion of the following event. There was one Telemachus, embracing the ascetic mode of life, who setting out from the East and arriving at Rome for this very purpose, while that accursed spectacle was being performed, entered himself the circus, and descending into the arena, attempted to hold back those who wielded deadly weapons against each other. The spectators of the murderous fray, possest with the drunken glee of the demon who delights in such bloodshed, stoned to death the preacher of peace. The admirable Emperor learning this put a stop to that evil exhibition. — Theodoret's *Ecclesiastical History*.)

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AKBAR'S DREAM

An Inscription by Abul Fazl for a Temple in Kashmir (Blochmann xxxii.)

O God in every temple I see people that see thee, and in every language I hear spoken, people praise thee.

Polytheism and Islám feel after thee.

Each religion says, 'Thou art one, without equal.'

If it be a mosque people murmur the holy prayer, and if it be a Christian Church, people ring the bell from love to Thee.

Sometimes I frequent the Christian cloister, and sometimes the mosque.

But it is thou whom I search from temple to temple.

Thy elect have no dealings with either heresy or orthodoxy; for neither of them stands behind the screen of thy truth.

Heresy to the heretic, and religion to the orthodox,

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But the dust of the rose-petal belongs to the heart of the perfume seller.

AKBAR *and* ABUL FAZL *before the palace at Futehpur-Sikri at night.*

'LIGHT of the nations' ask'd his Chronicler
Of Akbar 'what has darken'd thee to-night?'
Then, after one quick glance upon the stars,
And turning slowly toward him, Akbar said
'The shadow of a dream — an idle one
It may be. Still I raised my heart to heaven,
I pray'd against the dream. To pray, to do —
To pray, to do according to the prayer,
Are, both, to worship Alla, but the prayers,
That have no successor in deed, are faint
And pale in Alla's eyes, fair mothers they
Dying in childbirth of dead sons. I vow'd
Whate'er my dreams, I still would do the right

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Thro' all the vast dominion which a sword,
That only conquers men to conquer peace,
Has won me. Alla be my guide!
But come,
My noble friend, my faithful counsellor,
Sit by my side. While thou art one with me,
I seem no longer like a lonely man
In the king's garden, gathering here and there
From each fair plant the blossom choicest-grown
To wreathe a crown not only for the king
But in due time for every Mussulmân,
Brahmin, and Buddhist, Christian, and Parsee,
Thro' all the warring world of Hindustan.

Well spake thy brother in his hymn to heaven
"Thy glory baffles wisdom. All the tracks
Of science making toward Thy Perfectness
Are blinding desert sand; we scarce can spell

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The Alif of Thine Alphabet of Love."

He knows Himself, men nor themselves nor Him,

For every splinter'd fraction of a sect

Will clamour "*I* am on the Perfect Way,

All else is to perdition."

Shall the rose

Cry to the lotus "No flower thou"? the palm

Call to the cypress "I alone am fair"?

The mango spurn the melon at his foot?

"Mine is the one fruit Alla made for man."

Look how the living pulse of Alla beats

Thro' all His world. If every single star

Should shriek its claim "I only am in heaven"

Why that were such sphere-music as the Greek

Had hardly dream'd of. There is light in all,

And light, with more or less of shade, in all

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Man-modes of worship; but our Ulama,
Who "sitting on green sofas contemplate
The torment of the damn'd" already, these
Are like wild brutes new-caged — the narrower
The cage, the more their fury. Me they front
With sullen brows. What wonder! I decreed
That even the dog was clean, that men may taste
Swine-flesh, drink wine; they know too that whene'er
In our free Hall, where each philosophy
And mood of faith may hold its own, they blurt
Their furious formalisms, I but hear
The clash of tides that meet in narrow seas, —
Not the Great Voice not the true Deep.
To drive
A people from their ancient fold of Faith,
And wall them up perforce in mine — unwise,

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Unkinglike ; — and the morning of my reign
Was redden'd by that cloud of shame when I . . .
I hate the rancour of their castes and creeds,
I let men worship as they will, I reap
No revenue from the field of unbelief.
I cull from every faith and race the best
And bravest soul for counsellor and friend.
I loathe the very name of infidel.
I stagger at the Korân and the sword.
I shudder at the Christian and the stake ;
Yet "Alla," says their sacred book, "is Love,"
And when the Goan Padre quoting Him,
Issa Ben Mariam, his own prophet, cried
"Love one another little ones" and "bless"
Whom? even "your persecutors"! there methought
The cloud was rifted by a purer gleam
Than glances from the sun of our Islâm.

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And thou rememberest what a fury shook
Those pillars of a moulder'd faith, when he,
That other, prophet of their fall, proclaimed
His Master as "the Sun of Righteousness,"
Yea, Alla here on earth, who caught and held
His people by the bridle-rein of Truth.

What art thou saying? "And was not Alla call'd
In old Irân the Sun of Love? and Love
The net of truth?"

A voice from old Irân!
Nay, but I know it — *his*, the hoary Sheik,
On whom the women shrieking "Atheist" flung
Filth from the roof, the mystic melodist
Who all but lost himself in Alla, him
Abû Saîd ——

— a sun but dimly seen
Here, till the mortal morning mists of earth

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Fade in the noon of heaven, when creed and race
Shall bear false witness, each of each, no more,
But find their limits by that larger light,
And overstep them, moving easily
Thro' after-ages in the love of Truth,
The truth of Love.

The sun, the sun! they rail
At me the Zoroastrian. Let the Sun,
Who heats our earth to yield us grain and fruit,
And laughs upon thy field as well as mine,
And warms the blood of Shiah and Sunnee,
Symbol the Eternal! Yea and may not kings
Express Him also by their warmth of love
For all they rule — by equal law for all?
By deeds a light to men?

But no such light
Glanced from our Presence on the face of one,

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Who breaking in upon us yestermorn,
With all the Hells a-glare in either eye,
Yell'd "hast *thou* brought us down a new Korân
From heaven? art *thou* the Prophet? canst *thou* work
Miracles?" and the wild horse, anger, plunged
To fling me, and fail'd. Miracles! no, not I
Nor he, nor any. I can but lift the torch
Of Reason in the dusky cave of Life,
And gaze on this great miracle, the World,
Adoring That who made, and makes, and is,
And is not, what I gaze on — all else Form,
Ritual, varying with the tribes of men.
Ay but, my friend, thou knowest I hold that forms
Are needful: only let the hand that rules,
With politic care, with utter gentleness,

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Mould them for all his people.

And what are forms?

Fair garments, plain or rich, and fitting close

Or flying looselier, warm'd but by the heart

Within them, moved but by the living limb,

And cast aside, when old, for newer, — Forms!

The Spiritual in Nature's market-place —

The silent Alphabet-of-heaven-in-man

Made vocal — banners blazoning a Power

That is not seen and rules from far away —

A silken cord let down from Paradise,

When fine Philosophies would fail, to draw

The crowd from wallowing in the mire of earth,

And all the more, when these behold their Lord,

Who shaped the forms, obey them, and himself

Here on this bank in *some* way live the life

Beyond the bridge, and serve that Infinite

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Within us, as without, that All-in-all,
And over all, the never-changing One
And ever-changing Many, in praise of Whom
The Christian bell, the cry from off the mosque,
And vaguer voices of Polytheism
Make but one music, harmonising, "Pray."
There westward — under yon slow-falling star,
The Christians own a Spiritual Head;
And following thy true counsel, by thine aid,
Myself am such in our Islâm, for no
Mirage of glory, but for power to fuse
My myriads into union under one;
To hunt the tiger of oppression out
From office; and to spread the Divine Faith
Like calming oil on all their stormy creeds,
And fill the hollows between wave and wave;
To nurse my children on the milk of Truth,

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And alchemise old hates into the gold
Of Love, and make it current; and beat back
The menacing poison of intolerant priests,
Those cobras ever setting up their hoods —
One Alla! one Kalifa!

Still — at times
A doubt, a fear, — and yester afternoon
I dream'd, — thou knowest how deep a well of love
My heart is for my son, Saleem, mine heir, —
And yet so wild and wayward that my dream —
He glares askance at thee as one of those
Who mix the wines of heresy in the cup
Of counsel — so — I pray thee ——

Well, I dream'd
That stone by stone I rear'd a sacred fane,
A temple, neither Pagod, Mosque, nor Church,

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But loftier, simpler, always open-door'd
To every breath from heaven, and Truth and Peace
And Love and Justice came and dwelt therein;
But while we stood rejoicing, I and thou,
I heard a mocking laugh "the new Korân!"
And on the sudden, and with a cry "Saleem"
Thou, thou — I saw thee fall before me, and then
Me too the black-wing'd Azrael overcame,
But Death had ears and eyes; I watch'd my son,
And those that follow'd, loosen, stone from stone,
All my fair work; and from the ruin arose
The shriek and curse of trampled millions, even
As in the time before; but while I groan'd,
From out the sunset pour'd an alien race,
Who fitted stone to stone again, and Truth,
Peace, Love and Justice came and dwelt therein,
Nor in the field without were seen or heard

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Fires of Sûttee, nor wail of baby-wife,
Or Indian widow; and in sleep I said
"All praise to Alla by whatever hands
My mission be accomplish'd!" but we hear
Music: our palace is awake, and morn
Has lifted the dark eyelash of the Night
From off the rosy cheek of waking Day.
Our hymn to the sun. They sing it. Let us go.'

Hymn

I

Once again thou flamest heavenward, once again
we see thee rise.
Every morning is thy birthday gladdening human
hearts and eyes.

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Every morning here we greet it, bowing
lowly down before thee,
Thee the Godlike, thee the changeless in thine
ever-changing skies.

II

Shadow-maker, shadow-slayer, arrowing light from
clime to clime,
Hear thy myriad laureates hail thee monarch in
their woodland rhyme.
Warble bird, and open flower, and, men,
below the dome of azure
Kneel adoring Him the Timeless in the flame that
measures Time!

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NOTES TO AKBAR'S DREAM.

The great Mogul Emperor Akbar was born October 14, 1542, and died 1605. At 13 he succeeded his father Humayun; at 18 he himself assumed the sole charge of government. He subdued and ruled over fifteen large provinces; his empire included all India north of the Vindhya Mountains—in the south of India he was not so successful. His tolerance of religions and his abhorrence of religious persecution put our Tudors to shame. He invented a new eclectic religion by which he hoped to unite all creeds, castes, and peoples: and his legislation was remarkable for vigour, justice, and humanity.

P. 22, line 12. *the warring world of Hindustan.* Akbar's rapid conquests and the good government of his fifteen provinces with their complete military, civil, and political systems make him conspicuous among the great kings of history.

P. 22, line 14. *Thy glory baffles wisdom.* The Emperor quotes from a hymn to the Deity by Faizi, brother of Abul Fazl, Akbar's chief friend and minister, who wrote the *Ain i Akbari* (*Annals of Akbar*). Abul Fazl's influence on his age was immense. It may be that he and his brother Faizi led Akbar's mind away from Islám and the Prophet—this charge is brought against him by every Mohammedan writer; but Abul Fazl also led his sovereign to a true appreciation of his duties, and from the moment that he entered Court, the

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problem of successfully ruling over mixed races, which Islám in few other countries had to solve, was carefully considered, and the policy of toleration was the result (Blochmann xxix.).

Abul Fazl thus gives an account of himself: "The advice of my Father with difficulty kept me back from acts of folly; my mind had no rest and my heart felt itself drawn to the sages of Mongolia or to the hermits on Lebanon. I longed for interviews with the Llamás of Tibet or with the padres of Portugal, and I would gladly sit with the priests of the Parsis and the learned of the Zendavesta. I was sick of the learned of my own land."

Concerning Akbar himself, Professor Blochmann writes: "Impressed with a favourable idea of the value of his Hindu subjects, he (Akbar) had resolved when pensively sitting in the evenings on the solitary stone at Futehpur-Sikri to rule with an even hand all men in his dominions; but as the extreme views of the learned and the lawyers continually urged him to persecute instead of to heal, he instituted discussions, because, believing himself to be in error, he thought it his duty as ruler to inquire." "These discussions took place every Thursday night in the Ibadat-khana, a building at Futehpur-Sikri, erected for the purpose" (Malleson).

In these discussions Abul Fazl became a great power, and he induced the chief of the disputants to draw up a document defining the "divine Faith" as it was called, and assigning to Akbar the rank of a Mujahid, or supreme khalifah, the vicegerent of the one true God.

Abul Fazl was finally murdered at the instigation of Akbar's son Salim, who in his Memoirs declares that it was Abul Fazl who had perverted his father's mind so that he denied the divine mission of Mohammed, and turned away his love from his son.

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Faizi. When Akbar conquered the North-West Provinces of India, Faizi, then 20, began his life as a poet, and earned his living as a physician. He is reported to have been very generous and to have treated the poor for nothing. His fame reached Akbar's ears, who commanded him to come to the camp at Chitor. Akbar was delighted with his varied knowledge and scholarship and made the poet teacher to his sons. Faizi at 33 was appointed Chief Poet (1588). He collected a fine library of 4300 MSS. and died at the age of 40 (1595), when Akbar incorporated his collection of rare books in the Imperial Library.

P. 24, lines 13, 14.

To drive
A people from their ancient fold of Faith, etc.

Malleson says: "This must have happened because Akbar states it, but of the forced conversions I have found no record. This must have taken place whilst he was still a minor, and whilst the chief authority was wielded by Bairam."

P. 25, lines 4, 5.

I reap
No revenue from the field of unbelief.

The Hindus are fond of pilgrimages, and Akbar removed a remunerative tax raised by his predecessors on pilgrimages. He also abolished the fezza or capitation tax on those who differed from the Mohammedan faith. He discouraged all *excessive* prayers, fasts, and pilgrimages.

P. 25, line 12. *the Goan Padre.* Abul Fazl relates that "one night the Ibadat-khana was brightened by the presence of Padre Rodolpho, who for intelligence and wisdom was unrivalled among Christian doctors. Several carping and bigoted men attacked him, and this afforded an opportunity for

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the display of the calm judgment and justice of the assembly. These men brought forward the old received assertions, and did not attempt to arrive at truth by reasoning. Their statements were torn to pieces, and they were nearly put to shame when they began to attack the contradictions of the Gospel, but they could not prove their assertions. With perfect calmness and earnest conviction of the truth he replied to their arguments."

P. 26, line 14. *Abû Sa'id.* "Love is the net of Truth, Love is the noose of God," is a quotation from the great Sufee poet Abù Sa'id—born A.D. 968, died at the age of 83. He is a mystical poet, and some of his expressions have been compared to our George Herbert. Of Shaikh Abû Sa'id it is recorded that he said: "When my affairs had reacht a certain pitch I buried under the dust my books and opened a shop on my own account (*i.e.* began to teach with authority), and verily men represented me as that which I was not, until it came to this, that they went to the Qâdhî and testified against me of unbelieverhood; and women got upon the roofs and cast unclean things upon me." (*Vide* reprint from article in *National Review*, March 1891, by C. J. Pickering.)

P. 27, last line.

of one,
Who breaking in upon us yestermorn.

I am not aware that there is any record of such intrusion of Aziz upon the king's privacy, but the expressions in the text occur in a letter sent by Akbar's foster-brother Aziz, who refused to come to court when summoned and threw up his government, and "after writing an insolent and reproachful letter to Akbar in which he asked him if he had received a book from heaven, or if he could work miracles like Mahomet that

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he presumed to introduce a new religion, warned him that he was on the way to eternal perdition, and concluded with a prayer to God to bring him back into the path of salvation" (Elphinstone).

"The Korân, the Old and New Testament, and the Psalms of David are called *books* by way of excellence, and their followers 'People of the Book'" (Elphinstone).

Akbar, according to Abdel Kadir, had his son Murad instructed in the Gospel, and used to make him begin his lessons "In the name of Christ," instead of in the usual way, "In the name of God."

P. 30, line 14. *the Divine Faith.* The Divine Faith slowly passed away under the immediate successors of Akbar. An idea of what the Divine Faith was may be gathered from the inscription at the head of the poem. The document referred to, Abul Fazl says, "brought about excellent results—(1) the Court became a gathering-place of the sages and learned of all creeds; the good doctrines of all religious systems were recognized, and their defects were not allowed to obscure their good features; (2) perfect toleration or peace with all was established; and (3) the perverse and evil-minded were covered with shame on seeing the disinterested motives of His Majesty, and these stood in the pillory of disgrace." Dated September 1579—Ragab 987. (Blochmann xiv.)

P. 33, line 1. *Súttee.* Akbar decreed that every widow who showed the least desire not to be burnt on her husband's funeral pyre should be let go free and unharmed.

P. 33, line 1. *baby-wife.* He forbad marriage before the age of puberty.

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P. 33, line 2. *Indian widow.* Akbar ordained that re-marriage was lawful.

P. 33, line 5. *Music.* "About a watch before daybreak," says Abul Fazl in the *Annals of Akbar*, the musicians played to the king in the palace. "His Majesty had such a knowledge of the science of music as trained musicians do not possess."

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TO SIR WALTER SCOTT[1]

O GREAT AND GALLANT SCOTT,
TRUE GENTLEMAN HEART, BLOOD AND BONE,
I WOULD IT HAD BEEN MY LOT
TO HAVE SEEN THEE, AND HEARD THEE, AND KNOWN.

[1] I have adopted Sir Walter Scott's version of the following story as given in his last journal (Death of Il Bizarro) — but I have taken the liberty of making some slight alterations.

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THE BANDIT'S DEATH

SIR, do you see this dagger? nay, why do you start aside?

I was not going to stab you, tho' I *am* the Bandit's bride.

You have set a price on his head: I may claim it without a lie.

What have I here in the cloth? I will show it you by-and-by.

Sir, I was once a wife. I had one brief summer of bliss

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But the Bandit had woo'd me in vain, and he stabb'd my Piero with this.

And he dragg'd me up there to his cave in the mountain, and there one day
He had left his dagger behind him. I found it. I hid it away.

For he reek'd with the blood of Piero; his kisses were red with his crime,
And I cried to the Saints to avenge me. They heard, they bided their time.

In a while I bore him a son, and he loved to dandle the child,
And that was a link between us; but I—to be reconciled?—

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No, by the Mother of God, tho' I think I hated
him less,
And — well, if I sinn'd last night, I will find the
Priest and confess.

Listen! we three were alone in the dell at the
close of the day.
I was lilting a song to the babe, and it laugh'd like
a dawn in May.

Then on a sudden we saw your soldiers crossing
the ridge,
And he caught my little one from me: we dipt
down under the bridge

By the great dead pine — you know it — and heard,
as we crouch'd below,

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The clatter of arms, and voices, and men passing
to and fro.

Black was the night when we crept away — not a
star in the sky —
Hush'd as the heart of the grave, till the little one
utter'd a cry.

I whisper'd 'give it to me,' but he would not
answer me — then
He gript it so hard by the throat that the boy
never cried again.

We return'd to his cave — the link was broken —
he sobb'd and he wept,
And cursed himself; then he yawn'd, for the wretch
could sleep, and he slept

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Ay, till dawn stole into the cave, and a ray red as blood
Glanced on the strangled face — I could make Sleep Death, if I would —

Glared on at the murder'd son, and the murderous father at rest, . . .
I drove the blade that had slain my husband thrice thro' his breast.

He was loved at least by his dog: it was chain'd, but its horrible yell
'She has kill'd him, has kill'd him, has kill'd him' rang out all down thro' the dell,

Till I felt I could end myself too with the dagger — so deafen'd and dazed —

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Take it, and save me from it! I fled. I was all
but crazed

With the grief that gnaw'd at my heart, and the
weight that dragg'd at my hand;
But thanks to the Blessed Saints that I came on
none of his band;

And the band will be scatter'd now their gallant
captain is dead,
For I with this dagger of his — do you doubt me?
Here is his head!

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THE CHURCH-WARDEN AND THE CURATE

This is written in the dialect which was current in my youth at Spilsby and in the country about it.

I

EH? good daäy! good daäy! thaw it bean't not mooch of a daäy,
Nasty, casselty weather! an' mea haäfe down wi' my haäy!

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II

How be the farm gittin on? noäways. Gittin on i'deeäd!

Why, tonups was haäfe on 'em fingers an' toäs, an' the mare brokken-kneeäd,

An' pigs didn't sell at fall, an' wa lost wer Haldeny cow,

An' it beäts ma to knaw wot she died on, but wool's looking oop ony how.

III

An' soä they've maäde tha a parson, an' thou'll git along, niver fear,

Fur I beän chuch-warden mysen i' the parish fur fifteen year.

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Well — sin ther beä chuch-wardens, ther mun be
parsons an' all,
An' if t'ōne stick alongside t'uther the chuch weänt
happen a fall.

IV

Fur I wur a Baptis wonst, an' ageän the toithe an'
the raäte,
Till I fun that it warn't not the gaäinist waäy to
the narra Gaäte.
An' I can't abeär 'em, I can't, fur a lot on 'em
coom'd ta-year —
I wur down wi' the rheumatis then — to *my* pond
to wesh thessens theere —
Sa I sticks like the ivin as long as I lives to the
owd chuch now,

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Fur they wesh'd their sins i' *my* pond, an' I doubts
they poison'd the cow.

V

Ay, an' ya seed the Bishop. They says 'at he
coom'd fra nowt —
Burn i' traäde. Sa I warrants 'e niver said haäfe
wot 'e thowt,
But 'e creeäpt an' 'e crawl'd along, till 'e feeäld 'e
could howd 'is oän,
Then 'e married a greät Yerl's darter, an' sits o'
the Bishop's throän.

VI

Now I'll gie tha a bit o' my mind an' tha weant
be taäkin' offence,

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Fur thou be a big scholard now wi' a hoonderd haäcre o' sense —

But sich an obstropulous lad — naäy, naäy — fur I minds tha sa well,

Tha'd niver not hopple thy tongue, an' the tongue's sit afire o' Hell,

As I says to my missis to-daäy, when she hurl'd a plaäte at the cat

An' anoother ageän my noäse. Ya was niver sa bad as that.

VII

But I minds when i' Howlaby beck won daäy ya was ticklin' o' trout,

An' keeäper 'e seed ya an roon'd, an' 'e beal'd to ya 'Lad coom hout'

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An' ya stood oop maäkt i' the beck, an' ya tell'd 'im to knaw his awn plaäce

An' ya call'd 'im a clown, ya did, an' ya thraw'd the fish i' 'is faäce,

An' 'e torn'd as red as a stag-tuckey's wattles, but theer an' then

I coämb'd 'im down, fur I promised ya'd niver not do it ageän.

VIII

An' I cotch'd tha wonst i' my garden, when thou was a height-year-howd,

An' I fun thy pockets as full o' my pippins as iver they'd 'owd,

An' thou was as peärky as owt, an' tha maäde me as mad as mad,

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But I says to tha 'keeäp 'em, an' welcome' fur thou was the parson's lad.

IX

An' Parson 'e 'ears on it all, an' then taäkes kindly to me,

An' then I wur chose Chuch-warden an' coom'd to the top o' the tree,

Fur Quoloty's hall my friends, an' they maäkes ma a help to the poor,

When I gits the plaäte fuller o' Soondays nor ony chuch-warden afoor,

Fur if iver thy feyther 'ed riled me I kep' mysen meeäk as a lamb,

An' saw by the Graäce o' the Lord, Mr. Harry, I ham wot I ham.

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x

But Parson 'e *will* speäk out, saw, now 'e be sixty-seven,
He'll niver swap Owlby an' Scratby fur owt but the Kingdom o' Heaven;
An' thou'll be 'is Curate 'ere, but, if iver tha meäns to git 'igher,
Tha mun tackle the sins o' the Wo'ld, an' not the faults o' the Squire.
An' I reckons tha'll light of a livin' somewheers i' the Wowd or the Fen,
If tha cottons down to thy betters, an' keeäps thysen to thysen.
But niver not speäk plaäin out, if tha wants to git forrards a bit,
But creeäp along the hedge-bottoms, an' thou'll be a Bishop yit.

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XI

Naäy, but tha *mun* speäk hout to the Baptises here i' the town,

Fur moäst on 'em talks ageän tithe, an' I'd like tha to preäch 'em down,

Fur *they*'ve been a-preächin' *mea* down, they heve, an' I haätes 'em now,

Fur they leäved their nasty sins i' *my* pond, an' it poison'd the cow.

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CHARITY

I

WHAT am I doing, you say to me, 'wasting the sweet summer hours'?
Haven't you eyes? I am dressing the grave of a woman with flowers.

II

For a woman ruin'd the world, as God's own scriptures tell,
And a man ruin'd mine, but a woman, God bless her, kept me from Hell.

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III

Love me? O yes, no doubt — how long — till you threw me aside!

Dresses and laces and jewels and never a ring for the bride.

IV

All very well just now to be calling me darling and sweet,

And after a while would it matter so much if I came on the street?

V

You when I met you first — when *he* brought you! — I turn'd away

And the hard blue eyes have it still, that stare of a beast of prey.

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VI

You were his friend — you — you — when he promised to make me his bride,
And you knew that he meant to betray me — you knew — you knew that he lied.

VII

He married an heiress, an orphan with half a shire of estate, —
I sent him a desolate wail and a curse, when I learn'd my fate.

VIII

For I used to play with the knife, creep down to the river-shore,
Moan to myself 'one plunge — then quiet for evermore.'

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IX

Would the man have a touch of remorse when he heard what an end was mine?

Or brag to his fellow rakes of his conquest over their wine?

X

Money — my hire — *his* money — I sent him back what he gave, —

Will you move a little that way? your shadow falls on the grave.

XI

Two trains clash'd: then and there he was crush'd in a moment and died,

But the new-wedded wife was unharm'd, tho' sitting close at his side.

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XII

She found my letter upon him, my wail of reproach
and scorn;
I had cursed the woman he married, and him, and
the day I was born.

XIII

They put him aside for ever, and after a week — no
more —
A stranger as welcome as Satan — a widow came to
my door:

XIV

So I turn'd my face to the wall, I was mad, I was
raving-wild,
I was close on that hour of dishonour, the birth of
a baseborn child.

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XV

O you that can flatter your victims, and juggle, and lie and cajole,
Man, can you even guess at the love of a soul for a soul?

XVI

I had cursed her as woman and wife, and in wife and woman I found
The tenderest Christ-like creature that ever stept on the ground.

XVII

She watch'd me, she nursed me, she fed me, she sat day and night by my bed,
Till the joyless birthday came of a boy born happily dead.

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XVIII

And her name? what was it? I ask'd her. She said with a sudden glow
On her patient face 'My dear, I will tell you before I go.'

XIX

And I when I learnt it at last, I shriek'd, I sprang from my seat,
I wept, and I kiss'd her hands, I flung myself down at her feet,

XX

And we pray'd together for *him*, for *him* who had given her the name.
She has left me enough to live on. I need no wages of shame.

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XXI

She died of a fever caught when a nurse in a hospital ward.

She is high in the Heaven of Heavens, she is face to face with her Lord,

XXII

And He sees not her like anywhere in this pitiless world of ours!

I have told you my tale. Get you gone. I am dressing her grave with flowers.

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KAPIOLANI

Kapiolani was a great chieftainess who lived in the Sandwich Islands at the beginning of this century. She won the cause of Christianity by openly defying the priests of the terrible goddess Peele. In spite of their threats of vengeance she ascended the volcano Mauna-Loa, then clambered down over a bank of cinders 400 feet high to the great lake of fire (nine miles round) — Kilauea — the home and haunt of the goddess, and flung into the boiling lava the consecrated berries which it was sacrilege for a woman to handle.

I

WHEN from the terrors of Nature a people have
fashion'd and worship a Spirit of Evil,
Blest be the Voice of the Teacher who calls to
them
'Set yourselves free!'

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II

Noble the Saxon who hurl'd at his Idol a valorous
weapon in olden England!
Great and greater, and greatest of women, island
heroine, Kapiolani
Clomb the mountain, and flung the berries, and
dared the Goddess, and freed the people
Of Hawa-i-ee!

III

A people believing that Peelè the Goddess would
wallow in fiery riot and revel
On Kilauëä,
Dance in a fountain of flame with her devils, or
shake with her thunders and shatter her
island,
Rolling her anger

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Thro' blasted valley and flaring forest in blood-red
cataracts down to the sea!

IV

Long as the lava-light
Glares from the lava-lake
Dazing the starlight,
Long as the silvery vapour in daylight
Over the mountain
Floats, will the glory of Kapiolani be mingled with
either on Hawa-i-ee.

V

What said her Priesthood?
'Woe to this island if ever a woman should handle
or gather the berries of Peelè!
Accurséd were she!

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And woe to this island if ever a woman should
climb to the dwelling of Peelè the Goddess!
Accurséd were she!'

VI

One from the Sunrise
Dawn'd on His people, and slowly before him
Vanish'd shadow-like
Gods and Goddesses,
None but the terrible Peelè remaining as Kapiolani
ascended her mountain,
Baffled her priesthood,
Broke the Taboo,
Dipt to the crater,
Call'd on the Power adored by the Christian, and
crying 'I dare her, let Peelè avenge herself!'
Into the flame-billow dash'd the berries, and drove
the demon from Hawa-i-ee.

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THE DAWN

"You are but children."

Egyptian Priest to Solon.

I

RED of the Dawn!

Screams of a babe in the red-hot palms of a Moloch of Tyre,

Man with his brotherless dinner on man in the tropical wood,

Priests in the name of the Lord passing souls thro' fire to the fire,

Head-hunters and boats of Dahomey that float upon human blood!

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II

Red of the Dawn!

Godless fury of peoples, and Christless frolic of kings,

And the bolt of war dashing down upon cities and blazing farms,

For Babylon was a child new-born, and Rome was a babe in arms,

And London and Paris and all the rest are as yet but in leading-strings.

III

Dawn not Day,

While scandal is mouthing a bloodless name at *her* cannibal feast,

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And rake-ruin'd bodies and souls go down in a common wreck,

And the Press of a thousand cities is prized for it smells of the beast,

Or easily violates virgin Truth for a coin or a cheque.

IV

Dawn not Day!

Is it Shame, so few should have climb'd from the dens in the level below,

Men, with a heart and a soul, no slaves of a four-footed will?

But if twenty million of summers are stored in the sunlight still,

We are far from the noon of man, there is time for the race to grow.

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V

Red of the Dawn!

Is it turning a fainter red? so be it, but when shall we lay

The Ghost of the Brute that is walking and haunting us yet, and be free?

In a hundred, a thousand winters? Ah, what will *our* children be,

The men of a hundred thousand, a million summers away?

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THE MAKING OF MAN

WHERE is one that, born of woman, altogether can
escape
From the lower world within him, moods of tiger,
or of ape?
Man as yet is being made, and ere the crowning Age of ages,
Shall not æon after æon pass and touch him into
shape?

All about him shadow still, but, while the races
flower and fade,

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Prophet-eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade,

Till the peoples all are one, and all their voices blend in choric

Hallelujah to the Maker 'It is finish'd. Man is made.'

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THE DREAMER

On a midnight in midwinter when all but the winds were dead,
'The meek shall inherit the earth' was a Scripture that rang thro' his head,
Till he dream'd that a Voice of the Earth went wailingly past him and said:

'I am losing the light of my Youth
And the Vision that led me of old,
And I clash with an iron Truth,
When I make for an Age of gold,
And I would that my race were run,
For teeming with liars, and madmen, and knaves,

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And wearied of Autocrats, Anarchs, and
Slaves,
And darken'd with doubts of a Faith that
saves,
And crimson with battles, and hollow with
graves,
To the wail of my winds, and the moan of
my waves
I whirl, and I follow the Sun.'

Was it only the wind of the Night shrilling out
Desolation and wrong
Thro' a dream of the dark? Yet he thought that
he answer'd her wail with a song—

Moaning your losses, O Earth,
Heart-weary and overdone!

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But all's well that ends well,
Whirl, and follow the Sun!

He is racing from heaven to heaven
And less will be lost than won,
For all's well that ends well,
Whirl, and follow the Sun!

The Reign of the Meek upon earth,
O weary one, has it begun?
But all's well that ends well,
Whirl, and follow the Sun!

For moans will have grown sphere-music
Or ever your race be run!
And all's well that ends well,
Whirl, and follow the Sun!

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MECHANOPHILUS

(In the time of the first railways)

Now first we stand and understand,
  And sunder false from true,
And handle boldly with the hand,
  And see and shape and do.

Dash back that ocean with a pier,
  Strow yonder mountain flat,
A railway there, a tunnel here,
  Mix me this Zone with that!

Bring me my horse — my horse? my wings
  That I may soar the sky,

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For Thought into the outward springs,
I find her with the eye.

O will she, moonlike, sway the main,
And bring or chase the storm,
Who was a shadow in the brain,
And is a living form?

Far as the Future vaults her skies,
From this my vantage ground
To those still-working energies
I spy nor term nor bound.

As we surpass our fathers' skill,
Our sons will shame our own;
A thousand things are hidden still
And not a hundred known.

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And had some prophet spoken true
  Of all we shall achieve,
The wonders were so wildly new
  That no man would believe.

Meanwhile, my brothers, work, and wield
  The forces of to-day,
And plow the Present like a field,
  And garner all you may!

You, what the cultured surface grows,
  Dispense with careful hands:
Deep under deep for ever goes,
  Heaven over heaven expands.

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RIFLEMEN FORM!

THERE is a sound of thunder afar,

Storm in the South that darkens the day!

Storm of battle and thunder of war!

Well if it do not roll our way.

Storm, Storm, Riflemen form!

Ready, be ready against the storm!

Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns,

Be not gull'd by a despot's plea!

Are figs of thistles? or grapes of thorns?

How can a despot feel with the Free?

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Form, Form, Riflemen Form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form!

Let your reforms for a moment go!
Look to your butts, and take good aims!
Better a rotten borough or so
Than a rotten fleet and a city in flames!
Storm, Storm, Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready against the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form!

Form, be ready to do or die!
Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's!
True we have got — *such* a faithful ally
That only the Devil can tell what he means.
Form, Form, Riflemen Form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form!

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THE TOURNEY

RALPH would fight in Edith's sight,
For Ralph was Edith's lover,
Ralph went down like a fire to the fight,
Struck to the left and struck to the right,
Roll'd them over and over.
'Gallant Sir Ralph,' said the king.

Casques were crack'd and hauberks hack'd,
Lances snapt in sunder,
Rang the stroke, and sprang the blood,
Knights were thwack'd and riven, and hew'd
Like broad oaks with thunder.
'O what an arm,' said the king.

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Edith bow'd her stately head,

Saw them lie confounded,

Edith Montfort bow'd her head,

Crown'd her knight's, and flush'd as red

As poppies when she crown'd it.

'Take her Sir Ralph,' said the king.

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THE WANDERER

THE gleam of household sunshine ends,
And here no longer can I rest;
Farewell! — You will not speak, my friends,
Unfriendly of your parted guest.

O well for him that finds a friend,
Or makes a friend where'er he come,
And loves the world from end to end,
And wanders on from home to home!

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O happy he, and fit to live,
On whom a happy home has power
To make him trust his life, and give
His fealty to the halcyon hour!

I count you kind, I hold you true;
But what may follow who can tell?
Give me a hand — and you — and you —
And deem me grateful, and farewell!

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POETS AND CRITICS

THIS thing, that thing is the rage,
Helter-skelter runs the age;
Minds on this round earth of ours
Vary like the leaves and flowers,
  Fashion'd after certain laws;
Sing thou low or loud or sweet,
All at all points thou canst not meet,
  Some will pass and some will pause.

What is true at last will tell:
Few at first will place thee well;

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Some too low would have thee shine,
Some too high — no fault of thine —
Hold thine own, and work thy will!
Year will graze the heel of year,
But seldom comes the poet here,
And the Critic's rarer still.

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A VOICE SPAKE OUT OF THE SKIES

A Voice spake out of the skies
To a just man and a wise—
'The world and all within it
Will only last a minute!'
And a beggar began to cry
'Food, food or I die'!
Is it worth his while to eat,
Or mine to give him meat,
If the world and all within it
Were nothing the next minute?

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DOUBT AND PRAYER

THO' Sin too oft, when smitten by Thy rod,
Rail at 'Blind Fate' with many a vain 'Alas!'
From sin thro' sorrow into Thee we pass
By that same path our true forefathers trod;
And let not Reason fail me, nor the sod
Draw from my death Thy living flower and grass,
Before I learn that Love, which is, and was
My Father, and my Brother, and my God!

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Steel me with patience! soften me with grief!
Let blow the trumpet strongly while I pray,
Till this embattled wall of unbelief
My prison, not my fortress, fall away!
Then, if thou willest, let my day be brief,
So Thou wilt strike Thy glory thro' the day.

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FAITH

I

Doubt no longer that the Highest is the wisest and the best,
Let not all that saddens Nature blight thy hope or break thy rest,
Quail not at the fiery mountain, at the shipwreck, or the rolling
Thunder, or the rending earthquake, or the famine, or the pest!

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II

Neither mourn if human creeds be lower than the
heart's desire!
Thro' the gates that bar the distance comes a gleam
of what is higher.
Wait till Death has flung them open, when the
man will make the Maker
Dark no more with human hatreds in the glare of
deathless fire!

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THE SILENT VOICES*

WHEN the dumb Hour, clothed in black,
Brings the Dreams about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
Silent Voices of the dead,
Toward the lowland ways behind me,
And the sunlight that is gone!
Call me rather, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me
On, and always on!

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The Silent Voices

BY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

MUSIC BY

EMILY, LADY TENNYSON

ARRANGED FOR FOUR VOICES FOR

The Funeral of Lord Tennyson

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, OCTOBER 12, 1892

BY

J. FREDERICK BRIDGE, Mus.D.

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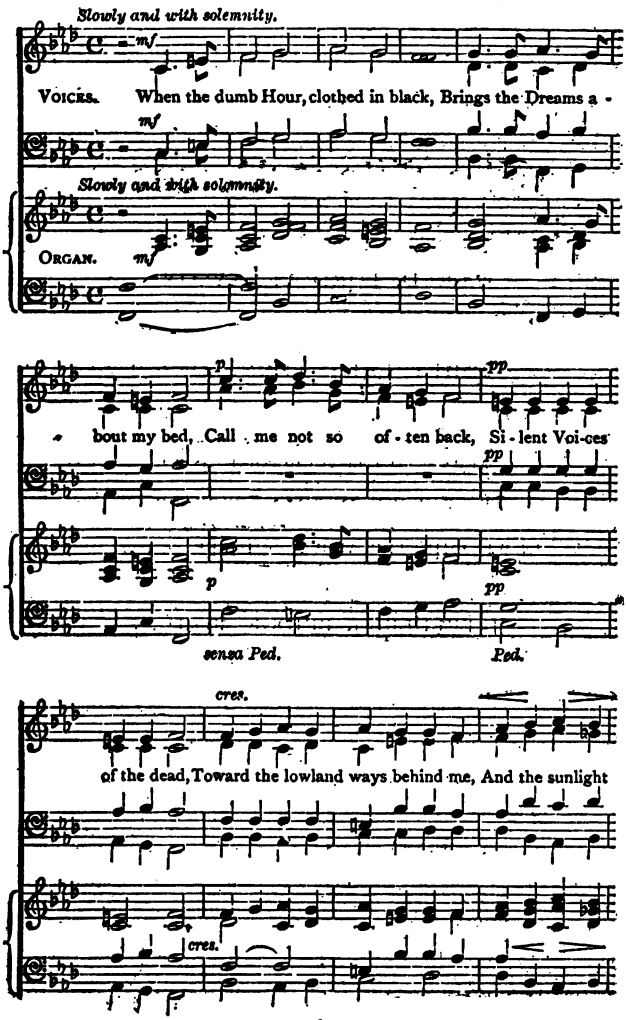
The Silent Voices

Words by Lord TENNYSON. Music by Lady TENNYSON.



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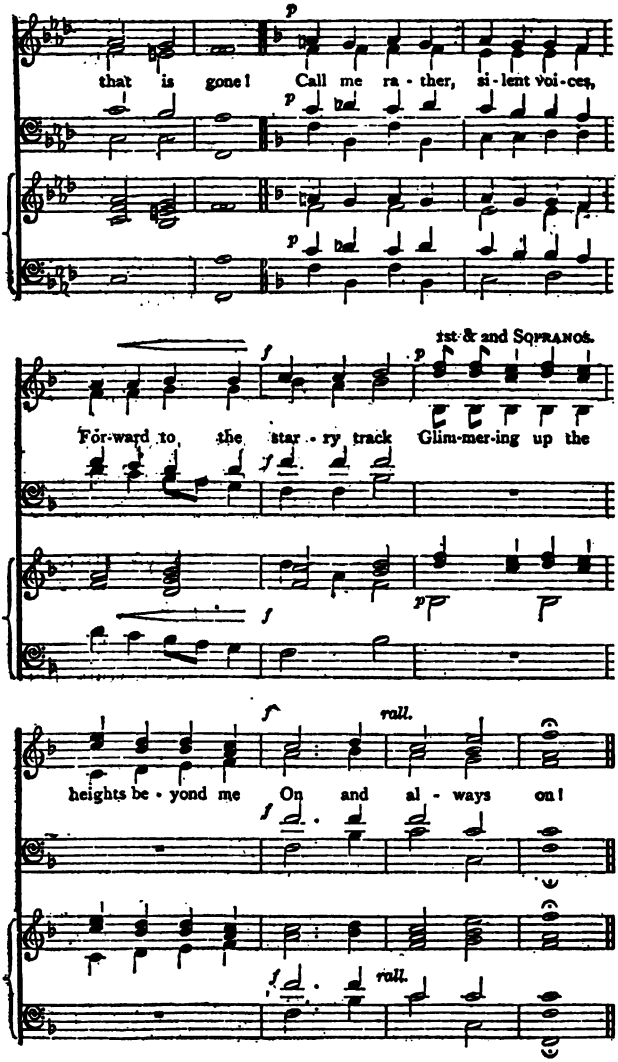

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GOD AND THE UNIVERSE

I

WILL my tiny spark of being wholly vanish in your
deeps and heights?
Must my day be dark by reason, O ye Heavens,
of your boundless nights,
Rush of Suns, and roll of systems, and your fiery
clash of meteorites?

II

'Spirit, nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy
human state,

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Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power
which alone is great,
Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent
Opener of the Gate.'

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THE DEATH

OF THE

DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE

To the Mourners.

THE bridal garland falls upon the bier,
The shadow of a crown, that o'er him hung,
Has vanish'd in the shadow cast by Death.
So princely, tender, truthful, reverent, pure —
Mourn! That a world-wide Empire mourns with you,

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That all the Thrones are clouded by your loss,
Were slender solace. Yet be comforted;
For if this earth be ruled by Perfect Love,
Then, after his brief range of blameless days,
The toll of funeral in an Angel ear
Sounds happier than the merriest marriage-bell.
The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,
His shadow darkens earth: his truer name
Is 'Onward,' no discordance in the roll
And march of that Eternal Harmony
Whereto the worlds beat time, tho' faintly heard
Until the great Hereafter. Mourn in hope!

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CROSSING THE BAR.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

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THE CUP.

A TRAGEDY.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GALATIANS.

SYNORIX, *an ex-Tetrarch.*

SINNATUS, *a Tetrarch.*

Attendant.

Boy.

Maid.

PHŒBE.

CAMMA, *wife of Sinnatus, afterwards Priestess in the Temple of Artemis.*

ROMANS.

ANTONIUS, *a Roman General.*

PUBLIUS.

Nobleman.

Messenger.

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THE CUP.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Distant View of a City of Galatia.*

As the curtain rises, Priestesses are heard singing in the Temple. Boy discovered on a pathway among Rocks, picking grapes. A party of Roman Soldiers, guarding a prisoner in chains, come down the pathway and exeunt.

Enter SYNORIX (*looking round*). *Singing ceases.*

SYNORIX.

Pine, beech and plane, oak, walnut, apricot,
Vine, cypress, poplar, myrtle, bowering-in
The city where she dwells. She past me here
Three years ago when I was flying from
My Tetrarchy to Rome. I almost touch'd her—
A maiden slowly moving on to music
Among her maidens to this Temple—O Gods!
She is my fate—else wherefore has my fate
Brought me again to her own city?—married
Since—married Sinnatus, the Tetrarch here—

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But if he be conspirator, Rome will chain,
Or slay him. I may trust to gain her then
When I shall have my tetrarchy restored
By Rome, our mistress, grateful that I show'd her
The weakness and the dissonance of our clans,
And how to crush them easily. Wretched race!
And once I wish'd to scourge them to the bones.
But in this narrow breathing-time of life
Is vengeance for its own sake worth the while,
If once our ends are gain'd? and now this cup—
I never felt such passion for a woman.

[*Brings out a cup and scroll from under his cloak.*
What have I written to her?

[*Reading the scroll.*

'To the admired Camma, wife of Sinnatus, the Tetrarch, one who years ago, himself an adorer of our great goddess, Artemis, beheld you afar off worshipping in her Temple, and loved you for it, sends you this cup rescued from the burning of one of her shrines in a city thro' which he past with the Roman army: it is the cup we use in our marriages. Receive it from one who cannot at present write himself other than

'A GALATIAN SERVING BY FORCE IN THE ROMAN LEGION.'

[*Turns and looks up to Boy.*
Boy, dost thou know the house of Sinnatus?

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BOY.

These grapes are for the house of Sinnatus—
Close to the Temple.

SYNORIX.

Yonder?

BOY.

Yes.

SYNORIX (*aside*).

That I
With all my range of women should yet shun
To meet her face to face at once! My boy,
[*Boy comes down rocks to him.*
Take thou this letter and this cup to Camma,
The wife of Sinnatus.

BOY.

Going or gone to-day
To hunt with Sinnatus.

SYNORIX.

That matters not.
Take thou this cup and leave it at her doors.
[*Gives the cup and scroll to the Boy.*

BOY.

I will, my lord. [*Takes his basket of grapes and exit.*

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Enter ANTONIUS.

ANTONIUS (*meeting the Boy as he goes out*).

Why, whither runs the boy?
Is that the cup you rescued from the fire?

SYNORIX.

I send it to the wife of Sinnatus,
One half besotted in religious rites.
You come here with your soldiers to enforce
The long-withholden tribute: you suspect
This Sinnatus of playing patriotism,
Which in your sense is treason. You have yet
No proof against him: now this pious cup
Is passport to their house, and open arms
To him who gave it; and once there I warrant
I worm thro' all their windings.

ANTONIUS.

If you prosper,
Our Senate, wearied of their tetrarchies,
Their quarrels with themselves, their spites at Rome,
Is like enough to cancel them, and throne
One king above them all, who shall be true
To the Roman: and from what I heard in Rome,
This tributary crown may fall to you.

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SYNORIX.

The king, the crown! their talk in Rome? is it so?

[ANTONIUS *nods.*

Well—I shall serve Galatia taking it,
And save her from herself, and be to Rome
More faithful than a Roman.

[*Turns and sees* CAMMA *coming.*

Stand aside,
Stand aside; here she comes!

[*Watching* CAMMA *as she enters with her Maid.*

CAMMA (*to Maid*).

Where is he, girl?

MAID.

You know the waterfall
That in the summer keeps the mountain side,
But after rain o'erleaps a jutting rock
And shoots three hundred feet.

CAMMA.

The stag is there?

MAID.

Seen in the thicket at the bottom there
But yester-even.

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CAMMA.

Good then, we will climb
The mountain opposite and watch the chase.
[*They descend the rocks and exeunt.*

SYNORIX (*watching her*).

(*Aside.*) The bust of Juno and the brows and eyes
Of Venus; face and form unmatchable!

ANTONIUS.

Why do you look at her so lingeringly?

SYNORIX.

To see if years have changed her.

ANTONIUS (*sarcastically*).

Love her, do you?

SYNORIX.

I envied Sinnatus when he married her.

ANTONIUS.

She knows it? Ha!

SYNORIX.

She—no, nor ev'n my face.

ANTONIUS.

Nor Sinnatus either?

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SYNORIX.

No, nor Sinnatus.

ANTONIUS.

Hot-blooded! I have heard them say in Rome,
That your own people cast you from their bounds,
For some unprincely violence to a woman,
As Rome did Tarquin.

SYNORIX.

Well, if this were so,
I here return like Tarquin—for a crown.

ANTONIUS.

And may be foil'd like Tarquin, if you follow
Not the dry light of Rome's straight-going policy,
But the fool-fire of love or lust, which well
May make you lose yourself, may even drown you
In the good regard of Rome.

SYNORIX.

Tut—fear me not;
I ever had my victories among women.
I am most true to Rome.

ANTONIUS (*aside*).

I hate the man!

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What filthy tools our Senate works with! Still
I must obey them. (*Aloud.*) Fare you well. [*Going.*

SYNORIX.

Farewell!

ANTONIUS (*stopping*).

A moment! If you track this Sinnatus
In any treason, I give you here an order
[*Produces a paper.*
To seize upon him. Let me sign it. (*Signs it.*) There
'Antonius leader of the Roman Legion.'
[*Hands the paper to* SYNORIX. *Goes up pathway and exit.*

SYNORIX.

Woman again!—but I am wiser now.
No rushing on the game—the net,—the net.
[*Shouts of* 'Sinnatus! Sinnatus!' *Then horn. Looking off stage.*] He comes, a rough, bluff, simple-looking fellow.
If we may judge the kernel by the husk,
Not one to keep a woman's fealty when
Assailed by Craft and Love. I'll join with him:
I may reap something from him—come upon *her*
Again, perhaps, to-day—*her*. Who are with him?
I see no face that knows me. Shall I risk it?
I am a Roman now, they dare not touch me.
I will.

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Enter SINNATUS, HUNTSMEN *and hounds.*

Fair Sir, a happy day to you!
You reck but little of the Roman here,
While you can take your pastime in the woods.

SINNATUS.

Ay, ay, why not? What would you with me, man?

SYNORIX.

I am a life-long lover of the chase,
And tho' a stranger fain would be allow'd
To join the hunt.

SINNATUS.

Your name?

SYNORIX.

Strato, my name.

SINNATUS.

No Roman name?

SYNORIX.

A Greek, my lord; you know
That we Galatians are both Greek and Gaul.

[*Shouts and horns in the distance.*

SINNATUS.

Hillo, the stag! (*To* SYNORIX.) What, you are all unfurnish'd?

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Give him a bow and arrows—follow—follow.

[*Exit, followed by Huntsmen.*

SYNORIX.

Slowly but surely—till I see my way.
It is the one step in the dark beyond
Our expectation, that amazes us.

[*Distant shouts and horns.*

Hillo! Hillo!

[*Exit* SYNORIX. *Shouts and horns.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Tetrarch's House.*

Frescoed figures on the walls. Evening. Moonlight outside. A couch with cushions on it. A small table with flagon of wine, cups, plate of grapes, etc., also the cup of Scene I. A chair with drapery on it.

CAMMA *enters, and opens curtains of window.*

CAMMA.

No Sinnatus yet—and there the rising moon.

[*Takes up a cithern and sits on couch. Plays and sings.*

'Moon on the field and the foam,
Moon on the waste and the wold,
Moon bring him home, bring him home
Safe from the dark and the cold,
Home, sweet moon, bring him home,

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Home with the flock to the fold—
Safe from the wolf'——

(*Listening.*) Is he coming? I thought I heard
A footstep. No not yet. They say that Rome
Sprang from a wolf. I fear my dear lord mixt
With some conspiracy against the wolf.
This mountain shepherd never dream'd of Rome.
(*Sings.*) 'Safe from the wolf to the fold'——
And that great break of precipice that runs
Thro' all the wood, where twenty years ago
Huntsman, and hound, and deer were all neck-broken!
Nay, here he comes.

Enter SINNATUS *followed by* SYNORIX.

SINNATUS (*angrily*).

I tell thee, my good fellow,
My arrow struck the stag.

SYNORIX.

But was it so?
Nay, you were further off: besides the wind
Went with *my* arrow.

SINNATUS.

I am sure *I* struck him.

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SYNORIX.

And I am just as sure, my lord, *I* struck him.
(*Aside.*) And I may strike your game when you are gone.

CAMMA.

Come, come, we will not quarrel about the stag.
I have had a weary day in watching you.
Yours must have been a wearier. Sit and eat,
And take a hunter's vengeance on the meats.

SINNATUS.

No, no—we have eaten—we are heated. Wine!

CAMMA.

Who is our guest?

SINNATUS.

Strato he calls himself.

[CAMMA *offers wine to* SYNORIX, *while* SINNATUS *helps himself.*

SINNATUS.

I pledge you, Strato. [*Drinks.*

SYNORIX.

And I you, my lord. [*Drinks.*

SINNATUS (*seeing the cup sent to* CAMMA).

What's here?

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CAMMA.

A strange gift sent to me to-day.
A sacred cup saved from a blazing shrine
Of our great Goddess, in some city where
Antonius past. I had believed that Rome
Made war upon the peoples not the Gods.

SYNORIX.

Most like the city rose against Antonius,
Whereon he fired it, and the sacred shrine
By chance was burnt along with it.

SINNATUS.

Had you then
No message with the cup?

CAMMA.

Why, yes, see here. [*Gives him the scroll.*

SINNATUS (*reads*).

'To the admired Camma,—beheld you afar off—loved you—sends you this cup—the cup we use in our marriages—cannot at present write himself other than

'A GALATIAN SERVING BY FORCE IN THE ROMAN LEGION.'

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Serving by force! Were there no boughs to hang on,
Rivers to drown in? Serve by force? No force
Could make me serve by force.

SYNORIX.

How then, my lord?
The Roman is encampt without your city—
The force of Rome a thousand-fold our own.
Must all Galatia hang or drown herself?
And you a Prince and Tetrarch in this province—

SINNATUS.

Province!

SYNORIX.

Well, well, they call it so in Rome.

SINNATUS (*angrily*).

Province!

SYNORIX.

A noble anger! but Antonius
To-morrow will demand your tribute—you,
Can you make war? Have you alliances?
Bithynia, Pontus, Paphlagonia?
We have had our leagues of old with Eastern kings.
There is my hand—if such a league there be.
What will you do?

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SINNATUS.

Not set myself abroach
And run my mind out to a random guest
Who join'd me in the hunt. You saw my hounds
True to the scent; and we have two-legg'd dogs
Among us who can smell a true occasion,
And when to bark and how.

SYNORIX.

My good Lord Sinnatus,
I once was at the hunting of a lion.
Roused by the clamour of the chase he woke,
Came to the front of the wood—his monarch mane
Bristled about his quick ears—he stood there
Staring upon the hunter. A score of dogs
Gnaw'd at his ankles: at the last he felt
The trouble of his feet, put forth one paw,
Slew four, and knew it not, and so remain'd
Staring upon the hunter: and this Rome
Will crush you if you wrestle with her; then
Save for some slight report in her own Senate
Scarce know what she has done.
(*Aside.*) Would I could move him,
Provoke him any way! (*Aloud.*) The Lady Camma,
Wise I am sure as she is beautiful,
Will close with me that to submit at once

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Is better than a wholly-hopeless war,
Our gallant citizens murder'd all in vain,
Son, husband, brother gash'd to death in vain,
And the small state more cruelly trampled on
Than had she never moved.

CAMMA.

Sir, I had once
A boy who died a babe; but were he living
And grown to man and Sinnatus will'd it, I
Would set him in the front rank of the fight
With scarce a pang. (*Rises.*) Sir, if a state submit
At once, she may be blotted out at once
And swallow'd in the conqueror's chronicle.
Whereas in wars of freedom and defence
The glory and grief of battle won or lost
Solders a race together—yea—tho' they fail,
The names of those who fought and fell are like
A bank'd-up fire that flashes out again
From century to century, and at last
May lead them on to victory—I hope so—
Like phantoms of the Gods.

SINNATUS.

Well spoken, wife.

SYNORIX (*bowing*).

Madam, so well I yield.

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SINNATUS.

I should not wonder
If Synorix, who has dwelt three years in Rome
And wrought his worst against his native land,
Returns with this Antonius.

SYNORIX.

What is Synorix?

SINNATUS.

Galatian, and not know? This Synorix
Was Tetrarch here, and tyrant also—did
Dishonour to our wives.

SYNORIX.

Perhaps you judge him
With feeble charity: being as you tell me
Tetrarch, there might be willing wives enough
To feel dishonour, honour.

CAMMA.

Do not say so.
I know of no such wives in all Galatia.
There may be courtesans for aught I know
Whose life is one dishonour.

Enter ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT (*aside*).

My lord, the men!

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SINNATUS (*aside*).

Our anti-Roman faction?

ATTENDANT (*aside*).

Ay, my lord.

SYNORIX (*overhearing*).

(*Aside.*) I have enough—their anti-Roman faction.

SINNATUS (*aloud*).

Some friends of mine would speak with me without.
You, Strato, make good cheer till I return. [*Exit.*

SYNORIX.

I have much to say, no time to say it in.
First, lady, know myself am that Galatian.
Who sent the cup.

CAMMA.

I thank you from my heart.

SYNORIX.

Then that I serve with Rome to serve Galatia.
That is my secret: keep it, or you sell me
To torment and to death. [*Coming closer.*
For your ear only—
I love you—for your love to the great Goddess.

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The Romans sent me here a spy upon you,
To draw you and your husband to your doom.
I'd sooner die than do it.

[*Takes out paper given him by* ANTONIUS.

This paper sign'd
Antonius—will you take it, read it? there!

CAMMA.

(*Reads*) 'You are to seize on Sinnatus,—if——'

SYNORIX.

(*Snatches paper.*) No more.
What follows is for no wife's eyes. O Camma,
Rome has a glimpse of this conspiracy;
Rome never yet hath spar'd conspirator.
Horrible! flaying, scourging, crucifying——

CAMMA.

I am tender enough. Why do you practise on me?

SYNORIX.

Why should I practise on you? How you wrong me!
I am sure of being every way malign'd.
And if you should betray me to your husband——

CAMMA.

Will *you* betray him by this order?

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SYNORIX.

See,
I tear it all to pieces, never dream'd
Of acting on it. [*Tears the paper.*

CAMMA.

I owe you thanks for ever.

SYNORIX.

Hath Sinnatus never told you of this plot?

CAMMA.

What plot?

SYNORIX.

A child's sand-castle on the beach
For the next wave—all seen,—all calculated,
All known by Rome. No chance for Sinnatus.

CAMMA.

Why said you not as much to my brave Sinnatus?

SYNORIX.

Brave—ay—too brave, too over-confident,
Too like to ruin himself, and you, and me!
Who else, with this black thunderbolt of Rome
Above him, would have chased the stag to-day
In the full face of all the Roman camp?

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A miracle that they let him home again,
Not caught, maim'd, blinded him.

[CAMMA *shudders.*

(*Aside.*) I have made her tremble.
(*Aloud.*) I know they mean to torture him to death.
I dare not tell him how I came to know it;
I durst not trust him with—my serving Rome
To serve Galatia: you heard him on the letter.
Not say as much? I all but said as much.
I am sure I told him that his plot was folly.
I say it to you—you are wiser—Rome knows all,
But you know not the savagery of Rome.

CAMMA.

O—have you power with Rome? use it for him!

SYNORIX.

Alas! I have no such power with Rome. All that
Lies with Antonius.

[*As if struck by a sudden thought. Comes over to her.*

He will pass to-morrow
In the gray dawn before the Temple doors.
You have beauty,—O great beauty,—and Antonius,
So gracious toward women, never yet
Flung back a woman's prayer. Plead to him,
I am sure you will prevail.

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CAMMA.

Still—I should tell
My husband.

SYNORIX.

Will he let you plead for him
To a Roman?

CAMMA.

I fear not.

SYNORIX.

Then do not tell him.
Or tell him, if you will, when you return,
When you have charm'd our general into mercy,
And all is safe again. O dearest lady,
[*Murmurs of* 'Synorix! Synorix!' *heard outside.*
Think,—torture,—death,—and come.

CAMMA.

I will, I will.
And I will not betray you.

SYNORIX (*aside*).

(*As* SINNATUS *enters.*) Stand apart.

Enter SINNATUS *and* ATTENDANT.

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SINNATUS.

Thou art that Synorix! One whom thou hast wrong'd
Without there, knew thee with Antonius.
They howl for thee, to rend thee head from limb.

SYNORIX.

I am much malign'd. I thought to serve Galatia.

SINNATUS.

Serve thyself first, villain! They shall not harm
My guest within my house. There! (*points to door*)
there! this door
Opens upon the forest! Out, begone!
Henceforth I am thy mortal enemy.

SYNORIX.

However I thank thee (*draws his sword*); thou hast
saved my life. [*Exit.*

SINNATUS.

(*To Attendant.*) Return and tell them Synorix is not
here. [*Exit Attendant.*
What did that villain Synorix say to you?

CAMMA.

Is *he—that*—Synorix?

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SINNATUS.

Wherefore should you doubt it?
One of the men there knew him.

CAMMA.

Only one,
And he perhaps mistaken in the face.

SINNATUS.

Come, come, could he deny it? What did he say?

CAMMA.

What *should* he say?

SINNATUS.

What *should* he say, my wife!
He should say this, that being Tetrarch once
His own true people cast him from their doors
Like a base coin.

CAMMA.

Not kindly to them?

SINNATUS.

Kindly?
O the most kindly Prince in all the world!
Would clap his honest citizens on the back,
Bandy their own rude jests with them, be curious

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About the welfare of their babes, their wives,
O·ay—their wives—their wives. What should he say?
He should say nothing to my wife if I
Were by to throttle him! He steep'd himself
In all the lust of Rome. How should *you* guess
What manner of beast it is?

CAMMA.

Yet he seem'd kindly,
And said he loathed the cruelties that Rome
Wrought on her vassals.

SINNATUS.

Did he, *honest* man?

CAMMA.

And you, that seldom brook the stranger here,
Have let him hunt the stag with you to-day.

SINNATUS.

I warrant you now, he said *he* struck the stag.

CAMMA.

Why no, he never touch'd upon the stag.

SINNATUS.

Why so I said, *my* arrow. Well, to sleep.
[*Goes to close door.*

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CAMMA.

Nay, close not yet the door upon a night
That looks half day.

SINNATUS.

True; and my friends may spy him
And slay him as he runs.

CAMMA.

He is gone already.
Oh look,—yon grove upon the mountain,—white
In the sweet moon as with a lovelier snow!
But what a blotch of blackness underneath!
Sinnatus, you remember—yea, you must,
That there three years ago—the vast vine-bowers
Ran to the summit of the trees, and dropt
Their streamers earthward, which a breeze of May
Took ever and anon, and open'd out
The purple zone of hill and heaven; there
You told your love; and like the swaying vines—
Yea,—with our eyes,—our hearts, our prophet hopes
Let in the happy distance, and that all
But cloudless heaven which we have found together
In our three married years! You kiss'd me there
For the first time. Sinnatus, kiss me now.

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SINNATUS.

First kiss. (*Kisses her.*) There then. You talk
almost as if it
Might be the last.

CAMMA.

Will you not eat a little?

SINNATUS.

No, no, we found a goat-herd's hut and shared
His fruits and milk. Liar! You will believe
Now that he never struck the stag—a brave one
Which you shall see to-morrow.

CAMMA.

I rise to-morrow
In the gray dawn, and take this holy cup
To lodge it in the shrine of Artemis.

SINNATUS.

Good!

CAMMA.

If I be not back in half an hour,
Come after me.

SINNATUS.

What! is there danger?

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CAMMA.

Nay,
None that I know: 'tis but a step from here
To the Temple.

SINNATUS.

All my brain is full of sleep.
Wake me before you go, I'll after you—
After *me* now! [*Closes door and exit.*

CAMMA (*drawing curtains*).

Your shadow. Synorix—
His face was not malignant, and he said
That men malign'd him. Shall I go? Shall I go?
Death, torture—
'He never yet flung back a woman's prayer'—
I go, but I will have my dagger with me. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Same as Scene I. Dawn.*

Music and Singing in the Temple.

Enter SYNORIX *watchfully, after him* PUBLIUS *and* SOLDIERS.

SYNORIX.

Publius!

PUBLIUS.

Here!

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SYNORIX.

Do you remember what
I told you?

PUBLIUS.

When you cry 'Rome, Rome,' to seize
On whomsoever may be talking with you,
Or man, or woman, as traitors unto Rome.

SYNORIX.

Right. Back again. How many of you are there?

PUBLIUS.

Some half a score. [*Exeunt Soldiers and* PUBLIUS.

SYNORIX.

I have my guard about me.
I need not fear the crowd that hunted me
Across the woods, last night. I hardly gain'd
The camp at midnight. Will she come to me
Now that she knows me Synorix? Not if Sinnatus
Has told her all the truth about me. Well,
I cannot help the mould that I was cast in:
I fling all that upon my fate, my star.
I know that I am genial, I would be
Happy, and make all others happy so
They did not thwart me. Nay, she will not come.

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Yet if she be a true and loving wife
She may, perchance, to save this husband. Ay!
See, see, my white bird stepping toward the snare.
Why now I count it all but miracle,
That this brave heart of mine should shake me so,
As helplessly as some unbearded boy's
When first he meets his maiden in a bower.

Enter CAMMA (*with cup*).

SYNORIX.

The lark first takes the sunlight on his wing,
But you, twin sister of the morning star,
Forelead the sun.

CAMMA.

Where is Antonius?

SYNORIX.

Not here as yet. You are too early for him.

[*She crosses towards Temple.*

SYNORIX.

Nay, whither go you now?

CAMMA.

To lodge this cup
Within the holy shrine of Artemis,
And so return.

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SYNORIX.

To find Antonius here.

[*She goes into the Temple, he looks after her.*

The loveliest life that ever drew the light
From heaven to brood upon her, and enrich
Earth with her shadow! I trust she *will* return.
These Romans dare not violate the Temple.
No, I must lure my game into the camp.
A woman I could live and die for. What!
Die for a woman, what new faith is this?
I am not mad, not sick, not old enough
To doat on one alone. Yes, mad for her,
Camma the stately, Camma the great-hearted,
So mad, I fear some strange and evil chance
Coming upon me, for by the Gods I seem
Strange to myself.

Re-enter CAMMA.

CAMMA.

Where is Antonius?

SYNORIX.

Where? As I said before, you are still too early.

CAMMA.

Too early to be here alone with thee;
For whether men malign thy name, or no,

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It bears an evil savour among women.
Where is Antonius? (*Loud.*)

SYNORIX.

Madam, as you know
The camp is half a league without the city;
If you will walk with me we needs must meet
Antonius coming, or at least shall find him
There in the camp.

CAMMA.

No, not one step with thee.
Where is Antonius? (*Louder.*)

SYNORIX (*advancing towards her*).

Then for your own sake,
Lady, I say it with all gentleness,
And for the sake of Sinnatus your husband,
I must compel you.

CAMMA (*drawing her dagger*).

Stay!—too near is death.

SYNORIX (*disarming her*).

Is it not easy to disarm a woman?

Enter SINNATUS (*seizes him from behind by the throat*).

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SYNORIX (*throttled and scarce audible*).

Rome! Rome!

SINNATUS.

Adulterous dog!

SYNORIX (*stabbing him with* CAMMA'S *dagger*).

What! will you have it?

[CAMMA *utters a cry and runs to* SINNATUS.

SINNATUS (*falls backward*).

I have it in my heart—to the Temple—fly—
For *my* sake—or they seize on thee. Remember!
Away—farewell! [*Dies.*

CAMMA (*runs up the steps into the Temple, looking back*).

Farewell!

SYNORIX (*seeing her escape*).

The women of the Temple drag her in.
Publius! Publius! No,
Antonius would not suffer me to break
Into the sanctuary. She hath escaped.
[*Looking down at* SINNATUS.
'Adulterous dog!' that red-faced rage at me!

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Then with one quick short stab—eternal peace.
So end all passions. Then what use in passions?
To warm the cold bounds of our dying life
And, lest we freeze in mortal apathy,
Employ us, heat us, quicken us, help us, keep us
From seeing all too near that urn, those ashes
Which all must be. Well used, they serve us well.
I heard a saying in Egypt, that ambition
Is like the sea wave, which the more you drink,
The more you thirst—yea—drink too much, as men
Have done on rafts of wreck—it drives you mad.
I will be no such wreck, am no such gamester
As, having won the stake, would dare the chance
Of double, or losing all. The Roman Senate,
For I have always play'd into their hands,
Means me the crown. And Camma for my bride—
The people love her—if I win her love,
They too will cleave to me, as one with her.
There then I rest, Rome's tributary king.
[*Looking down on* SINNATUS.
Why did I strike him?—having proof enough
Against the man, I surely should have left
That stroke to Rome. He saved my life too. Did he?
It seem'd so. I have play'd the sudden fool.
And that sets her against me—for the moment.
Camma—well, well, I never found the woman
I could not force or wheedle to my will.

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She will be glad at last to wear my crown.
And I will make Galatia prosperous too,
And we will chirp among our vines, and smile
At bygone things till that (*pointing to* SINNATUS) eternal peace.
Rome! Rome!

Enter PUBLIUS *and* SOLDIERS.

Twice I cried Rome. Why came ye not before?

PUBLIUS.

Why come we now? Whom shall we seize upon?

SYNORIX (*pointing to the body of* SINNATUS).

The body of that dead traitor Sinnatus.
Bear him away.

Music and Singing in Temple.

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ACT II.

SCENE.—*Interior of the Temple of Artemis.*

Small gold gates on platform in front of the veil before the colossal statue of the Goddess, and in the centre of the Temple a tripod altar, on which is a lighted lamp. Lamps (lighted) suspended between each pillar. Tripods, vases, garlands of flowers, etc., about stage. Altar at back close to Goddess, with two cups. Solemn music. Priestesses decorating the Temple.

(*The Chorus of* PRIESTESSES *sing as they enter.*)

Artemis, Artemis, hear us, O Mother, hear us, and bless us!

Artemis, thou that art life to the wind, to the wave, to the glebe, to the fire!

Hear thy people who praise thee! O help us from all that oppress us!

Hear thy priestesses hymn thy glory! O yield them all their desire!

PRIESTESS.

Phœbe, that man from Synorix, who has been
So oft to see the Priestess, waits once more
Before the Temple.

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PHŒBE.

We will let her know.

[*Signs to one of the Priestesses, who goes out.*

Since Camma fled from Synorix to our Temple,
And for her beauty, stateliness, and power,
Was chosen Priestess here, have you not mark'd
Her eyes were ever on the marble floor?
To-day they are fixt and bright—they look straight out.
Hath she made up her mind to marry him?

PRIESTESS.

To marry him who stabb'd her Sinnatus.
You will not easily make me credit that.

PHŒBE.

Ask her.

Enter CAMMA *as Priestess* (*in front of the curtains*).

PRIESTESS.

You will not marry Synorix?

CAMMA.

My girl, I am the bride of Death, and only
Marry the dead.

PRIESTESS.

Not Synorix then?

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CAMMA.

My girl,
At times this oracle of great Artemis
Has no more power than other oracles
To speak directly.

PHŒBE.

Will you speak to him,
The messenger from Synorix who waits
Before the Temple?

CAMMA.

Why not? Let him enter.

[*Comes forward on to step by tripod.*

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER (*kneels*).

Greeting and health from Synorix! More than once
You have refused his hand. When last I saw you,
You all but yielded. He entreats you now
For your last answer. When he struck at Sinnatus—
As I have many a time declared to you—
He knew not at the moment who had fastèn'd
About his throat—he begs you to forget it,
As scarce his act:—a random stroke: all else
Was love for you: he prays you to believe him.

CAMMA.

I pray him to believe—that I believe him.

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MESSENGER.

Why that is well. You mean to marry him?

CAMMA.

I mean to marry him—if that be well.

MESSENGER.

This very day the Romans crown him king
For all his faithful services to Rome.
He wills you then this day to marry him,
And so be throned together in the sight
Of all the people, that the world may know
You twain are reconciled, and no more feuds
Disturb our peaceful vassalage to Rome.

CAMMA.

To-day? Too sudden. I will brood upon it.
When do they crown him?

MESSENGER.

Even now.

CAMMA.

And where?

MESSENGER.

Here by your temple.

CAMMA.

Come once more to me
Before the crowning,—I will answer you.

[*Exit Messenger.*

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PHŒBE.

Great Artemis! O Camma, can it be well,
Or good, or wise, that you should clasp a hand
Red with the sacred blood of Sinnatus?

CAMMA.

Good! mine own dagger driven by Synorix found
All good in the true heart of Sinnatus,
And quench'd it there for ever. Wise!
Life yields to death and wisdom bows to Fate,
Is wisest, doing so. Did not this man
Speak well? We cannot fight imperial Rome,
But he and I are both Galatian-born,
And tributary sovereigns, he and I
Might teach this Rome—from knowledge of our people—
Where to lay on her tribute—heavily here
And lightly there. Might I not live for that,
And drown all poor self-passion in the sense
Of public good?

PHŒBE.

I am sure you will not marry him.

CAMMA.

Are you so sure? I pray you wait and see.
[*Shouts* (*from the distance*), 'Synorix! Synorix!'

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CAMMA.

Synorix, Synorix! So they cried Sinnatus
Not so long since—they sicken me. The One
Who shifts his policy suffers something, must
Accuse himself, excuse himself; the Many
Will feel no shame to give themselves the lie.

PHŒBE.

Most like it was the Roman soldier shouted.

CAMMA.

Their shield-borne patriot of the morning star
Hang'd at mid-day, their traitor of the dawn
The clamour'd darling of their afternoon!
And that same head they would have play'd at ball with
And kick'd it featureless—they now would crown.
[*Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a Galatian NOBLEMAN *with crown on a cushion.*

NOBLE (*kneels*).

Greeting and health from Synorix. He sends you
This diadem of the first Galatian Queen,
That you may feed your fancy on the glory of it,
And join your life this day with his, and wear it
Beside him on his throne. He waits your answer.

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CAMMA.

Tell him there is one shadow among the shadows,
One ghost of all the ghosts—as yet so new,
So strange among them—such an alien there,
So much of husband in it still—that if
The shout of Synorix and Camma sitting
Upon one throne, should reach it, *it* would rise
He! . . . HE, with that red star between the ribs,
And my knife there—and blast the king and me,
And blanch the crowd with horror. I dare not, sir!
Throne him—and then the marriage—ay and tell him
That I accept the diadem of Galatia—

[*All are amazed.*

Yea, that ye saw me crown myself withal.

[*Puts on the crown.*

I wait him his crown'd queen.

NOBLE.

So will I tell him.

[*Exit.*

Music. Two Priestesses go up the steps before the shrine, draw the curtains on either side (discovering the Goddess), then open the gates and remain on steps, one on either side, and kneel. A Priestess goes off and returns with a veil of marriage, then assists Phœbe to veil Camma. At the same time Priestesses enter and stand on either side of the Temple. Camma and all the Priestesses kneel, raise their hands to the Goddess, and bow down.

[*Shouts,* 'Synorix! Synorix!' *All rise.*

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CAMMA.

Fling wide the doors, and let the new-made children
Of our imperial mother see the show.
[*Sunlight pours through the doors.*
I have no heart to do it. (*To Phœbe.*) Look for me!
[*Crouches.* PHŒBE *looks out.*
[*Shouts,* 'Synorix! Synorix!'

PHŒBE.

He climbs the throne. Hot blood, ambition, pride
So bloat and redden his face—O would it were
His third last apoplexy! O bestial!
O how unlike our goodly Sinnatus.

CAMMA (*on the ground*).

You wrong him surely; far as the face goes
A goodlier-looking man than Sinnatus.

PHŒBE (*aside*).

How dare she say it? I could hate her for it
But that she is distracted. [*A flourish of trumpets.*

CAMMA.

Is he crown'd?

PHŒBE.

Ay, there they crown him.
[*Crowd without shout,* 'Synorix! Synorix!'

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CAMMA.

[*A Priestess brings a box of spices to* CAMMA, *who throws them on the altar flame.*

Rouse the dead altar-flame, fling in the spices,
Nard, cinnamon, amomum, benzoin.
Let all the air reel into a mist of odour,
As in the midmost heart of Paradise.
Lay down the Lydian carpets for the king.
The king should pace on purple to his bride,
And music there to greet my lord the king. [*Music.*
(*To Phœbe.*) Dost thou remember when I wedded Sinnatus?
Ay, thou wast there—whether from maiden fears
Or reverential love for him I loved,
Or some strange second-sight, the marriage-cup
Wherefrom we make libation to the Goddess
So shook within my hand, that the red wine
Ran down the marble and lookt like blood, like blood.

PHŒBE.

I do remember your first-marriage fears.

CAMMA.

I have no fears at this my second marriage.
See here—I stretch my hand out—hold it there.
How steady it is!

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PHŒBE.

Steady enough to stab him!

CAMMA.

O hush! O peace! This violence ill becomes
The silence of our Temple. Gentleness,
Low words best chime with this solemnity.

Enter a procession of Priestesses and Children bearing garlands and golden goblets, and strewing flowers.

Enter SYNORIX (*as King, with gold laurel-wreath crown and purple robes*), *followed by* ANTONIUS, PUBLIUS, *Noblemen, Guards, and the Populace.*

CAMMA.

Hail, King!

SYNORIX.

Hail, Queen!
The wheel of Fate has roll'd me to the top.
I would that happiness were gold, that I
Might cast my largess of it to the crowd!
I would that every man made feast to-day
Beneath the shadow of our pines and planes!
For all my truer life begins to-day.
The past is like a travell'd land now sunk
Below the horizon—like a barren shore

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That grew salt weeds, but now all drown'd in love
And glittering at full tide—the bounteous bays
And havens filling with a blissful sea.
Nor speak I now too mightily, being King
And happy! happiest, Lady, in my power
To make you happy.

CAMMA.

Yes, sir.

SYNORIX.

Our Antonius,
Our faithful friend of Rome, tho' Rome may set
A free foot where she will, yet of his courtesy
Entreats he may be present at our marriage.

CAMMA.

Let him come—a legion with him, if he will.
(*To* ANTONIUS.) Welcome, my lord Antonius, to our Temple.
(*To* SYNORIX.) You on this side the altar. (*To* ANTONIUS.) You on that.
Call first upon the Goddess, Synorix.

[*All face the Goddess. Priestesses, Children, Populace, and Guards kneel—the others remain standing.*

SYNORIX.

O Thou, that dost inspire the germ with life,

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The child, a thread within the house of birth,
And give him limbs, then air, and send him forth
The glory of his father—Thou whose breath
Is balmy wind to robe our hills with grass,
And kindle all our vales with myrtle-blossom,
And roll the golden oceans of our grain,
And sway the long grape-bunches of our vines,
And fill all hearts with fatness and the lust
Of plenty—make me happy in my marriage!

CHORUS (*chanting*).

Artemis, Artemis, hear him, Ionian Artemis!

CAMMA.

O Thou that slayest the babe within the womb
Or in the being born, or after slayest him
As boy or man, great Goddess, whose storm-voice
Unsockets the strong oak, and rears his root
Beyond his head, and strows our fruits, and lays
Our golden grain, and runs to sea and makes it
Foam over all the fleeted wealth of kings
And peoples, hear.
Whose arrow is the plague—whose quick flash splits
The mid-sea mast, and rifts the tower to the rock,
And hurls the victor's column down with him
That crowns it, hear.
Who causest the safe earth to shudder and gape,

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And gulf and flatten in her closing chasm
Doomed cities, hear.
Whose lava-torrents blast and blacken a province
To a cinder, hear.
Whose winter-cataracts find a realm and leave it
A waste of rock and ruin, hear. I call thee
To make my marriage prosper to my wish!

CHORUS.

Artemis, Artemis, hear her, Ephesian Artemis!

CAMMA.

Artemis, Artemis, hear me, Galatian Artemis!
I call on our own Goddess in our own Temple.

CHORUS.

Artemis, Artemis, hear her, Galatian Artemis!

[*Thunder. All rise.*

SYNORIX (*aside*).

Thunder! Ay, ay, the storm was drawing hither
Across the hills when I was being crown'd.
I wonder if I look as pale as she?

CAMMA.

Art thou—still bent—on marrying?

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SYNORIX.

Surely—yet
These are strange words to speak to Artemis.

CAMMA.

Words are not always what they seem, my King.
I will be faithful to thee till thou die.

SYNORIX.

I thank thee, Camma,—I thank thee.

CAMMA (*turning to* ANTONIUS).

Antonius,
Much graced are we that our Queen Rome in you
Deigns to look in upon our barbarisms.

[*Turns, goes up steps to altar before the Goddess. Takes a cup from off the altar. Holds it towards* ANTONIUS. ANTONIUS *goes up to the foot of the steps, opposite to* SYNORIX.

You see this cup, my lord. [*Gives it to him.*

ANTONIUS.

Most curious!
The many-breasted mother Artemis
Emboss'd upon it.

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CAMMA.

It is old, I know not
How many hundred years. Give it me again.
It is the cup belonging our own Temple.

[*Puts it back on altar, and takes up the cup of Act I. Showing it to* ANTONIUS.

Here is another sacred to the Goddess,
The gift of Synorix; and the Goddess, being
For this most grateful, wills, thro' me her Priestess,
In honour of his gift and of our marriage,
That Synorix should drink from his own cup.

SYNORIX.

I thank thee, Camma,—I thank thee.

CAMMA.

For—my lord—
It is our ancient custom in Galatia
That ere two souls be knit for life and death,
They two should drink together from one cup,
In symbol of their married unity,
Making libation to the Goddess. Bring me
The costly wines we use in marriages.

[*They bring in a large jar of wine.* CAMMA *pours wine into cup.*

(*To* SYNORIX.) See here, I fill it. (*To* ANTONIUS.) Will you drink, my lord?

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ANTONIUS.

I? Why should I? I am not to be married.

CAMMA.

But that might bring a Roman blessing on us.

ANTONIUS (*refusing cup*).

Thy pardon, Priestess!

CAMMA.

Thou art in the right.
This blessing is for Synorix and for me.
See first I make libation to the Goddess,
[*Makes libation.*
And now I drink. [*Drinks and fills the cup again.*
Thy turn, Galatian King.
Drink and drink deep—our marriage will be fruitful.
Drink and drink deep, and thou wilt make me happy.
[SYNORIX *goes up to her. She hands him the cup. He drinks.*

SYNORIX.

There, Camma! I have almost drain'd the cup—
A few drops left.

CAMMA.

Libation to the Goddess.
[*He throws the remaining drops on the altar and gives* CAMMA *the cup.*

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CAMMA (*placing the cup on the altar*).

Why then the Goddess hears.

[*Comes down and forward to tripod.*

ANTONIUS *follows.*

Antonius,
Where wast thou on that morning when I came
To plead to thee for Sinnatus's life,
Beside this temple half a year ago?

ANTONIUS.

I never heard of this request of thine.

SYNORIX (*coming forward hastily to foot of tripod steps*).

I sought him and I could not find him. Pray you,
Go on with the marriage rites.

CAMMA.

Antonius——
'Camma!' who spake?

ANTONIUS.

Not I.

PHŒBE.

Nor any here.

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CAMMA.

I am all but sure that some one spake. Antonius,
If you had found him plotting against Rome,
Would you have tortured Sinnatus to death?

ANTONIUS.

No thought was mine of torture or of death,
But had I found him plotting, I had counsell'd him
To rest from vain resistance. Rome is fated
To rule the world. Then, if he had not listen'd,
I might have sent him prisoner to Rome.

SYNORIX.

Why do you palter with the ceremony?
Go on with the marriage rites.

CAMMA.

They are finish'd.

SYNORIX.

How!

CAMMA.

Thou hast drunk deep enough to make me happy.
Dost thou not feel the love I bear to thee
Glow thro' thy veins?

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SYNORIX.

The love I bear to thee
Glows thro' my veins since first I look'd on thee.
But wherefore slur the perfect ceremony?
The sovereign of Galatia weds his Queen.
Let all be done to the fullest in the sight
Of all the Gods.

Nay, rather than so clip
The flowery robe of Hymen, we would add
Some golden fringe of gorgeousness beyond
Old use, to make the day memorial, when
Synorix, first King, Camma, first Queen o' the Realm,
Drew here the richest lot from Fate, to live
And die together.

This pain—what is it?—again?
I had a touch of this last year—in—Rome.
Yes, yes. (*To* ANTONIUS.) Your arm—a moment—
It will pass.
I reel beneath the weight of utter joy—
This all too happy day, crown—queen at once.
[*Staggers.*
O all ye Gods—Jupiter!—Jupiter! [*Falls backward.*

CAMMA.

Dost thou cry out upon the Gods of Rome?
Thou art Galatian-born. Our Artemis
Has vanquish'd their Diana.

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SYNORIX (*on the ground*).

I am poison'd.
She—close the Temple door. Let her not fly.

CAMMA (*leaning on tripod*).

Have I not drunk of the same cup with thee?

SYNORIX.

Ay, by the Gods of Rome and all the world,
She too—she too—the bride! the Queen! and I—
Monstrous! I that loved her.

CAMMA.

I loved *him*.

SYNORIX.

O murderous mad-woman! I pray you lift me
And make me walk awhile. I have heard these poisons
May be walk'd down.

[ANTONIUS *and* PUBLIUS *raise him up.*

My feet are tons of lead,
They will break in the earth—I am sinking—hold me—
Let me alone.

[*They leave him; he sinks down on ground.*

Too late—thought myself wise—

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A woman's dupe. Antonius, tell the Senate
I have been most true to Rome—would have been true
To *her*—if—if—— [*Falls as if dead.*

CAMMA (*coming and leaning over him*).

So falls the throne of an hour.

SYNORIX (*half rising*).

Throne? is it thou? the Fates are throned, not we—
Not guilty of ourselves—thy doom and mine—
Thou—coming my way too—Camma—good-night.
[*Dies.*

CAMMA (*upheld by weeping Priestesses*).

Thy way? poor worm, crawl down thine own black hole
To the lowest Hell. Antonius, is *he* there?
I meant thee to have follow'd—better thus.
Nay, if my people must be thralls of Rome,
He is gentle, tho' a Roman.
[*Sinks back into the arms of the Priestesses.*

ANTONIUS.

Thou art one
With thine own people, and tho' a Roman I
Forgive thee, Camma.

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CAMMA (*raising herself*).

'CAMMA!'—why there again
I am most sure that some one call'd. O women,
Ye will have Roman masters. I am glad
I shall not see it. Did not some old Greek
Say death was the chief good? He had my fate for it,
Poison'd. (*Sinks back again.*) Have I the crown
on? I will go
To meet him, crown'd! crown'd victor of my will—
On my last voyage—but the wind has fail'd—
Growing dark too—but light enough to row.
Row to the blessed Isles! the blessed Isles!—
Sinnatus!
Why comes he not to meet me? It is the crown
Offends him—and my hands are too sleepy
To lift it off. [PHŒBE *takes the crown off.*
Who touch'd me then? I thank you.
[*Rises, with outspread arms.*
There—league on league of ever-shining shore
Beneath an ever-rising sun—I see him—
'Camma, Camma!' Sinnatus, Sinnatus! [*Dies.*

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THE PROMISE OF MAY

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'A surface man of theories, true to none.'

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FARMER DOBSON.
MR. PHILIP EDGAR (*afterwards* MR. HAROLD).
FARMER STEER (DORA *and* EVA'S *Father*).
MR. WILSON (*a Schoolmaster*).

HIGGINS
JAMES
DAN SMITH
JACKSON
ALLEN
} *Farm Labourers.*

DORA STEER.
EVA STEER.

SALLY ALLEN
MILLY
} *Farm Servants.*

Farm Servants, Labourers, etc.

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THE PROMISE OF MAY.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Before Farmhouse.*

Farming Men and Women. Farming Men carrying forms, etc., Women carrying baskets of knives and forks, etc.

1ST FARMING MAN.

Be thou a-gawin' to the long barn?

2ND FARMING MAN.

Ay, to be sewer! Be thou?

1ST FARMING MAN.

Why, o' coorse, fur it be the owd man's birthdaäy. He be heighty this very daäy, and 'e telled all on us to be i' the long barn by one o'clock, fur he'll gie us a big dinner, and haäfe th' parish 'll be theer, an' Miss Dora, an' Miss Eva, an' all!

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2ND FARMING MAN.

Miss Dora be coomed back, then?

1ST FARMING MAN.

Ay, haäfe an hour ago. She be in theer now. (*Pointing to house.*) Owd Steer wur afeärd she wouldn't be back i' time to keep his birthdaäy, and he wur in a tew about it all the murnin'; and he sent me wi' the gig to Littlechester to fetch 'er; and 'er an' the owd man they fell a kissin' o' one another like two sweet'arts i' the poorch as soon as he clapt eyes of 'er.

2ND FARMING MAN.

Foälks says he likes Miss Eva the best.

1ST FARMING MAN.

Naäy, I knaws nowt o' what foälks says, an' I caäres nowt neither. Foälks doesn't hallus knaw thessens; but sewer I be, they be two o' the purtiest gels ye can see of a summer murnin'.

2ND FARMING MAN.

Beänt Miss Eva gone off a bit of 'er good looks o' laäte?

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1ST FARMING MAN.

Noä, not a bit.

2ND FARMING MAN.

Why coöm awaäy, then, to the long barn.

[*Exeunt.*

DORA *looks out of window. Enter* DOBSON.

DORA (*singing*).

The town lay still in the low sun-light,
The hen cluckt late by the white farm gate,
The maid to her dairy came in from the cow,
The stock-dove coo'd at the fall of night,
The blossom had open'd on every bough;
O joy for the promise of May, of May,
O joy for the promise of May.

(*Nodding at* DOBSON.) I'm coming down, Mr. Dobson. I haven't seen Eva yet. Is she anywhere in the garden?

DOBSON.

Noä, Miss. I ha'n't seed 'er neither.

DORA (*enters singing*).

But a red fire woke in the heart of the town,
And a fox from the glen ran away with the hen,

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And a cat to the cream, and a rat to the cheese;
And the stock-dove coo'd, till a kite dropt down,
And a salt wind burnt the blossoming trees;
O grief for the promise of May, of May,
O grief for the promise of May.

I don't know why I sing that song; I don't love it.

DOBSON.

Blessings on your pretty voice, Miss Dora. Wheer did they larn ye that?

DORA.

In Cumberland, Mr. Dobson.

DOBSON.

An' how did ye leäve the owd uncle i' Coomberland?

DORA.

Getting better, Mr. Dobson. But he'll never be the same man again.

DOBSON.

An' how d'ye find the owd man 'ere?

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DORA.

As well as ever. I came back to keep his birthday.

DOBSON.

Well, I be coomed to keep his birthdaäy an' all. The owd man be heighty to-daäy, beänt he?

DORA.

Yes, Mr. Dobson. And the day's bright like a friend, but the wind east like an enemy. Help me to move this bench for him into the sun. (*They move bench.*) No, not that way—here, under the apple tree. Thank you. Look how full of rosy blossom it is. [*Pointing to apple tree.*

DOBSON.

Theer be redder blossoms nor them, Miss Dora.

DORA.

Where do they blow, Mr. Dobson?

DOBSON.

Under your eyes, Miss Dora.

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DORA.

Do they?

DOBSON.

And your eyes be as blue as——

DORA.

What, Mr. Dobson? A butcher's frock?

DOBSON.

Noä, Miss Dora; as blue as——

DORA.

Bluebell, harebell, speedwell, bluebottle, succory, forget-me-not?

DOBSON.

Noä, Miss Dora; as blue as——

DORA.

The sky? or the sea on a blue day?

DOBSON.

Naäy then. I meän'd they be as blue as violets.

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DORA.

Are they?

DOBSON.

Theer ye goäs ageän, Miss, niver believing owt I says to ye—hallus a-fobbing ma off, tho' ye knaws I love ye. I warrants ye'll think moor o' this young Squire Edgar as ha' coomed among us—the Lord knaws how—ye'll think more on 'is little finger than hall my hand at the haltar.

DORA.

Perhaps, Master Dobson. I can't tell, for I have never seen him. But my sister wrote that he was mighty pleasant, and had no pride in him.

DOBSON.

He'll be arter you now, Miss Dora.

DORA.

Will he? How can I tell?

DOBSON.

He's been arter Miss Eva, haän't he?

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DORA.

Not that I know.

DOBSON.

Didn't I spy 'em a-sitting i' the woodbine harbour togither?

DORA.

What of that? Eva told me that he was taking her likeness. He's an artist.

DOBSON.

What's a hartist? I doänt believe he's iver a 'eart under his waistcoat. And I tells ye what, Miss Dora: he's no respect for the Queen, or the parson, or the justice o' peace, or owt. I ha' heärd 'im a-gawin' on 'ud make your 'air—God bless it!—stan' on end. And wuss nor that. When theer wur a meeting o' farmers at Littlechester t'other daäy, and they was all a-crying out at the bad times, he cooms up, and he calls out among our oän men, 'The land belongs to the people!'

DORA.

And what did *you* say to that?

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DOBSON.

Well, I says, s'pose my pig's the land, and you says it belongs to the parish, and theer be a thousand i' the parish, taäkin' in the women and childer; and s'pose I kills my pig, and gi'es it among 'em, why there wudn't be a dinner for nawbody, and I should ha' lost the pig.

DORA.

And what did he say to that?

DOBSON.

Nowt—what could he saäy? But I taäkes 'im fur a bad lot and a burn fool, and I haätes the very sight on him.

DORA.

(*Looking at* DOBSON.) Master Dobson, you are a comely man to look at.

DOBSON.

I thank you for that, Miss Dora, onyhow.

DORA.

Ay, but you turn right ugly when you're in an ill temper; and I promise you that if you forget yourself

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in your behaviour to this gentleman, my father's friend, I will never change word with you again.

Enter FARMING MAN *from barn.*

FARMING MAN.

Miss, the farming men 'ull hev their dinner i' the long barn, and the master 'ud be straänge an' pleased if you'd step in fust, and see that all be right and reg'lar fur 'em afoor he coöm. [*Exit.*

DORA.

I go. Master Dobson, did you hear what I said?

DOBSON.

Yeas, yeas! I'll not meddle wi' 'im if he doänt meddle wi' meä. (*Exit* DORA.) Coomly, says she. I niver thowt o' mysen i' that waäy; but if she'd taäke to ma i' that waäy, or ony waäy, I'd slaäve out my life fur 'er. 'Coomly to look at,' says she—but she said it spiteful-like. To look at—yeas, 'coomly'; and she mayn't be so fur out theer. But if that be nowt to she, then it be nowt to me. (*Looking off stage.*) Schoolmaster! Why if Steer han't haxed schoolmaster to dinner, thaw 'e knaws I was hallus

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ageän heving schoolmaster i' the parish! fur him as be handy wi' a book bean't but haäfe a hand at a pitchfork.

Enter WILSON.

Well, Wilson. I seed that one cow o' thine i' the pinfold ageän as I wur a-coomin' 'ere.

WILSON.

Very likely, Mr. Dobson. She *will* break fence. I can't keep her in order.

DOBSON.

An' if tha can't keep thy one cow i' horder, how can tha keep all thy scholards i' horder? But let that goä by. What dost a knaw o' this Mr. Hedgar as be a-lodgin' wi' ye? I coom'd upon 'im t'other daäy lookin' at the coontry, then a-scrattin upon a bit o' paäper, then a-lookin' agean; and I taäked 'im fur soom sort of a land-surveyor—but a beänt.

WILSON.

He's a Somersetshire man, and a very civil-spoken gentleman.

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DOBSON.

Gentleman! What be he a-doing here ten mile an' moor fro' a raäil? We laäys out o' the waäy fur gentlefoälk altogither—leästwaäys they niver cooms 'ere but fur the trout i' our beck, fur they be knaw'd as far as Littlechester. But 'e doänt fish neither.

WILSON.

Well, it's no sin in a gentleman not to fish.

DOBSON.

Noä, but I haätes 'im.

WILSON.

Better step out of his road, then, for he's walking to us, and with a book in his hand.

DOBSON.

An' I haätes booöks an' all, fur they puts foälk off the owd waäys.

Enter EDGAR, *reading—not seeing* DOBSON *and* WILSON.

EDGAR.

This author, with his charm of simple style
And close dialectic, all but proving man

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An automatic series of sensations,
Has often numb'd me into apathy
Against the unpleasant jolts of this rough road
That breaks off short into the abysses—made me
A Quietest taking all things easily.

DOBSON.

(*Aside.*) There mun be summut wrong theer, Wilson, fur I doänt understan' it.

WILSON.

(*Aside.*) Nor I either, Mr. Dobson.

DOBSON.

(*Scornfully.*) An' thou doänt understan' it neither —and thou schoolmaster an' all.

EDGAR.

What can a man, then, live for but sensations,
Pleasant ones? men of old would undergo
Unpleasant for the sake of pleasant ones
Hereafter, like the Moslem beauties waiting
To clasp their lovers by the golden gates.
For me, whose cheerless Houris after death
Are Night and Silence, pleasant ones—the while—
If possible, here! to crop the flower and pass.

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DOBSON.

Well, I never 'eärd the likes o' that afoor.

WILSON.

(*Aside.*) But I have, Mr. Dobson. It's the old Scripture text, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' I'm sorry for it, for, tho' he never comes to church, I thought better of him.

EDGAR.

'What are we?' says the blind old man in Lear;
'As flies to the Gods; they kill us for their sport.'

DOBSON.

(*Aside.*) Then the owd man i' Lear should be shaämed of hissen, but noän o' the parishes goäs by that naäme 'ereabouts.

EDGAR.

The Gods! but they, the shadows of ourselves,
Have past for ever. It is Nature kills,
And not for *her* sport either. She knows nothing.
Man only knows, the worse for him! for why
Cannot *he* take his pastime like the flies?

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And if my pleasure breed another's pain,
Well—is not that the course of Nature too,
From the dim dawn of Being—her main law
Whereby she grows in beauty—that her flies
Must massacre each other? this poor Nature!

DOBSON.

Natur! Natur! Well, it be i' *my* natur to knock 'im o' the 'eäd now; but I weänt.

EDGAR.

A Quietest taking all things easily—why—
Have I been dipping into this again
To steel myself against the leaving her?
(*Closes book, seeing* WILSON.)
Good day!

WILSON.

Good day, sir.

(DOBSON *looks hard at* EDGAR.)

EDGAR.

(*To* DOBSON.) Have I the pleasure, friend, of knowing you?

DOBSON.

Dobson.

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EDGAR.

Good day, then, Dobson. [*Exit.*

DOBSON.

'Good daäy then, Dobson!' Civil-spoken i'deed! Why, Wilson, tha 'eärd 'im thysen—the feller couldn't find a Mister in his mouth fur me, as farms five hoonderd haäcre.

WILSON.

You never find one for me, Mr. Dobson.

DOBSON.

Noä, fur thou be nobbut schoolmaster; but I taäkes 'im fur a Lunnun swindler, and a burn fool.

WILSON.

He can hardly be both, and he pays me regular every Saturday.

DOBSON.

Yeas; but I haätes 'im.

Enter STEER, FARM MEN *and* WOMEN.

STEER.

(*Goes and sits under apple tree.*) Hev ony o' ye seen Eva?

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DOBSON.

Noä, Mr. Steer.

STEER.

Well, I reckons they'll hev a fine cider-crop to-year if the blossom 'owds. Good murnin', neighbours, and the saäme to you, my men. I taäkes it kindly of all o' you that you be coomed—what's the newspaäper word, Wilson?—celebrate—to celebrate my birthdaäy i' this fashion. Niver man 'ed better friends, and I will saäy niver master 'ed better men: fur thaw I may ha' fallen out wi' ye sometimes, the fault, mebbe, wur as much mine as yours; and, thaw I says it mysen, niver men 'ed a better master—and I knaws what men be, and what masters be, fur I wur nobbut a laäbourer, and now I be a landlord—burn a plowman, and now, as far as money goäs, I be a gentleman, thaw I beänt naw scholard, fur I 'edn't naw time to maäke mysen a scholard while I wur maäkin' mysen a gentleman, but I ha' taäen good care to turn out boäth my darters right down fine laädies.

DOBSON.

An' soä they be.

1ST FARMING MAN.

Soä they be! soä they be!

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2ND FARMING MAN.

The Lord bless boath on 'em!

3RD FARMING MAN.

An' the saäme to you, Master.

4TH FARMING MAN.

And long life to boath on 'em. An' the saäme to you, Master Steer, likewise.

STEER.

Thank ye!

Enter EVA.

Wheer 'asta been?

EVA.

(*Timidly.*) Many happy returns of the day, father.

STEER.

They can't be many, my dear, but I 'oäpes they'll be 'appy.

DOBSON.

Why, tha looks haäle anew to last to a hoonderd.

STEER.

An' why shouldn't I last to a hoonderd? Haäle! why shouldn't I be haäle? fur thaw I be heighty this

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very daäy, I niver 'es sa much as one pin's prick of paäin; an' I can taäke my glass along wi' the youngest, fur I niver touched a drop of owt till my oän wedding-daäy, an' then I wur turned huppads o' sixty. Why shouldn't I be haäle? I ha' plowed the ten-aäcre—it be mine now—afoor ony o' ye wur burn —ye all knaws the ten-aäcre—I mun ha' plowed it moor nor a hoonderd times; hallus hup at sunrise, and I'd drive the plow straäit as a line right i' the faäce o' the sun, then back ageän, a-follering my oän shadder—then hup ageän i' the faäce o' the sun. Eh! how the sun 'ud shine, and the larks 'ud sing i' them daäys, and the smell o' the mou'd an' all. Eh! if I could ha' gone on wi' the plowin' nobbut the smell o' the mou'd 'ud ha' maäde ma live as long as Jerusalem.

EVA.

Methusaleh, father.

STEER.

Ay, lass, but when thou be as owd as me thou'll put one word fur another as I does.

DOBSON.

But, Steer, thaw thou be haäle anew I seed tha a-limpin' up just now wi' the roomatics i' the knee.

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STEER.

Roomatics! Noä; I laäme't my knee last night running arter a thief. Beänt there house-breäkers down i' Littlechester, Dobson—doänt ye hear of ony?

DOBSON.

Ay, that there be. Immanuel Goldsmiths was broke into o' Monday night, and ower a hoonderd pounds worth o' rings stolen.

STEER.

So I thowt, and I heärd the winder—that's the winder at the end o' the passage, that goäs by thy chaumber. (*Turning to* EVA.) Why, lass, what maäkes tha sa red? Did 'e git into thy chaumber?

EVA.

Father!

STEER.

Well, I runned arter thief i' the dark, and fell ageän coalscuttle and my kneeä gev waäy, or I'd ha' cotched 'im, but afoor I coomed up he got thruff the winder ageän.

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EVA.

Got thro' the window again?

STEER.

Ay, but he left the mark of 'is foot i' the flower-bed; now theer be noän o' my men, thinks I to mysen, 'ud ha' done it 'cep' it were Dan Smith, fur I cotched 'im once a-steälin' coäls an' I sent fur 'im, an' I measured his foot wi' the mark i' the bed, but it wouldn't fit—seeäms to me the mark wur maäde by a Lunnun boot. (*Looks at* EVA.) Why, now, what maäkes tha sa white?

EVA.

Fright, father!

STEER.

Maäke thysen eäsy. I'll hev the winder naäiled up, and put Towser under it.

EVA.

(*Clasping her hands.*) No, no, father! Towser'll tear him all to pieces.

STEER.

Let him keep awaäy, then; but coom, coom! let's be gawin. They ha' broached a barrel of aäle i' the

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long barn, and the fiddler be theer, and the lads and lasses 'ull hev a dance.

EVA.

(*Aside.*) Dance! small heart have I to dance. I should seem to be dancing upon a grave.

STEER.

Wheer be Mr. Edgar? about the premises?

DOBSON.

Hallus about the premises!

STEER.

So much the better, so much the better. I likes 'im, and Eva likes 'im. Eva can do owt wi' 'im; look for 'im, Eva, and bring 'im to the barn. He 'ant naw pride in 'im, and we'll git 'im to speechify for us arter dinner.

EVA.

Yes, father! [*Exit.*

STEER.

Coom along then, all the rest o' ye! Churchwarden be a coomin, thaw me and 'im we niver 'grees about

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the tithe; and Parson mebbe, thaw he niver mended that gap i' the glebe fence as I telled 'im; and Blacksmith, thaw he niver shoes a herse to my likings; and Baäker, thaw I sticks to hoäm-maäde—but all on 'em welcome, all on 'em welcome; and I've hed the long barn cleared out of all the machines, and the sacks, and the taäters, and the mangles, and theer'll be room anew for all o' ye. Foller me.

ALL.

Yeas, yeas! Three cheers for Mr. Steer!

[*All exeunt except* DOBSON *into barn.*

Enter EDGAR.

DOBSON (*who is going, turns*).

Squire!—if so be you be a squire.

EDGAR.

Dobbins, I think.

DOBSON.

Dobbins, you thinks; and I thinks ye weärs a Lunnun boot.

EDGAR.

Well?

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DOBSON.

And I thinks I'd like to taäke the measure o' your foot.

EDGAR.

Ay, if you'd like to measure your own length upon the grass.

DOBSON.

Coom, coom, that's a good un. Why, I could throw four o' ye; but I promised one of the Misses I wouldn't meddle wi' ye, and I weänt.

[*Exit into barn.*

EDGAR.

Jealous of me with Eva! Is it so?
Well, tho' I grudge the pretty jewel, that I
Have worn, to such a clod, yet that might be
The best way out of it, if the child could keep
Her counsel. I am sure I wish her happy.
But I must free myself from this entanglement.
I have all my life before me—so has she—
Give her a month or two, and her affections
Will flower toward the light in some new face.
Still I am half-afraid to meet her now.
She will urge marriage on me. I hate tears.

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Marriage is but an old tradition. I hate
Traditions, ever since my narrow father,
After my frolic with his tenant's girl,
Made younger elder son, violated the whole
Tradition of our land, and left his heir,
Born, happily, with some sense of art, to live
By brush and pencil. By and by, when Thought
Comes down among the crowd, and man perceives that
The lost gleam of an after-life but leaves him
A beast of prey in the dark, why then the crowd
May wreak my wrongs upon my wrongers. Marriage!
That fine, fat, hook-nosed uncle of mine, old Harold,
Who leaves me all his land at Littlechester,
He, too, would oust me from his will, if I
Made such a marriage. And marriage in itself—
The storm is hard at hand will sweep away
Thrones, churches, ranks, traditions, customs, marriage
One of the feeblest! Then the man, the woman,
Following their best affinities, will each
Bid their old bond farewell with smiles, not tears;
Good wishes, not reproaches; with no fear
Of the world's gossiping clamour, and no need
Of veiling their desires.

Conventionalism,

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Who shrieks by day at what she does by night,
Would call this vice; but one time's vice may be
The virtue of another; and Vice and Virtue
Are but two masks of self; and what hereafter
Shall mark out Vice from Virtue in the gulf
Of never-dawning darkness?

Enter EVA.

My sweet Eva,
Where have you lain in ambush all the morning?
They say your sister, Dora, has return'd,
And that should make you happy, if you love her!
But you look troubled.

EVA.

Oh, I love her so,
I was afraid of her, and I hid myself.
We never kept a secret from each other;
She would have seen at once into my trouble,
And ask'd me what I could not answer. Oh, Philip,
Father heard you last night. Our savage mastiff,
That all but kill'd the beggar, will be placed
Beneath the window, Philip.

EDGAR.

Savage, is he?
What matters? Come, give me your hand and kiss me
This beautiful May-morning.

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EVA.

The most beautiful
May we have had for many years!

EDGAR.

And here
Is the most beautiful morning of this May.
Nay, you must smile upon me! There—you make
The May and morning still more beautiful,
You, the most beautiful blossom of the May.

EVA.

Dear Philip, all the world is beautiful
If we were happy, and could chime in with it.

EDGAR.

True; for the senses, love, are for the world;
That for the senses.

EVA.

Yes.

EDGAR.

And when the man,
The child of evolution, flings aside
His swaddling-bands, the morals of the tribe,

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He, following his own instincts as his God,
Will enter on the larger golden age;
No pleasure then taboo'd: for when the tide
Of full democracy has overwhelm'd
This Old world, from that flood will rise the New,
Like the Love-goddess, with no bridal veil,
Ring, trinket of the Church, but naked Nature
In all her loveliness.

EVA.

What are you saying?

EDGAR.

That, if we did not strain to make ourselves
Better and higher than Nature, we might be
As happy as the bees there at their honey
In these sweet blossoms.

EVA.

Yes; how sweet they smell!

EDGAR.

There! let me break some off for you.

[*Breaking branch off.*

EVA.

My thanks.
But, look, how wasteful of the blossom you are!

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One, two, three, four, five, six—you have robb'd
poor father
Of ten good apples. Oh, I forgot to tell you
He wishes you to dine along with us,
And speak for him after—you that are so clever!

EDGAR.

I grieve I cannot; but, indeed——

EVA.

What is it?

EDGAR.

Well, business. I must leave you, love, to-day.

EVA.

Leave me, to-day! And when will you return?

EDGAR.

I cannot tell precisely; but——

EVA.

But what?

EDGAR.

I trust, my dear, we shall be always friends.

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EVA.

After all that has gone between us—friends!
What, only friends? [*Drops branch.*

EDGAR.

All that has gone between us
Should surely make us friends.

EVA.

But keep us lovers.

EDGAR.

Child, do you love me now?

EVA.

Yes, now and ever.

EDGAR.

Then you should wish us both to love for ever.
But, if you *will* bind love to one for ever,
Altho' at first he take his bonds for flowers,
As years go on, he feels them press upon him,
Begins to flutter in them, and at last
Breaks thro' them, and so flies away for ever;
While, had you left him free use of his wings,
Who knows that he had ever dream'd of flying?

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EVA.

But all that sounds so wicked and so strange;
'Till death us part'—those are the only words,
The true ones—nay, and those not true enough,
For they that love do not believe that death
Will part them. Why do you jest with me, and try
To fright me? Tho' you are a gentleman,
I but a farmer's daughter——

EDGAR.

Tut! you talk
Old feudalism. When the great Democracy
Makes a new world——

EVA.

And if you be not jesting,
Neither the old world, nor the new, nor father,
Sister, nor you, shall ever see me more.

EDGAR (*moved*).

Then—(*aside*) Shall I say it?— (*aloud*) fly with me to-day.

EVA.

No! Philip, Philip, if you do not marry me,
I shall go mad for utter shame and die.

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EDGAR.

Then, if we needs must be conventional,
When shall your parish-parson bawl our banns
Before your gaping clowns?

EVA.

Not in our church—
I think I scarce could hold my head up there.
Is there no other way?

EDGAR.

Yes, if you cared
To fee an over-opulent superstition,
Then they would grant you what they call a licence
To marry. Do you wish it?

EVA.

Do I wish it?

EDGAR.

In London.

EVA.

You will write to me?

EDGAR.

I will.

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EVA.

And I will fly to you thro' the night, the storm—
Yes, tho' the fire should run along the ground,
As once it did in Egypt. Oh, you see,
I was just out of school, I had no mother—
My sister far away—and you, a gentleman,
Told me to trust you: yes, in everything—
That was the only *true* love; and I trusted—
Oh, yes, indeed, I would have died for you.
How could you—Oh, how could you?—nay, how could I?
But now you will set all right again, and I
Shall not be made the laughter of the village,
And poor old father not die miserable.

DORA (*singing in the distance*).

'O joy for the promise of May, of May,
O joy for the promise of May.'

EDGAR.

Speak not so loudly; that must be your sister.
You never told her, then, of what has past
Between us.

EVA.

Never!

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EDGAR.

Do not till I bid you.

EVA.

No, Philip, no. [*Turns away.*

EDGAR (*moved*).

How gracefully there she stands
Weeping—the little Niobe! What! we prize
The statue or the picture all the more
When we have made them ours! Is she less loveable,
Less lovely, being wholly mine? To stay—
Follow my art among these quiet fields,
Live with these honest folk——
And play the fool!
No! she that gave herself to me so easily
Will yield herself as easily to another.

EVA.

Did you speak, Philip?

EDGAR.

Nothing more, farewell.
[*They embrace.*

DORA (*coming nearer*).

'O grief for the promise of May, of May,
O grief for the promise of May.'

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EDGAR (*still embracing her*).

Keep up your heart until we meet again.

EVA.

If that should break before we meet again?

EDGAR.

Break! nay, but call for Philip when you will,
And he returns.

EVA.

Heaven hears you, Philip Edgar!

EDGAR (*moved*).

And *he* would hear you even from the grave.
Heaven curse him if he come not at your call!

[*Exit.*

Enter DORA.

DORA.

Well, Eva!

EVA.

Oh, Dora, Dora, how long you have been away from home! Oh, how often I have wished for you! It seemed to me that we were parted for ever.

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DORA.

For ever, you foolish child! What's come over you? We parted like the brook yonder about the alder island, to come together again in a moment and to go on together again, till one of us be married. But where is this Mr. Edgar whom you praised so in your first letters? You haven't even mentioned him in your last?

EVA.

He has gone to London.

DORA.

Ay, child; and you look thin and pale. Is it for his absence? Have you fancied yourself in love with him? That's all nonsense, you know, such a baby as you are. But you shall tell me all about it.

EVA.

Not now—presently. Yes, I have been in trouble, but I am happy—I think, quite happy now.

DORA (*taking* EVA'S *hand*).

Come, then, and make them happy in the long barn, for father is in his glory, and there is a piece

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of beef like a house-side, and a plum-pudding as big as the round haystack. But see they are coming out for the dance already. Well, my child, let us join them.

Enter all from barn laughing. EVA *sits reluctantly under apple tree.* STEER *enters smoking, sits by* EVA.

Dance.

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ACT II.

Five years have elapsed between Acts I. and II.

SCENE.—*A meadow. On one side a pathway going over a rustic bridge. At back the farmhouse among trees. In the distance a church spire.*

DOBSON *and* DORA.

DOBSON.

So the owd uncle i' Coomberland be deäd, Miss Dora, beänt he?

DORA.

Yes, Mr. Dobson, I've been attending on his death-bed and his burial.

DOBSON.

It be five year sin' ye went afoor to him, and it seems to me nobbut t'other day. Hesn't he left ye nowt?

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DORA.

No, Mr. Dobson.

DOBSON.

But he were mighty fond o' ye, warn't he?

DORA.

Fonder of poor Eva—like everybody else.

DOBSON (*handing* DORA *basket of roses*).

Not like me, Miss Dora; and I ha' browt these roses to ye—I forgits what they calls 'em, but I hallus gi'ed soom on 'em to Miss Eva at this time o' year. Will ya taäke 'em? fur Miss Eva, she set the bush by my dairy winder afoor she went to school at Littlechester—so I allus browt soom on 'em to her; and now she be gone, will ye taäke 'em, Miss Dora?

DORA.

I thank you. They tell me that yesterday you mentioned her name too suddenly before my father. See that you do not do so again!

DOBSON.

Noä; I knaws a deäl better now. I seed how the owd man wur vext.

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DORA.

I take them, then, for Eva's sake.

[*Takes basket, places some in her dress.*

DOBSON.

Eva's saäke. Yeas. Poor gel, poor gel! I can't abeär to think on 'er now, fur I'd ha' done owt fur 'er mysen; an' ony o' Steer's men, an' ony o' my men 'ud ha' done owt fur 'er, an' all the parish 'ud ha' done owt fur 'er, fur we was all on us proud on 'er, an' them theer be soom of her oän roses, an' she wur as sweet as ony on 'em—the Lord bless 'er—'er oän sen; an' weänt ye taäke 'em now, Miss Dora, fur 'er saäke an' fur my saäke an' all?

DORA.

Do you want them back again?

DOBSON.

Noä, noä! Keep 'em. But I hed a word to saäy to ye.

DORA.

Why, Farmer, you should be in the hayfield looking after your men; you couldn't have more splendid weather.

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DOBSON.

I be a going theer; but I thowt I'd bring tha them roses fust. The weather's well anew, but the glass be a bit shaäky. S'iver we've led moäst on it.

DORA.

Ay! but you must not be too sudden with it either as you were last year, when you put it in green, and your stack caught fire.

DOBSON.

I were insured, Miss, an' I lost nowt by it. But I weänt be too sudden wi' it; and I feel sewer, Miss Dora, that I ha' been noän too sudden wi' you, fur I ha' sarved for ye well nigh as long as the man sarved for 'is sweet'art i' Scriptur'. Weänt ye gi'e me a kind answer at last?

DORA.

I have no thought of marriage, my friend. We have been in such grief these five years, not only on my sister's account, but the ill success of the farm, and the debts, and my father's breaking down, and his blindness. How could I think of leaving him?

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DOBSON.

Eh, but I be well to do; and if ye would nobbut hev me, I would taäke the owd blind man to my oän fireside. You should hev him allus wi' ye.

DORA.

You are generous, but it cannot be. I cannot love you; nay, I think I never can be brought to love any man. It seems to me that I hate men, ever since my sister left us. Oh, see here. (*Pulls out a letter.*) I wear it next my heart. Poor sister, I had it five years ago. 'Dearest Dora,— I have lost myself, and am lost for ever to you and my poor father. I thought Mr. Edgar the best of men, and he has proved himself the worst. Seek not for me, or you may find me at the bottom of the river.—EVA.'

DOBSON.

Be that my fault?

DORA.

No; but how should I, with this grief still at my heart, take to the milking of your cows, the fatting of your calves, the making of your butter, and the managing of your poultry?

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DOBSON.

Naäy, but I hev an owd woman as 'ud see to all that; and you should sit i' your oän parlour quite like a laädy, ye should!

DORA.

It cannot be.

DOBSON.

And plaäy the pianner, if ye liked, all daäy long, like a laädy, ye should an' all.

DORA.

It cannot be.

DOBSON.

And I would loove tha moor nor ony gentleman 'ud loove tha.

DORA.

No, no; it cannot be.

DOBSON.

And p'raps ye hears 'at I soomtimes taäkes a drop too much; but that be all along o' you, Miss, because ye weänt hev me; but, if ye would, I could put all that o' one side eäsy anew.

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DORA.

Cannot you understand plain words, Mr. Dobson? I tell you, it cannot be.

DOBSON.

Eh, lass! Thy feyther eddicated his darters to marry gentlefoälk, and see what's coomed on it.

DORA.

That is enough, Farmer Dobson. You have shown me that, though fortune had born *you* into the estate of a gentleman, you would still have been Farmer Dobson. You had better attend to your hayfield. Good afternoon. [*Exit.*

DOBSON.

'Farmer Dobson!' Well, I be Farmer Dobson; but I thinks Farmer Dobson's dog 'ud ha' knaw'd better nor to cast her sister's misfortin inter 'er teeth arter she'd been a-reädin' me the letter wi' 'er voice a-shaäkin', and the drop in 'er eye. Theer she goäs! Shall I foller 'er and ax 'er to maäke it up? Noä, not yet. Let 'er cool upon it; I likes 'er all the better fur taäkin' me down, like a laädy, as she be. Farmer Dobson! I be Farmer Dobson, sewer anew;

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but if iver I cooms upo' Gentleman Hedgar ageän, and doänt laäy my cartwhip athurt 'is shou'ders, why then I beänt Farmer Dobson, but summun else—blaäme't if I beänt!

Enter HAYMAKERS *with a load of hay.*

The last on it, eh?

1ST HAYMAKER.

Yeas.

DOBSON.

Hoäm wi' it, then. [*Exit surlily.*

1ST HAYMAKER.

Well, it be the last loäd hoäm.

2ND HAYMAKER.

Yeas, an' owd Dobson should be glad on it. What maäkes 'im allus sa glum?

SALLY ALLEN.

Glum! he be wuss nor glum. He coom'd up to me yisterdaäy i' the haäyfield, when meä and my sweet'art was a workin' along o' one side wi' one another, and he sent 'im awaäy to t'other end o' the field; and when I axed 'im why, he telled me 'at

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sweet'arts niver worked well togither; and I telled *'im* 'at sweet'arts allus worked best togither; and then he called me a rude naäme, and I can't abide 'im.

JAMES.

Why, lass, doänt tha knaw he be sweet upo' Dora Steer, and she weänt sa much as look at 'im? And wheniver 'e sees two sweet'arts togither like thou and me, Sally, he be fit to bust hissen wi' spites and jalousies.

SALLY.

Let 'im bust hissen, then, for owt *I* cares.

1ST HAYMAKER.

Well but, as I said afoor, it be the last loäd hoäm; do thou and thy sweet'art sing us hoäm to supper—'The Last Loäd Hoäm.'

ALL.

Ay! 'The Last Loäd Hoäm.'

Song.

What did ye do, and what did ye saäy,
Wi' the wild white rose, an' the woodbine sa gaäy,
An' the midders all mow'd, an' the sky sa blue—

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What did ye saäy, and what did ye do,
When ye thowt there were nawbody watchin' o' you,
And you an' your Sally was forkin' the haäy,
At the end of the daäy,
For the last loäd hoäm?

What did we do, and what did we saäy,
Wi' the briar sa green, an' the willer sa graäy,
An' the midders all mow'd, an' the sky sa blue—
Do ye think I be gawin' to tell it to you,
What we mowt saäy, and what we mowt do,
When me an' my Sally was forkin' the haäy,
At the end of the daäy,
For the last loäd hoäm?

But what did ye saäy, and what did ye do,
Wi' the butterflies out, and the swallers at plaäy,
An' the midders all mow'd, an' the sky sa blue?
Why, coom then, owd feller, I'll tell it to you;
For me an' my Sally we sweär'd to be true,
To be true to each other, let 'appen what maäy,
Till the end of the daäy
And the last loäd hoäm.

ALL.

Well sung!

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JAMES.

Fanny be the naäme i' the song, but I swopt it fur *she.* [*Pointing to* SALLY.

SALLY.

Let ma aloän afoor foälk, wilt tha?

1ST HAYMAKER.

Ye shall sing that ageän to-night, fur owd Dobson 'll gi'e us a bit o' supper.

SALLY.

I weänt goä to owd Dobson; he wur rude to me i' tha haäyfield, and he'll be rude to me ageän to-night. Owd Steer's gotten all his grass down and wants a hand, and I'll goä to him.

1ST HAYMAKER.

Owd Steer gi'es nubbut cowd tea to *'is* men, and owd Dobson gi'es beer.

SALLY.

But I'd like owd Steer's cowd tea better nor Dobson's beer. Good-bye. [*Going.*

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JAMES.

Gi'e us a buss fust, lass.

SALLY.

I tell'd tha to let ma aloän!

JAMES.

Why, wasn't thou and me a-bussin' o' one another t'other side o' the haäycock, when owd Dobson coom'd upo' us? I can't let tha aloän if I would, Sally. [*Offering to kiss her.*

SALLY.

Git along wi' ye, do! [*Exit.*

[*All laugh; exeunt singing.*

'To be true to each other, let 'appen what maäy,
Till the end o' the daäy
An' the last loäd hoäm.'

Enter HAROLD.

HAROLD.

Not Harold! 'Philip Edgar, Philip Edgar!'
Her phantom call'd me by the name she loved.
I told her I should hear her from the grave.
Ay! yonder is her casement. I remember

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Her bright face beaming starlike down upon me
Thro' that rich cloud of blossom. Since I left her
Here weeping, I have ranged the world, and sat
Thro' every sensual course of that full feast
That leaves but emptiness.

Song.

'To be true to each other, let 'appen what maäy,
To the end o' the daäy
An' the last loäd hoäm.'

HAROLD.

Poor Eva! O my God, if man be only
A willy-nilly current of sensations—
Reaction needs must follow revel—yet—
Why feel remorse, he, knowing that he *must* have
Moved in the iron grooves of Destiny?
Remorse then is a part of Destiny,
Nature a liar, making us feel guilty
Of her own faults.
My grandfather—of him
They say, that women—
O this mortal house,
Which we are born into, is haunted by
The ghosts of the dead passions of dead men;
And these take flesh again with our own flesh,
And bring us to confusion.

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He was only
A poor philosopher who call'd the mind
Of children a blank page, a *tabula rasa.*
There, there, is written in invisible inks
'Lust, Prodigality, Covetousness, Craft,
Cowardice, Murder'—and the heat and fire
Of life will bring them out, and black enough,
So the child grow to manhood: better death
With our first wail than life—

Song (further off).

'Till the end o' the daäy
An' the last loäd hoäm,
Loäd hoäm.'

This bridge again! (*Steps on the bridge.*)
How often have I stood
With Eva here! The brook among its flowers!
Forget-me-not, meadowsweet, willow-herb.
I had some smattering of science then,
Taught her the learned names, anatomized
The flowers for her—and now I only wish
This pool were deep enough, that I might plunge
And lose myself for ever.

Enter DAN SMITH (*singing*).

Gee oop! whoä! Gee oop! whoä!
Scizzars an' Pumpy was good uns to goä

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Thruf slush an' squad
When roäds was bad,
But hallus ud stop at the Vine-an'-the-Hop,
Fur boäth on 'em knawed as well as mysen
That beer be as good fur 'erses as men.
Gee oop! whoä! Gee oop! whoä!
Scizzars an' Pumpy was good uns to goä.

The beer's gotten oop into my 'eäd. S'iver I mun git along back to the farm, fur she tell'd ma to taäke the cart to Littlechester.

Enter DORA.

Half an hour late! why are you loitering here? Away with you at once. [*Exit* DAN SMITH.

(*Seeing* HAROLD *on bridge.*)

Some madman, is it,
Gesticulating there upon the bridge?
I am half afraid to pass.

HAROLD.

Sometimes I wonder,
When man has surely learnt at last that all
His old-world faith, the blossom of his youth,
Has faded, falling fruitless—whether then
All of us, all at once, may not be seized

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With some fierce passion, not so much for Death
As against Life! all, all, into the dark—
No more!—and science now could drug and balm us
Back into nescience with as little pain
As it is to fall asleep.
This beggarly life,
This poor, flat, hedged-in field—no distance—this
Hollow Pandora-box,
With all the pleasures flown, not even Hope
Left at the bottom!
Superstitious fool,
What brought me here? To see her grave? her ghost?
Her ghost is everyway about me here.

DORA (*coming forward*).

Allow me, sir, to pass you.

HAROLD.

Eva!

DORA.

Eva!

HAROLD.

What are you? Where do you come from?

DORA.

From the farm
Here, close at hand.

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HAROLD.

Are you—you are—that Dora,
The sister. I have heard of you. The likeness
Is very striking.

DORA.

You knew Eva, then?

HAROLD.

Yes—I was thinking of her when—O yes,
Many years back, and never since have met
Her equal for pure innocence of nature,
And loveliness of feature.

DORA.

No, nor I.

HAROLD.

Except, indeed, I have found it once again
In your own self.

DORA.

You flatter me. Dear Eva
Was always thought the prettier.

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HAROLD.

And *her* charm
Of voice is also yours; and I was brooding
Upon a great unhappiness when you spoke.

DORA.

Indeed, you seem'd in trouble, sir.

HAROLD.

And you
Seem my good angel who may help me from it.

DORA (*aside*).

How worn he looks, poor man! who is it, I wonder.
How can I help him? (*Aloud.*) Might I ask your name?

HAROLD.

Harold.

DORA.

I never heard her mention you.

HAROLD.

I met her first at a farm in Cumberland—
Her uncle's.

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DORA.

She was there six years ago.

HAROLD.

And if she never mention'd me, perhaps
The painful circumstances which I heard—
I will not vex you by repeating them—
Only last week at Littlechester, drove me
From out her memory. She has disappear'd,
They told me, from the farm—and darker news.

DORA.

She has disappear'd, poor darling, from the world—
Left but one dreadful line to say, that we
Should find her in the river; and we dragg'd
The Littlechester river all in vain:
Have sorrow'd for her all these years in vain.
And my poor father, utterly broken down
By losing her—she was his favourite child—
Has let his farm, all his affairs, I fear,
But for the slender help that I can give,
Fall into ruin. Ah! that villain, Edgar,
If he should ever show his face among us,
Our men and boys would hoot him, stone him, hunt him
With pitchforks off the farm, for all of them
Loved her, and she was worthy of all love.

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HAROLD.

They say, we should forgive our enemies.

DORA.

Ay, if the wretch were dead I might forgive him;
We know not whether he be dead or living.

HAROLD.

What Edgar?

DORA.

Philip Edgar of Toft Hall
In Somerset. Perhaps you know him?

HAROLD.

Slightly.
(*Aside.*) Ay, for how slightly have I known myself.

DORA.

This Edgar, then, is living?

HAROLD.

Living? well—
One Philip Edgar of Toft Hall in Somerset
Is lately dead.

DORA.

Dead!—is there more than one?

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HAROLD.

Nay—now—not one, (*aside*) for I am Philip Harold.

DORA.

That one, is he then—dead!

HAROLD.

(*Aside.*) My father's death,
Let her believe it mine; this, for the moment,
Will leave me a free field.

DORA.

Dead! and this world
Is brighter for his absence as that other
Is darker for his presence.

HAROLD.

Is not this
To speak too pitilessly of the dead?

DORA.

My five-years' anger cannot die at once,
Not all at once with death and him. I trust
I shall forgive him—by-and-by—not now.
O sir, you seem to have a heart; if you

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Had seen us that wild morning when we found
Her bed unslept in, storm and shower lashing
Her casement, her poor spaniel wailing for her,
That desolate letter, blotted with her tears,
Which told us we should never see her more—
Our old nurse crying as if for her own child,
My father stricken with his first paralysis,
And then with blindness—had you been one of us
And seen all this, then you would know it is not
So easy to forgive—even the dead.

HAROLD.

But sure am I that of your gentleness
You will forgive him. She, you mourn for, seem'd
A miracle of gentleness—would not blur
A moth's wing by the touching; would not crush
The fly that drew her blood; and, were she living,
Would not—if penitent—have denied him *her*
Forgiveness. And perhaps the man himself,
When hearing of that piteous death, has suffer'd
More than we know. But wherefore waste your heart
In looking on a chill and changeless Past?
Iron will fuse, and marble melt; the Past
Remains the Past. But you are young, and—pardon me—
As lovely as your sister. Who can tell

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What golden hours, with what full hands, may be
Waiting you in the distance? Might I call
Upon your father—I have seen the world—
And cheer his blindness with a traveller's tales?

DORA.

Call if you will, and when you will. I cannot
Well answer for my father; but if you
Can tell me anything of our sweet Eva
When in her brighter girlhood, I at least
Will bid you welcome, and will listen to you.
Now I must go.

HAROLD.

But give me first your hand:
I do not dare, like an old friend, to shake it.
I kiss it as a prelude to that privilege
When you shall know me better.

DORA.

(*Aside.*) How beautiful
His manners are, and how unlike the farmer's!
You are staying here?

HAROLD.

Yes, at the wayside inn
Close by that alder-island in your brook,
'The Angler's Home.'

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DORA.

Are *you* one?

HAROLD.

No, but I
Take some delight in sketching, and the country
Has many charms, altho' the inhabitants
Seem semi-barbarous.

DORA.

I am glad it pleases you;
Yet I, born here, not only love the country,
But its inhabitants too; and you, I doubt not,
Would take to them as kindly, if you cared
To live some time among them.

HAROLD.

If I did,
Then one at least of its inhabitants
Might have more charm for me than all the country.

DORA.

That one, then, should be grateful for your preference.

HAROLD.

I cannot tell, tho' standing in her presence.
(*Aside.*) She colours!

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DORA.

Sir!

HAROLD.

Be not afraid of me,
For these are no conventional flourishes.
I do most earnestly assure you that
Your likeness—— [*Shouts and cries without.*

DORA.

What was that? my poor blind father—

Enter FARMING MAN.

FARMING MAN.

Miss Dora, Dan Smith's cart hes runned ower a laädy i' the holler laäne, and they ha' ta'en the body up inter your chaumber, and they be all a-callin' for ye.

DORA.

The body!—Heavens! I come!

HAROLD.

But you are trembling.
Allow me to go with you to the farm. [*Exeunt.*

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Enter DOBSON.

DOBSON.

What feller wur it as 'a' been a-talkin' fur haäfe an hour wi' my Dora? (*Looking after him.*) Seeäms I ommost knaws the back on 'im—drest like a gentleman, too. Damn all gentlemen, says I! I should ha' thowt they'd hed anew o' gentlefoälk, as I telled 'er to-daäy when she fell foul upo' me.

Minds ma o' summun. I could sweär to that; but that be all one, fur I haätes 'im afoor I knaws what 'e be. Theer! he turns round. Philip Hedgar o' Soomerset! Philip Hedgar o' Soomerset!—Noä—yeas—thaw the feller's gone and maäde such a litter of his faäce.

Eh lad, if it be thou, I'll Philip tha! a-plaäyin' the saäme gaäme wi' my Dora—I'll Soomerset tha.

I'd like to drag 'im thruff the herse-pond, and she to be a-lookin' at it. I'd like to leather 'im black and blue, and she to be a-laughin' at it. I'd like to fell 'im as deäd as a bullock! (*Clenching his fist.*)

But what 'ud she saäy to that? She telled me once not to meddle wi' 'im, and now she be fallen out wi' ma, and I can't coom at 'er.

It mun be *him*. Noä! Fur she'd niver 'a been talkin' haäfe an hour wi' the divil 'at killed her oän sister, or she beänt Dora Steer.

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Yeas! Fur she niver knawed 'is faäce when 'e wur 'ere afoor; but I'll maäke 'er knaw! I'll maäke 'er knaw!

Enter HAROLD.

Naäy, but I mun git out on 'is waäy now, or I shall be the death on 'im. [*Exit.*

HAROLD.

How the clown glared at me! that Dobbins, is it,
With whom I used to jar? but can he trace me
Thro' five years' absence, and my change of name,
The tan of southern summers and the beard?
I may as well avoid him.
Ladylike!
Lilylike in her stateliness and sweetness!
How came she by it?—a daughter of the fields,
This Dora!
She gave her hand, unask'd, at the farm-gate;
I almost think she half-return'd the pressure
Of mine. What, I that held the orange blossom
Dark as the yew? but may not those, who march
Before their age, turn back at times, and make
Courtesy to custom? and now the stronger motive,
Misnamed free-will—the crowd would call it conscience—
Moves me—to what? I am dreaming; for the past
Look'd thro' the present, Eva's eyes thro' hers—

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A spell upon me! Surely I loved Eva
More than I knew! or is it but the past
That brightens in retiring? Oh, last night,
Tired, pacing my new lands at Littlechester,
I dozed upon the bridge, and the black river
Flow'd thro' my dreams—if dreams they were. She rose
From the foul flood and pointed toward the farm,
And her cry rang to me across the years,
'I call you, Philip Edgar, Philip Edgar!
Come, you will set all right again, and father
Will not die miserable.' I could make his age
A comfort to him—so be more at peace
With mine own self. Some of my former friends
Would find my logic faulty; let them. Colour
Flows thro' my life again, and I have lighted
On a new pleasure. Anyhow we must
Move in the line of least resistance when
The stronger motive rules.
But she hates Edgar.
May not this Dobbins, or some other, spy
Edgar in Harold? Well then, I must make her
Love Harold first, and then she will forgive
Edgar for Harold's sake. She said herself
She would forgive him, by-and-by, not now—
For her own sake *then*, if not for mine—not now—
But by-and-by.

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Enter DOBSON *behind.*

DOBSON.

By-and-by—eh, lad, dosta knaw this paäper? Ye dropt it upo' the roäd. 'Philip Edgar, Esq.' Ay, you be a pretty squire. I ha' fun' ye out, I hev. Eh, lad, dosta knaw what tha meäns wi' by-and-by? Fur if ye be goin' to sarve our Dora as ye sarved our Eva—then, by-and-by, if she weänt listen to me when I be a-tryin' to saäve 'er—if she weänt—look to thysen, for, by the Lord, I'd think na moor o' maäkin' an end o' tha nor a carrion craw—noä—thaw they hanged ma at 'Size fur it.

HAROLD.

Dobbins, I think!

DOBSON.

I beänt Dobbins.

HAROLD.

Nor am I Edgar, my good fellow.

DOBSON.

Tha lies! What hasta been saäyin' to *my* Dora?

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HAROLD.

I have been telling her of the death of one Philip Edgar of Toft Hall, Somerset.

DOBSON.

Tha lies!

HAROLD (*pulling out a newspaper*).

Well, my man, it seems that you can read. Look there—under the deaths.

DOBSON.

'O' the 17th, Philip Edgar, o' Toft Hall, Soomerset.' How coom thou to be sa like 'im, then?

HAROLD.

Naturally enough; for I am closely related to the dead man's family.

DOBSON.

An' ow coom thou by the letter to 'im?

HAROLD.

Naturally again; for as I used to transact all his business for him, I had to look over his letters. Now then, see these (*takes out letters*). Half a score of them, all directed to me—Harold.

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DOBSON.

'Arold! 'Arold! 'Arold, so they be.

HAROLD.

My name is Harold! Good day, Dobbins!

[*Exit.*

DOBSON.

'Arold! The feller's cleän daäzed, an' maäzed, an' maäted, an' muddled ma. Deäd! It mun be true, fur it wur i' print as black as owt. Naäy, but 'Good daäy, Dobbins.' Why, that wur the very twang on 'im. Eh, lad, but whether thou be Hedgar, or Hedgar's business man, thou hesn't naw business 'ere wi' *my* Dora, as I knaws on, an' whether thou calls thysen Hedgar or Harold, if thou stick to she I'll stick to thee—stick to tha like a weasel to a rabbit, I will. Ay, and I'd like to shoot tha like a rabbit an' all. 'Good daäy, Dobbins.' Dang tha!

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ACT III.

SCENE.—*A room in* STEER'S *house. Door leading into bedroom at the back.*

DORA (*ringing a handbell*).

Milly!

Enter MILLY.

MILLY.

The little 'ymn? Yeäs, Miss; but I wur so ta'en up wi' leädin' the owd man about all the blessed murnin' 'at I ha' nobbut larned mysen haäfe on it.

'O man, forgive thy mortal foe,
Nor ever strike him blow for blow;
For all the souls on earth that live
To be forgiven must forgive.
Forgive him seventy times and seven;
For all the blessed souls in Heaven
Are both forgivers and forgiven.'

But I'll git the book ageän, and larn mysen the rest, and saäy it to ye afoor dark; ye ringed fur that, Miss, didn't ye?

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DORA.

No, Milly; but if the farming-men be come for their wages, to send them up to me.

MILLY.

Yeas, Miss. [*Exit.*

DORA (*sitting at desk counting money*).

Enough at any rate for the present. (*Enter* FARMING MEN.) Good afternoon, my friends. I am sorry Mr. Steer still continues too unwell to attend to you, but the schoolmaster looked to the paying you your wages when I was away, didn't he?

MEN.

Yeäs; and thanks to ye.

DORA.

Some of our workmen have left us, but he sent me an alphabetical list of those that remain, so, Allen, I may as well begin with you.

ALLEN (*with his hand to his ear*).

Halfabitical! Taäke one o' the young 'uns fust, Miss, fur I be a bit deaf, and I wur hallus scaäred by a big word; leästwaäys, I should be wi' a lawyer.

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DORA.

I spoke of your names, Allen, as they are arranged here (*shows book*)—according to their first letters.

ALLEN.

Letters! Yeas, I sees now. Them be what they larns the childer' at school, but I were burn afoor schoolin-time.

DORA.

But, Allen, tho' you can't read, you could white-wash that cottage of yours where your grandson had the fever.

ALLEN.

I'll hev it done o' Monday.

DORA.

Else if the fever spread, the parish will have to thank you for it.

ALLEN.

Meä? why, it be the Lord's doin', noän o' mine; d'ye think *I'd* gi'e 'em the fever? But I thanks ye all the saäme, Miss. (*Takes money.*)

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DORA (*calling out names*).

Higgins, Jackson, Luscombe, Nokes, Oldham, Skipworth! (*All take money.*) Did you find that you worked at all the worse upon the cold tea than you would have done upon the beer?

HIGGINS.

Noä, Miss; we worked naw wuss upo' the cowd tea; but we'd ha' worked better upo' the beer.

DORA.

Come, come, you worked well enough, and I am much obliged to all of you. There's for you, and you, and you. Count the money and see if it's all right.

MEN.

All right, Miss; and thank ye kindly.

[*Exeunt* LUSCOMBE, NOKES, OLDHAM, SKIPWORTH.

DORA.

Dan Smith, my father and I forgave you stealing our coals. [DAN SMITH *advances to* DORA.

DAN SMITH (*bellowing*).

Whoy, O lor, Miss! that wur sa long back, and the walls sa thin, and the winders brokken, and the

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weather sa cowd, and my missus a-gittin' ower 'er lyin'-in.

DORA.

Didn't I say that we had forgiven you? But, Dan Smith, they tell me that you—and you have six children—spent all your last Saturday's wages at the alehouse; that you were stupid drunk all Sunday, and so ill in consequence all Monday, that you did not come into the hayfield. Why should I pay you your full wages?

DAN SMITH.

I be ready to taäke the pledge.

DORA.

And as ready to break it again. Besides it was you that were driving the cart—and I fear you were tipsy then, too—when you lamed the lady in the hollow lane.

DAN SMITH (*bellowing*).

O lor, Miss! noä, noä, noä! Ye sees the holler laäne be hallus sa dark i' the arternoon, and wheere the big eshtree cuts athurt it, it gi'es a turn like, and 'ow should I see to laäme the laädy, and me äcoomin' along pretty sharp an' all?

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DORA.

Well, there are your wages; the next time you waste them at a pothouse you get no more from me. (*Exit* DAN SMITH.) Sally Allen, you worked for Mr. Dobson, didn't you?

SALLY (*advancing*).

Yeäs, Miss; but he wur so rough wi' ma, I couldn't abide 'im.

DORA.

Why should he be rough with you? You are as good as a man in the hayfield. What's become of your brother?

SALLY.

'Listed for a soädger, Miss, i' the Queen's Real Hard Tillery.

DORA.

And your sweetheart—when are you and he to be married?

SALLY.

At Michaelmas, Miss, please God.

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DORA.

You are an honest pair. I will come to your wedding.

SALLY.

An' I thanks ye fur that, Miss, moor nor fur the waäge.

(*Going—returns.*)

'A cotched ma about the waäist, Miss, when 'e wur 'ere afoor, an' axed ma to be 'is little sweet-art, an soä I knaw'd 'im when I seed 'im ageän an I telled feyther on 'im.

DORA.

What is all this, Allen?

ALLEN.

Why, Miss Dora, meä and my maätes, us three, we wants to hev three words wi' ye.

HIGGINS.

That be 'im, and meä, Miss.

JACKSON.

An' meä, Miss.

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ALLEN.

An' we weänt mention naw naämes, we'd as lief talk o' the Divil afoor ye as 'im, fur they says the master goäs cleän off his 'eäd when he 'eärs the naäme on 'im; but us three, arter Sally'd telled us on 'im, we fun' 'im out a-walkin' i' West Field wi' a white 'at, nine o'clock, upo' Tuesday murnin', and all on us, wi' your leave, we wants to leather 'im.

DORA.

Who?

ALLEN.

Him as did the mischief here, five year' sin'.

DORA.

Mr. Edgar?

ALLEN.

Theer, Miss! You ha' naämed 'im—not me.

DORA.

He's dead, man—dead; gone to his account—dead and buried.

ALLEN.

I beänt sa sewer o' that, fur Sally knaw'd 'im; Now then?

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DORA.

Yes; it was in the Somersetshire papers.

ALLEN.

Then yon mun be his brother, an' we'll leather '*im*.

DORA.

I never heard that he had a brother. Some foolish mistake of Sally's; but what! would you beat a man for his brother's fault? That were a wild justice indeed. Let bygones be bygones. Go home! Good-night! (*All exeunt.*) I have once more paid them all. The work of the farm will go on still, but for how long? We are almost at the bottom of the well: little more to be drawn from it—and what then? Encumbered as we are, who would lend us anything? We shall have to sell all the land, which Father, for a whole life, has been getting together, again, and that, I am sure, would be the death of him. What am I to do? Farmer Dobson, were I to marry him, has promised to keep our heads above water; and the man has doubtless a good heart, and a true and lasting love for me: yet—though I can be sorry for him—as the good Sally says, 'I can't abide him'—almost brutal, and matched with my Harold is like a hedge thistle by a garden rose. But then,

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he, too—will he ever be of one faith with his wife? which is my dream of a true marriage. Can I fancy him kneeling with me, and uttering the same prayer; standing up side by side with me, and singing the same hymn? I fear not. Have I done wisely, then, in accepting him? But may not a girl's love-dream have too much romance in it to be realised all at once, or altogether, or anywhere but in Heaven? And yet I had once a vision of a pure and perfect marriage, where the man and the woman, only differing as the stronger and the weaker, should walk hand in hand together down this valley of tears, as they call it so truly, to the grave at the bottom, and lie down there together in the darkness which would seem but for a moment, to be wakened again together by the light of the resurrection, and no more partings for ever and for ever. (*Walks up and down. She sings.*)

'O happy lark, that warblest high
Above thy lowly nest,
O brook, that brawlest merrily by
Thro' fields that once were blest,
O tower spiring to the sky,
O graves in daisies drest,
O Love and Life, how weary am I,
And how I long for rest.'

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There, there, I am a fool! Tears! I have sometimes been moved to tears by a chapter of fine writing in a novel; but what have I to do with tears now? All depends on me—Father, this poor girl, the farm, everything; and they both love me—I am all in all to both; and he loves me too, I am quite sure of that. Courage, courage! and all will go well. (*Goes to bedroom door; opens it.*) How dark your room is! Let me bring you in here where there is still full daylight. (*Brings* EVA *forward.*) Why, you look better.

EVA.

And I feel so much better that I trust I may be able by-and-by to help you in the business of the farm; but I must not be known yet. Has anyone found me out, Dora?

DORA.

Oh, no; you kept your veil too close for that when they carried you in; since then, no one has seen you but myself.

EVA.

Yes—this Milly.

DORA.

Poor blind Father's little guide, Milly, who came to us three years after you were gone, how should she

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know you? But now that you have been brought to us as it were from the grave, dearest Eva, and have been here so long, will you not speak with Father to-day?

EVA.

Do you think that I may? No, not yet. I am not equal to it yet.

DORA.

Why? Do you still suffer from your fall in the hollow lane?

EVA.

Bruised; but no bones broken.

DORA.

I have always told Father that the huge old ash-tree there would cause an accident some day; but he would never cut it down, because one of the Steers had planted it there in former times.

EVA.

If it had killed one of the Steers there the other day, it might have been better for her, for him, and for you.

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DORA.

Come, come, keep a good heart! Better for me! That's good. How better for me?

EVA.

You tell me you have a lover. Will he not fly from you if he learn the story of my shame and that I am still living?

DORA.

No; I am sure that when we are married he will be willing that you and Father should live with us; for, indeed, he tells me that he met you once in the old times, and was much taken with you, my dear.

EVA.

Taken with me; who was he? Have you told him I am here?

DORA.

No; do you wish it?

EVA.

See, Dora; you yourself are ashamed of me (*weeps*), and I do not wonder at it.

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DORA.

But I should wonder at myself if it were so. Have we not been all in all to one another from the time when we first peeped into the bird's nest, waded in the brook, ran after the butterflies, and prattled to each other that we would marry fine gentlemen, and played at being fine ladies?

EVA.

That last was my Father's fault, poor man. And this lover of yours—this Mr. Harold—is a gentleman?

DORA.

That he is, from head to foot. I do believe I lost my heart to him the very first time we met, and I love him so much——

EVA.

Poor Dora!

DORA.

That I dare not tell him how much I love him.

EVA.

Better not. Has he offered you marriage, this gentleman?

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DORA.

Could I love him else?

EVA.

And are you quite sure that after marriage this gentleman will not be ashamed of his poor farmer's daughter among the ladies in his drawing-room?

DORA.

Shamed of me in a drawing-room! Wasn't Miss Vavasour, our schoolmistress at Littlechester, a lady born? Were not our fellow-pupils all ladies? Wasn't dear mother herself at least by one side a lady? Can't I speak like a lady; pen a letter like a lady; talk a little French like a lady; play a little like a lady? Can't a girl when she loves her husband, and he her, make herself anything he wishes her to be? Shamed of me in a drawing-room, indeed! See here! 'I hope your Lordship is quite recovered of your gout?' (*Curtsies.*) 'Will your Ladyship ride to cover to-day? (*Curtsies.*) I can recommend our Voltigeur.' 'I am sorry that we could not attend your Grace's party on the 10th!' (*Curtsies.*) There, I am glad my nonsense has made you smile!

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EVA.

I have heard that 'your Lordship,' and 'your Ladyship,' and 'your Grace' are all growing old-fashioned!

DORA.

But the love of sister for sister can never be old-fashioned. I have been unwilling to trouble you with questions, but you seem somewhat better to-day. We found a letter in your bedroom torn into bits. I couldn't make it out. What was it?

EVA.

From him! from him! He said we had been most happy together, and he trusted that some time we should meet again, for he had not forgotten his promise to come when I called him. But that was a mockery, you know, for he gave me no address, and there was no word of marriage; and, O Dora, he signed himself 'Yours gratefully'—fancy, Dora, 'gratefully'! 'Yours gratefully'!

DORA.

Infamous wretch! (*Aside.*) Shall I tell her he is dead? No; she is still too feeble.

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EVA.

Hark! Dora, some one is coming. I cannot and I will not see anybody.

DORA.

It is only Milly.

Enter MILLY, *with basket of roses.*

DORA.

Well, Milly, why do you come in so roughly? The sick lady here might have been asleep.

MILLY.

Pleäse, Miss, Mr. Dobson telled me to saäy he's browt some of Miss Eva's roses for the sick laädy to smell on.

DORA.

Take them, dear. Say that the sick lady thanks him! Is he here?

MILLY.

Yeäs, Miss; and he wants to speak to ye partic'lar.

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DORA.

Tell him I cannot leave the sick lady just yet.

MILLY.

Yeäs, Miss; but he says he wants to tell ye summut very partic'lar.

DORA.

Not to-day. What are you staying for?

MILLY.

Why, Miss, I be afeard I shall set him a-sweäring like onythink.

DORA.

And what harm will that do you, so that you do not copy his bad manners? Go, child. (*Exit* MILLY.) But, Eva, why did you write 'Seek me at the bottom of the river'?

EVA.

Why? because I meant it!—that dreadful night! that lonely walk to Littlechester, the rain beating in my face all the way, dead midnight when I came upon the bridge; the river, black, slimy, swirling

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under me in the lamplight, by the rotten wharfs—but I was so mad, that I mounted upon the parapet——

DORA.

You make me shudder!

EVA.

To fling myself over, when I heard a voice, 'Girl, what are you doing there?' It was a Sister of Mercy, come from the death-bed of a pauper, who had died in his misery blessing God, and the Sister took me to her house, and bit by bit—for she promised secrecy —I told her all.

DORA.

And what then?

EVA.

She would have persuaded me to come back here, but I couldn't. Then she got me a place as nursery governess, and when the children grew too old for me, and I asked her once more to help me, once more she said, 'Go home'; but I hadn't the heart or face to do it. And then—what would Father say? I sank so low that I went into service—the drudge of a lodging-house—and when the mistress died, and I appealed to the Sister again, her answer—I think I have it about me—yes, there it is!

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DORA (*reads*).

'My dear Child,—I can do no more for you. I have done wrong in keeping your secret; your Father must be now in extreme old age. Go back to him and ask his forgiveness before he dies.—SISTER AGATHA.' Sister Agatha is right. Don't you long for Father's forgiveness?

EVA.

I would almost die to have it!

DORA.

And he may die before he gives it; may drop off any day, any hour. You must see him at once. (*Rings bell. Enter* MILLY.) Milly, my dear, how did you leave Mr. Steer?

MILLY.

He's been a-moänin' and a-groänin' in 'is sleep, but I thinks he be wakkenin' oop.

DORA.

Tell him that I and the lady here wish to see him. You see she is lamed, and cannot go down to him.

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MILLY.

Yeäs, Miss, I will. [*Exit* MILLY.

DORA.

I ought to prepare you. You must not expect to find our Father as he was five years ago. He is much altered; but I trust that your return—for you know, my dear, you were always his favourite—will give him, as they say, a new lease of life.

EVA (*clinging to* DORA).

Oh, Dora, Dora!

Enter STEER, *led by* MILLY.

STEER.

Hes the cow cawved?

DORA.

No, Father.

STEER.

Be the colt deäd?

DORA.

No, Father.

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STEER.

He wur sa bellows'd out wi' the wind this murnin', 'at I tell'd 'em to gallop 'im. Be he deäd?

DORA.

Not that I know.

STEER.

What hasta sent fur me, then, fur?

DORA (*taking* STEER'S *arm*).

Well, Father, I have a surprise for you.

STEER.

I ha niver been surprised but once i' my life, and I went blind upon it.

DORA.

Eva has come home.

STEER.

Hoäm? fro' the bottom o' the river?

DORA.

No, Father, that was a mistake. She's here again.

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STEER.

· The Steers was all gentlefoälks i' the owd times, an' I worked early an' laäte to maäke 'em all gentlefoälks ageän. The land belonged to the Steers i' the owd times, an' it belongs to the Steers ageän: I bowt it back ageän; but I couldn't buy my darter back ageän when she lost hersen, could I? I eddicated boäth on 'em to marry gentlemen, an' one on 'em went an' lost hersen i' the river.

DORA.

No, Father, she's here.

STEER.

Here! she moänt coom here. What would her mother saäy? If it be her ghoäst, we mun abide it. We can't keep a ghoäst out.

EVA (*falling at his feet*).

O forgive me! forgive me!

STEER.

Who said that? Taäke me awaäy, little gell. It be one o' my bad daäys. [*Exit* STEER *led by* MILLY.

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DORA (*smoothing* EVA'S *forehead*).

Be not so cast down, my sweet Eva. You heard him say it was one of his bad days. He will be sure to know you to-morrow.

EVA.

It is almost the last of my bad days, I think. I am very faint. I must lie down. Give me your arm. Lead me back again.

[DORA *takes* EVA *into inner room.*

Enter MILLY.

MILLY.

Miss Dora! Miss Dora!

DORA (*returning and leaving the bedroom door ajar*).

Quiet! quiet! What is it?

MILLY.

Mr. 'Arold, Miss.

DORA.

Below?

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MILLY.

Yeäs, Miss. He be saäyin' a word to the owd man, but he'll coom up if ye lets 'im.

DORA.

Tell him, then, that I'm waiting for him.

MILLY.

Yeäs, Miss.

[*Exit.* DORA *sits pensively and waits.*

Enter HAROLD.

HAROLD.

You are pale, my Dora! but the ruddiest cheek
That ever charm'd the plowman of your wolds
Might wish its rose a lily, could it look
But half as lovely. I was speaking with
Your father, asking his consent—you wish'd me—
That we should marry: he would answer nothing,
I could make nothing of him; but, my flower,
You look so weary and so worn! What is it
Has put you out of heart?

DORA.

It puts me in heart
Again to see you; but indeed the state

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Of my poor father puts me out of heart.
Is yours yet living?

HAROLD.

No—I told you.

DORA.

When?

HAROLD.

Confusion!—Ah well, well! the state we all
Must come to in our spring-and-winter world
If we live long enough! and poor Steer looks
The very type of Age in a picture, bow'd
To the earth he came from, to the grave he goes to,
Beneath the burthen of years.

DORA.

More like the picture
Of Christian in my 'Pilgrim's Progress' here,
Bow'd to the dust beneath the burthen of sin.

HAROLD.

Sin! What sin?

DORA.

Not his own.

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HAROLD.

That nursery-tale
Still read, then?

DORA.

Yes; our carters and our shepherds
Still find a comfort there.

HAROLD.

Carters and shepherds!

DORA.

Scorn! I hate scorn. A soul with no religion—
My mother used to say that such a one
Was without rudder, anchor, compass—might be
Blown everyway with every gust and wreck
On any rock; and tho' you are good and gentle,
Yet if thro' any want——

HAROLD.

Of this religion?
Child, read a little history, you will find
The common brotherhood of man has been
Wrong'd by the cruelties of his religions
More than could ever have happen'd thro' the want
Of any or all of them.

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DORA.

—But, O dear friend,
If thro' the want of any—I mean the true one—
And pardon me for saying it—you should ever
Be tempted into doing what might seem
Not altogether worthy of you, I think
That I should break my heart, for you have taught me
To love you.

HAROLD.

What is this? some one been stirring
Against me? he, your rustic amourist,
The polish'd Damon of your pastoral here,
This Dobson of your idyll?

DORA.

No, Sir, no!
Did you not tell me he was crazed with jealousy,
Had threaten'd ev'n your life, and would say anything?
Did *I* not promise not to listen to him,
Nor ev'n to see the man?

HAROLD.

Good; then what is it
That makes you talk so dolefully?

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DORA.

I told you—
My father. Well, indeed, a friend just now,
One that has been much wrong'd, whose griefs are mine,
Was warning me that if a gentleman
Should wed a farmer's daughter, he would be
Sooner or later shamed of her among
The ladies, born his equals.

HAROLD.

More fool he!
What I that have been call'd a Socialist,
A Communist, a Nihilist—what you will!——

DORA.

What are all these?

HAROLD.

Utopian idiotcies.
They did not last three Junes. Such rampant weeds
Strangle each other, die, and make the soil
For Cæsars, Cromwells, and Napoleons
To root their power in. I have freed myself
From all such dreams, and some will say because
I have inherited my Uncle. Let them.

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But—shamed of you, my Empress! I should prize
The pearl of Beauty, even if I found it
Dark with the soot of slums.

DORA.

But I can tell you,
We Steers are of old blood, tho' we be fallen.
See there our shield. (*Pointing to arms on mantel-piece.*) For I have heard the Steers
Had land in Saxon times; and your own name
Of Harold sounds so English and so old
I am sure you must be proud of it.

HAROLD.

Not I!
As yet I scarcely feel it mine. I took it
For some three thousand acres. I have land now
And wealth, and lay both at your feet.

DORA.

And *what* was
Your name before?

HAROLD.

Come, come, my girl, enough
Of this strange talk. I love you and you me.
True, I have held opinions, hold some still,

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Which you would scarce approve of: for all that,
I am a man not prone to jealousies,
Caprices, humours, moods; but very ready
To make allowances, and mighty slow
To feel offences. Nay, I do believe
I could forgive—well, almost anything—
And that more freely than your formal priest,
Because I know more fully than *he* can
What poor earthworms are all and each of us,
Here crawling in this boundless Nature. Dora,
If marriage ever brought a woman happiness
I doubt not I can make you happy.

DORA.

You make me
Happy already.

HAROLD.

And I never said
As much before to any woman living.

DORA.

No?

HAROLD.

No! by this true kiss, *you* are the first
I ever have loved truly. [*They kiss each other.*

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EVA (*with a wild cry*).

Philip Edgar!

HAROLD.

The phantom cry! *You*—did *you* hear a cry?

DORA.

She must be crying out 'Edgar' in her sleep.

HAROLD.

Who must be crying out 'Edgar' in her sleep?

DORA.

Your pardon for a minute. She must be waked.

HAROLD.

Who must be waked?

DORA.

I am not deaf: you fright me.
What ails you?

HAROLD.

Speak.

DORA.

You know her, Eva.

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HAROLD.

Eva!

[EVA *opens the door and stands in the entry.*

She!

EVA.

Make her happy, then, and I forgive you.

[*Falls dead.*

DORA.

Happy! What? Edgar? Is it so? Can it be?
They told me so. Yes, yes! I see it all now.
O she has fainted. Sister, Eva, sister!
He is yours again—he will love *you* again;
I give him back to you again. Look up!
One word, or do but smile! Sweet, do you hear me?

[*Puts her hand on* EVA'S *heart.*

There, there—the heart, O God!—the poor young heart
Broken at last—all still—and nothing left
To live for. [*Falls on body of her sister.*

HAROLD.

Living . . . dead . . . She said 'all still.
Nothing to live for.'
She—she knows me—now
(*A pause.*)

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She knew me from the first, she juggled with me,
She hid this sister, told me she was dead—
I have wasted pity on her—not dead now—
No! acting, playing on me, both of them.
They drag the river for her! no, not they!
Playing on me—not dead now—a swoon—a scene—
Yet—how she made her wail as for the dead!

Enter MILLY.

MILLY.

Pleäse, Mister 'Arold.

HAROLD (*roughly*).

Well?

MILLY.

The owd man's coom'd ageän to 'issen, an' wants
To hev a word wi' ye about the marriage.

HAROLD.

The what?

MILLY.

The marriage.

HAROLD.

The marriage?

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MILLY.

Yeäs, the marriage.
Granny says marriages be maäde i' 'eaven.

HAROLD.

She lies! They are made in Hell. Child, can't you see?
Tell them to fly for a doctor.

MILLY.

O law—yeäs, Sir!
I'll run fur 'im mysen. [*Exit.*

HAROLD.

All silent there,
Yes, deathlike! Dead? I dare not look: if dead,
Were it best to steal away, to spare myself,
And her too, pain, pain, pain?
My curse on all
This world of mud, on all its idiot gleams
Of pleasure, all the foul fatalities
That blast our natural passions into pains!

Enter DOBSON.

DOBSON.

You, Master Hedgar, Harold, or whativer
They calls ye, for I warrants that ye goäs

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By haäfe a scoor o' naämes—out o' the chaumber.

[*Dragging him past the body.*

HAROLD.

Not that way, man! Curse on your brutal strength!
I cannot pass that way.

DOBSON.

Out o' the chaumber!
I'll mash tha into nowt.

HAROLD.

The mere wild-beast!

DOBSON.

Out o' the chaumber, dang tha!

HAROLD.

Lout, churl, clown!

[*While they are shouting and struggling* DORA *rises and comes between them.*

DORA (*to* DOBSON).

Peace, let him be: it is the chamber of Death!
Sir, you are tenfold more a gentleman,
A hundred times more worth a woman's love,
Than this, this—but I waste no words upon him:
His wickedness is like my wretchedness—
Beyond all language.

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(*To* HAROLD.)

You—you see her there!
Only fifteen when first you came on her,
And then the sweetest flower of all the wolds,
So lovely in the promise of her May,
So winsome in her grace and gaiety,
So loved by all the village people here,
So happy in herself and in her home——

DOBSON (*agitated*).

Theer, theer! ha' done. I can't abeär to see her.
[*Exit.*

DORA.

A child, and all as trustful as a child!
Five years of shame and suffering broke the heart
That only beat for you; and he, the father,
Thro' that dishonour which you brought upon us,
Has lost his health, his eyesight, even his mind.

HAROLD (*covering his face*).

Enough!

DORA.

It seem'd so; only there was left
A second daughter, and to her you came
Veiling one sin to act another.

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HAROLD.

No!
You wrong me there! hear, hear me! I wish'd, if
you—— [*Pauses.*

DORA.

If I——

HAROLD.

Could love me, could be brought to love me
As I loved you——

DORA.

What then?

HAROLD.

I wish'd, I hoped
To make, to make——

DORA.

What did you hope to make?

HAROLD.

'Twere best to make an end of my lost life.
O Dora, Dora!

DORA.

What did you hope to make?

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HAROLD.

Make, make!
I cannot find the word—forgive it—
Amends.

DORA.

For what? to whom?

HAROLD.

To him, to you!
[*Falling at her feet.*

DORA.

To *him!* to *me!*
No, not with all your wealth,
Your land, your life! Out in the fiercest storm
That ever made earth tremble—he, nor I—
The shelter of *your* roof—not for one moment—
Nothing from *you!*
Sunk in the deepest pit of pauperism,
Push'd from all doors as if we bore the plague,
Smitten with fever in the open field,
Laid famine-stricken at the gates of Death—
Nothing from you!
But she there—her last word
Forgave—and I forgive you. If you ever
Forgive yourself, you are even lower and baser
Than even I can well believe you. Go!
[*He lies at her feet. Curtain falls.*

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QUEEN MARY

A DRAMA

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

QUEEN MARY.
PHILIP, *King of Naples and Sicily, afterwards King of Spain.*
THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.
REGINALD POLE, *Cardinal and Papal Legate.*
SIMON RENARD, *Spanish Ambassador.*
LE SIEUR DE NOAILLES, *French Ambassador.*
THOMAS CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
SIR NICHOLAS HEATH, *Archbishop of York; Lord Chancellor after Gardiner.*
EDWARD COURTENAY, *Earl of Devon.*
LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, *afterwards Lord Howard, and Lord High Admiral.*
LORD WILLIAMS OF THAME.
LORD PAGET.
LORD PETRE.
STEPHEN GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor.*
EDMUND BONNER, *Bishop of London.*
THOMAS THIRLBY, *Bishop of Ely.*
SIR THOMAS WYATT
SIR THOMAS STAFFORD } *Insurrectionary Leaders.*
SIR RALPH BAGENHALL.
SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.
SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD.
SIR WILLIAM CECIL.
SIR THOMAS WHITE, *Lord Mayor of London.*

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THE DUKE OF ALVA
THE COUNT DE FERIA } *attending on Philip.*
PETER MARTYR.
FATHER COLE.
FATHER BOURNE.
VILLA GARCIA.
SOTO.
CAPTAIN BRETT
ANTHONY KNYVETT } *Adherents of Wyatt.*
PETERS, *Gentleman of Lord Howard.*
ROGER, *Servant to Noailles.*
WILLIAM, *Servant to Wyatt.*
STEWARD OF HOUSEHOLD *to the Princess Elizabeth.*
OLD NOKES *and* NOKES.
MARCHIONESS OF EXETER, *Mother of Courtenay.*
LADY CLARENCE
LADY MAGDALEN DACRES } *Ladies in Waiting to the Queen.*
ALICE
MAID OF HONOUR *to the Princess Elizabeth.*
JOAN
TIB } *two Country Wives.*

Lords *and other* Attendants, Members *of the* Privy Council, Members *of* Parliament, Two Gentlemen, Aldermen, Citizens, Peasants, Ushers, Messengers, Guards, Pages, Gospellers, Marshalmen, *etc.*

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QUEEN MARY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ALDGATE RICHLY DECORATED.

CROWD. MARSHALMEN.

MARSHALMAN. Stand back, keep a clear lane! When will her Majesty pass, sayst thou? why now, even now; wherefore draw back your heads and your horns before I break them, and make what noise you will with your tongues, so it be not treason. Long live Queen Mary, the lawful and legitimate daughter of Harry the Eighth! Shout, knaves!

CITIZENS. Long live Queen Mary!

FIRST CITIZEN. That's a hard word, legitimate; what does it mean?

SECOND CITIZEN. It means a bastard.

THIRD CITIZEN. Nay, it means true-born.

FIRST CITIZEN. Why, didn't the Parliament make her a bastard?

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SECOND CITIZEN. No; it was the Lady Elizabeth.

THIRD CITIZEN. That was after, man; that was after.

FIRST CITIZEN. Then which is the bastard?

SECOND CITIZEN. Troth, they be both bastards by Act of Parliament and Council.

THIRD CITIZEN. Ay, the Parliament can make every true-born man of us a bastard. Old Nokes, can't it make thee a bastard? thou shouldst know, for thou art as white as three Christmasses.

OLD NOKES (*dreamily*). Who's a-passing? King Edward or King Richard?

THIRD CITIZEN. No, old Nokes.

OLD NOKES. It's Harry!

THIRD CITIZEN. It's Queen Mary.

OLD NOKES. The blessed Mary's a-passing!

[*Falls on his knees.*

NOKES. Let father alone, my masters! he's past your questioning.

THIRD CITIZEN. Answer thou for him, then! thou'rt no such cockerel thyself, for thou was born i' the tail end of old Harry the Seventh.

NOKES. Eh! that was afore bastard-making began. I was born true man at five in the forenoon i' the tail of old Harry, and so they can't make me a bastard.

THIRD CITIZEN. But if Parliament can make the

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Queen a bastard, why, it follows all the more that they can make thee one, who art fray'd i' the knees, and out at elbow, and bald o' the back, and bursten at the toes, and down at heels.

NOKES. I was born of a true man and a ring'd wife, and I can't argue upon it; but I and my old woman 'ud burn upon it, that would we.

MARSHALMAN. What are you cackling of bastardy under the Queen's own nose? I'll have you flogg'd and burnt too, by the Rood I will.

FIRST CITIZEN. He swears by the Rood. Whew!

SECOND CITIZEN. Hark! the trumpets.

[*The Procession passes,* MARY *and* ELIZABETH *riding side by side, and disappears under the gate.*

CITIZENS. Long live Queen Mary! down with all traitors! God save her Grace; and death to Northumberland! [*Exeunt.*

Manent TWO GENTLEMEN.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. By God's light a noble creature, right royal!

SECOND GENTLEMAN. She looks comelier than ordinary to-day; but to my mind the Lady Elizabeth is the more noble and royal.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. I mean the Lady Elizabeth. Did you hear (I have a daughter in her service who

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reported it) that she met the Queen at Wanstead with five hundred horse, and the Queen (tho' some say they be much divided) took her hand, call'd her sweet sister, and kiss'd not her alone, but all the ladies of her following.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Ay, that was in her hour of joy; there will be plenty to sunder and unsister them again: this Gardiner for one, who is to be made Lord Chancellor, and will pounce like a wild beast out of his cage to worry Cranmer.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. And furthermore, my daughter said that when there rose a talk of the late rebellion, she spoke even of Northumberland pitifully, and of the good Lady Jane as a poor innocent child who had but obeyed her father; and furthermore, she said that no one in her time should be burnt for heresy.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Well, sir, I look for happy times.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. There is but one thing against them. I know not if you know.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. I suppose you touch upon the rumour that Charles, the master of the world, has offer'd her his son Philip, the Pope and the Devil. I trust it is but a rumour.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. She is going now to the Tower to loose the prisoners there, and among them Courte-

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nay, to be made Earl of Devon, of royal blood, of splendid feature, whom the council and all her people wish her to marry. May it be so, for we are many of us Catholics, but few Papists, and the Hot Gospellers will go mad upon it.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Was she not betroth'd in her babyhood to the Great Emperor himself?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Ay, but he's too old.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. And again to her cousin Reginald Pole, now Cardinal; but I hear that he too is full of aches and broken before his day.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. O, the Pope could dispense with his Cardinalate, and his achage, and his breakage, if that were all: will you not follow the procession?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. No; I have seen enough for this day.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Well, I shall follow; if I can get near enough I shall judge with my own eyes whether her Grace incline to this splendid scion of Plantagenet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A ROOM IN LAMBETH PALACE.

CRANMER. To Strasburg, Antwerp, Frankfort,
Zurich, Worms,
Geneva, Basle — our Bishops from their sees

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Or fled, they say, or flying—Poinet, Barlow,
Bale, Scory, Coverdale; besides the Deans
Of Christchurch, Durham, Exeter, and Wells—
Ailmer and Bullingham, and hundreds more;
So they report: I shall be left alone.
No: Hooper, Ridley, Latimer will not fly.

Enter PETER MARTYR.

PETER MARTYR. Fly, Cranmer! were there nothing else, your name
Stands first of those who sign'd the Letters Patent
That gave her royal crown to Lady Jane.

CRANMER. Stand first it may, but it was written last:
Those that are now her Privy Council, sign'd
Before me: nay, the Judges had pronounced
That our young Edward might bequeath the crown
Of England, putting by his father's will.
Yet I stood out, till Edward sent for me.
The wan boy-king, with his fast-fading eyes
Fixt hard on mine, his frail transparent hand,
Damp with the sweat of death, and griping mine,
Whisper'd me, if I loved him, not to yield
His Church of England to the Papal wolf
And Mary; then I could no more—I sign'd.
Nay, for bare shame of inconsistency,

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She cannot pass her traitor council by,
To make me headless.

PETER MARTYR. That might be forgiven.
I tell you, fly, my Lord. You do not own
The bodily presence in the Eucharist,
Their wafer and perpetual sacrifice:
Your creed will be your death.

CRANMER. Step after step,
Thro' many voices crying right and left,
Have I climb'd back into the primal church,
And stand within the porch, and Christ with me:
My flight were such a scandal to the faith,
The downfall of so many simple souls,
I dare not leave my post.

PETER MARTYR. But you divorced
Queen Catharine and her father; hence, her hate
Will burn till you are burn'd.

CRANMER. I cannot help it.
The Canonists and Schoolmen were with me.
'Thou shalt not wed thy brother's wife,'—'Tis written,
'They shall be childless.' True, Mary was born,
But France would not accept her for a bride
As being born from incest; and this wrought
Upon the king; and child by child, you know,
Were momentary sparkles out as quick
Almost as kindled; and he brought his doubts
And fears to me. Peter, I'll swear for him

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He *did* believe the bond incestuous.
But wherefore am I trenching on the time
That should already have seen your steps a mile
From me and Lambeth? God be with you! Go.

PETER MARTYR. Ah, but how fierce a letter you wrote against
Their superstition when they slander'd you
For setting up a mass at Canterbury
To please the Queen.

CRANMER. It was a wheedling monk
Set up the mass.

PETER MARTYR. I know it, my good Lord.
But you so bubbled over with hot terms
Of Satan, liars, blasphemy, Antichrist,
She never will forgive you. Fly, my Lord, fly!

CRANMER. I wrote it, and God grant me power to burn!

PETER MARTYR. They have given me a safe conduct: for all that
I dare not stay. I fear, I fear, I see you,
Dear friend, for the last time; farewell, and fly.

CRANMER. Fly and farewell, and let me die the death. [*Exit* PETER MARTYR.

Enter OLD SERVANT.

O, kind and gentle master, the Queen's Officers
Are here in force to take you to the Tower.

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CRANMER. Ay, gentle friend, admit them. I will go.
I thank my God it is too late to fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—ST. PAUL'S CROSS.

FATHER BOURNE *in the pulpit.* *A* CROWD. MARCHIONESS OF EXETER, COURTENAY. *The* SIEUR DE NOAILLES *and his man* ROGER *in front of the stage.* *Hubbub.*

NOAILLES. Hast thou let fall those papers in the palace?

ROGER. Ay, sir.

NOAILLES. 'There will be no peace for Mary till Elizabeth lose her head.'

ROGER. Ay, sir.

NOAILLES. And the other, 'Long live Elizabeth the Queen!'

ROGER. Ay, sir; she needs must tread upon them.

NOAILLES. Well.
These beastly swine make such a grunting here,
I cannot catch what Father Bourne is saying.

ROGER. Quiet a moment, my masters; hear what the shaveling has to say for himself.

CROWD. Hush—hear!

BOURNE. —and so this unhappy land, long divided

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in itself, and sever'd from the faith, will return into the one true fold, seeing that our gracious Virgin Queen hath——

CROWD. No pope! no pope!

ROGER (*to those about him, mimicking* BOURNE). —hath sent for the holy legate of the holy father the Pope, Cardinal Pole, to give us all that holy absolution which—

FIRST CITIZEN. Old Bourne to the life!

SECOND CITIZEN. Holy absolution! holy Inquisition!

THIRD CITIZEN. Down with the Papist!

[*Hubbub.*

BOURNE. —and now that your good bishop, Bonner, who hath lain so long under bonds for the faith— [*Hubbub.*

NOAILLES. Friend Roger, steal thou in among the crowd,
And get the swine to shout Elizabeth.
Yon gray old Gospeller, sour as midwinter,
Begin with him.

ROGER (*goes*). By the mass, old friend, we'll have no pope here while the Lady Elizabeth lives.

GOSPELLER. Art thou of the true faith, fellow, that swearest by the mass?

ROGER. Ay, that am I, new converted, but the old leaven sticks to my tongue yet.

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FIRST CITIZEN. He says right; by the mass we'll have no mass here.

VOICES OF THE CROWD. Peace! hear him; let his own words damn the Papist. From thine own mouth I judge thee—tear him down!

BOURNE. —and since our Gracious Queen, let me call her our second Virgin Mary, hath begun to re-edify the true temple——

FIRST CITIZEN. Virgin Mary! we'll have no virgins here—we'll have the Lady Elizabeth!

[*Swords are drawn, a knife is hurled and sticks in the pulpit. The mob throng to the pulpit stairs.*

MARCHIONESS OF EXETER. Son Courtenay, wilt thou see the holy father
Murdered before thy face? up, son, and save him!
They love thee, and thou canst not come to harm.

COURTENAY (*in the pulpit*). Shame, shame, my masters! are you English-born,
And set yourselves by hundreds against one?

CROWD. A Courtenay! a Courtenay!

[*A train of Spanish servants crosses at the back of the stage.*

NOAILLES. These birds of passage come before their time:
Stave off the crowd upon the Spaniard there.

ROGER. My masters, yonder's fatter game for you
Than this old gaping gurgoyle: look you there—

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The Prince of Spain coming to wed our Queen!
After him boys! and pelt him from the city.

[*They seize stones and follow the Spaniards. Exeunt on the other side* MARCHIONESS OF EXETER *and* ATTENDANTS.

NOAILLES (*to* ROGER). Stand from me. If Elizabeth lose her head—
That makes for France.
And if her people, anger'd thereupon,
Arise against her and dethrone the Queen—
That makes for France.
And if I breed confusion anyway—
That makes for France.
Good-day, my Lord of Devon;
A bold heart yours to beard that raging mob!

COURTENAY. My mother said, Go up; and up I went.
I knew they would not do me any wrong,
For I am mighty popular with them, Noailles.

NOAILLES. You look'd a king.

COURTENAY. Why not? I am king's blood.

NOAILLES. And in the whirl of change may come to be one.

COURTENAY. Ah!

NOAILLES. But does your gracious Queen entreat you kinglike?

COURTENAY. 'Fore God, I think she entreats me like a child.

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NOAILLES. You've but a dull life in this maiden court,
I fear, my Lord?

COURTENAY. A life of nods and yawns.

NOAILLES. So you would honour my poor house to-night,
We might enliven you. Divers honest fellows,
The Duke of Suffolk lately freed from prison,
Sir Peter Carew and Sir Thomas Wyatt,
Sir Thomas Stafford, and some more—we play.

COURTENAY. At what?

NOAILLES. The Game of Chess.

COURTENAY. The Game of Chess!
I can play well, and I shall beat you there.

NOAILLES. Ay, but we play with Henry, King of France,
And certain of his court.
His Highness makes his moves across the Channel,
We answer him with ours, and there are messengers
That go between us.

COURTENAY. Why, such a game, sir, were whole years a playing.

NOAILLES. Nay; not so long I trust. That all depends
Upon the skill and swiftness of the players.

COURTENAY. The King is skilful at it?

NOAILLES. Very, my Lord.

COURTENAY. And the stakes high?

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NOAILLES. But not beyond your means.

COURTENAY. Well, I'm the first of players. I shall win.

NOAILLES. With our advice and in our company,
And so you well attend to the king's moves,
I think you may.

COURTENAY. When do you meet?

NOAILLES. To-night.

COURTENAY (*aside*). I will be there; the fellow's at his tricks—
Deep—I shall fathom him. (*Aloud.*) Good morning, Noailles. [*Exit* COURTENAY.

NOAILLES. Good-day, my Lord. Strange game of chess! a King
That with her own pawns plays against a Queen,
Whose play is all to find herself a King.
Ay; but this fine blue-blooded Courtenay seems
Too princely for a pawn. Call him a Knight,
That, with an ass's, not a horse's head,
Skips every way, from levity or from fear.
Well, we shall use him somehow, so that Gardiner
And Simon Renard spy not out our game
Too early. Roger, thinkest thou that anyone
Suspected thee to be my man?

ROGER. Not one, sir.

NOAILLES. No! the disguise was perfect. Let's away. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.—LONDON. A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

ELIZABETH. *Enter* COURTENAY.

COURTENAY. So yet am I,
Unless my friends and mirrors lie to me,
A goodlier-looking fellow than this Philip.
Pah!
The Queen is ill advised: shall I turn traitor?
They've almost talked me into it: yet the word
Affrights me somewhat: to be such a one
As Harry Bolingbroke hath a lure in it.
Good now, my Lady Queen, tho' by your age,
And by your looks you are not worth the having,
Yet by your crown you are. [*Seeing* ELIZABETH.
The Princess there?
If I tried her and la—she's amorous.
Have we not heard of her in Edward's time,
Her freaks and frolics with the late Lord Admiral?
I do believe she'd yield. I should be still
A party in the state; and then, who knows—

ELIZABETH. What are you musing on, my Lord of Devon?

COURTENAY. Has not the Queen—

ELIZABETH. Done what, Sir?

COURTENAY. —made you follow
The Lady Suffolk and the Lady Lennox?—

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You,
The heir presumptive.

ELIZABETH. Why do you ask? you know it.

COURTENAY. You needs must bear it hardly.

ELIZABETH. No, indeed!
I am utterly submissive to the Queen.

COURTENAY. Well, I was musing upon that; the Queen
Is both my foe and yours: we should be friends.

ELIZABETH. My Lord, the hatred of another to us
Is no true bond of friendship.

COURTENAY. Might it not
Be the rough preface of some closer bond?

ELIZABETH. My Lord, you late were loosed from out the Tower,
Where, like a butterfly in a chrysalis,
You spent your life; that broken, out you flutter
Thro' the new world, go zigzag, now would settle
Upon this flower, now that; but all things here
At court are known; you have solicited
The Queen, and been rejected.

COURTENAY. Flower, she!
Half faded! but you, cousin, are fresh and sweet
As the first flower no bee has ever tried.

ELIZABETH. Are you the bee to try me? why, but now
I called you butterfly.

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COURTENAY. You did me wrong,
I love not to be called a butterfly:
Why do you call me butterfly?

ELIZABETH. Why do you go so gay then?

COURTENAY. Velvet and gold.
This dress was made me as the Earl of Devon
To take my seat in; looks it not right royal?

ELIZABETH. So royal that the Queen forbad you wearing it.

COURTENAY. I wear it then to spite her.

ELIZABETH. My Lord, my Lord;
I see you in the Tower again. Her Majesty
Hears you affect the Prince—prelates kneel to you.—

COURTENAY. I am the noblest blood in Europe, Madam,
A Courtenay of Devon, and her cousin.

ELIZABETH. She hears you make your boast that after all
She means to wed you. Folly, my good Lord.

COURTENAY. How folly? a great party in the state
Wills me to wed her.

ELIZABETH. Failing her, my Lord,
Doth not as great a party in the state
Will you to wed me?

COURTENAY. Even so, fair lady.

ELIZABETH. You know to flatter ladies.

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COURTENAY. Nay, I meant
True matters of the heart.
ELIZABETH. *My* heart, my Lord,
Is no great party in the state as yet.
COURTENAY. Great, said you? nay, you shall be great. I love you,
Lay my life in your hands. Can you be close?
ELIZABETH. Can you, my Lord?
COURTENAY. Close as a miser's casket.
Listen:
The King of France, Noailles the Ambassador,
The Duke of Suffolk and Sir Peter Carew,
Sir Thomas Wyatt, I myself, some others,
Have sworn this Spanish marriage shall not be.
If Mary will not hear us—well—conjecture—
Were I in Devon with my wedded bride,
The people there so worship me—Your ear;
You shall be Queen.
ELIZABETH. You speak too low, my Lord;
I cannot hear you.
COURTENAY. I'll repeat it.
ELIZABETH. No!
Stand further off, or you may lose your head.
COURTENAY. I have a head to lose for your sweet sake.
ELIZABETH. Have you, my Lord? Best keep it for your own.

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Nay, pout not, cousin.
Not many friends are mine, except indeed
Among the many. I believe you mine;
And so you may continue mine, farewell,
And that at once.

Enter MARY, *behind.*

MARY. Whispering—leagued together
To bar me from my Philip.

COURTENAY. Pray—consider—

ELIZABETH (*seeing the* QUEEN). Well, that's a noble horse of yours, my Lord.
I trust that he will carry you well to-day,
And heal your headache.

COURTENAY. You are wild; what headache?
Heartache, perchance; not headache.

ELIZABETH (*aside to* COURTENAY). Are you blind?

[COURTENAY *sees the* QUEEN *and exit.* *Exit* MARY.

Enter LORD WILLIAM HOWARD.

HOWARD. Was that my Lord of Devon? do not you
Be seen in corners with my Lord of Devon.
He hath fallen out of favour with the Queen.
She fears the Lords may side with you and him
Against her marriage; therefore is he dangerous.

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And if this Prince of fluff and feather come
To woo you, niece, he is dangerous everyway.

ELIZABETH. Not very dangerous that way, my good uncle.

HOWARD. But your own state is full of danger here.

The disaffected, heretics, reformers,
Look to you as the one to crown their ends.
Mix not yourself with any plot I pray you;
Nay, if by chance you hear of any such,
Speak not thereof—no, not to your best friend,
Lest you should be confounded with it. Still—
Perinde ac cadaver—as the priest says,
You know your Latin—quiet as a dead body.
What was my Lord of Devon telling you?

ELIZABETH. Whether he told me anything or not,
I follow your good counsel, gracious uncle.
Quiet as a dead body.

HOWARD. You do right well.
I do not care to know; but this I charge you,
Tell Courtenay nothing. The Lord Chancellor
(I count it as a kind of virtue in him,
He hath not many), as a mastiff dog
May love a puppy cur for no more reason
Than that the twain have been tied up together,
Thus Gardiner—for the two were fellow-prisoners
So many years in yon accursed Tower—

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Hath taken to this Courtenay. Look to it, niece,
He hath no fence when Gardiner questions him;
All oozes out: yet him—because they know him
The last White Rose, the last Plantagenet
(Nay, there is Cardinal Pole, too), the people
Claim as their natural leader—ay, some say,
That you shall marry him, make him King belike.

ELIZABETH. Do they say so, good uncle?

HOWARD. Ay, good niece!
You should be plain and open with me, niece.
You should not play upon me.

ELIZABETH. No, good uncle.

Enter GARDINER.

GARDINER. The Queen would see your Grace upon the moment.

ELIZABETH. Why, my lord Bishop?

GARDINER. I think she means to counsel your withdrawing
To Ashridge, or some other country house.

ELIZABETH. Why, my lord Bishop?

GARDINER. I do but bring the message, know no more.
Your Grace will hear her reasons from herself.

ELIZABETH. 'Tis mine own wish fulfill'd before the word

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Was spoken, for in truth I had meant to crave
Permission of her Highness to retire
To Ashridge, and pursue my studies there.

GARDINER. Madam, to have the wish before the word
Is man's good Fairy—and the Queen is yours.
I left her with rich jewels in her hand,
Whereof 'tis like enough she means to make
A farewell present to your Grace.

ELIZABETH. My Lord,
I have the jewel of a loyal heart.

GARDINER. I doubt it not, Madam, most loyal.

[*Bows low and exit.*

HOWARD. See,
This comes of parleying with my Lord of Devon.
Well, well, you must obey; and I myself
Believe it will be better for your welfare.
Your time will come.

ELIZABETH. I think my time will come.
Uncle,
I am of sovereign nature, that I know,
Not to be quell'd; and I have felt within me
Stirrings of some great doom when God's just hour
Peals—but this fierce old Gardiner—his big baldness,
That irritable forelock which he rubs,
His buzzard beak and deep-incavern'd eyes
Half fright me.

HOWARD. You've a bold heart; keep it so.

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He cannot touch you save that you turn traitor;
And so take heed I pray you—you are one
Who love that men should smile upon you, niece.
They'd smile you into treason—some of them.

ELIZABETH. I spy the rock beneath the smiling sea.
But if this Philip, the proud Catholic prince,
And this bald priest, and she that hates me, seek
In that lone house, to practise on my life,
By poison, fire, shot, stab—

HOWARD. They will not, niece.
Mine is the fleet and all the power at sea—
Or will be in a moment. If they dared
To harm you, I would blow this Philip and all
Your trouble to the dogstar and the devil.

ELIZABETH. To the Pleiads, uncle; they have lost a sister.

HOWARD. But why say that? what have you done to lose her?
Come, come, I will go with you to the Queen.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY *with* PHILIP'S *miniature*. ALICE.

MARY (*kissing the miniature*). Most goodly, King-like and an Emperor's son,—
A king to be,—is he not noble, girl?

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ALICE. Goodly enough, your Grace, and yet, methinks,
I have seen goodlier.
MARY. Ay; some waxen doll
Thy baby eyes have rested on, belike;
All red and white, the fashion of our land.
But my good mother came (God rest her soul)
Of Spain, and I am Spanish in myself,
And in my likings.
ALICE. By your Grace's leave
Your royal mother came of Spain, but took
To the English red and white. Your royal father
(For so they say) was all pure lily and rose
In his youth, and like a lady.
MARY. O, just God!
Sweet mother, you had time and cause enough
To sicken of his lilies and his roses.
Cast off, betray'd, defamed, divorced, forlorn!
And then the King—that traitor past forgiveness,
The false archbishop fawning on him, married
The mother of Elizabeth—a heretic
Ev'n as *she* is; but God hath sent me here
To take such order with all heretics
That it shall be, before I die, as tho'
My father and my brother had not lived.
What wast thou saying of this Lady Jane,
Now in the Tower?

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ALICE. Why, Madam, she was passing
Some chapel down in Essex, and with her
Lady Anne Wharton, and the Lady Anne
Bow'd to the Pyx; but Lady Jane stood up
Stiff as the very backbone of heresy.
And wherefore bow ye not, says Lady Anne,
To him within there who made Heaven and Earth?
I cannot, and I dare not, tell your Grace
What Lady Jane replied.

MARY. But I will have it.

ALICE. She said—pray pardon me, and pity her—
She hath harken'd evil counsel—ah! she said,
The baker made him.

MARY. Monstrous! blasphemous!
She ought to burn. Hence, thou (*Exit* ALICE). No
—being traitor
Her head will fall: shall it? she is but a child.
We do not kill the child for doing that
His father whipt him into doing—a head
So full of grace and beauty! would that mine
Were half as gracious! O, my lord to be,
My love, for thy sake only.
I am eleven years older than he is.
But will he care for that?
No, by the holy Virgin, being noble,
But love me only: then the bastard sprout,
My sister, is far fairer than myself.

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Will he be drawn to her?
No, being of the true faith with myself.
Paget is for him—for to wed with Spain
Would treble England—Gardiner is against him;
The Council, people, Parliament against him;
But I will have him! My hard father hated me;
My brother rather hated me than loved;
My sister cowers and hates me. Holy Virgin,
Plead with thy blessed Son; grant me my prayer:
Give me my Philip; and we two will lead
The living waters of the Faith again
Back thro' their widow'd channel here, and watch
The parch'd banks rolling incense, as of old,
To heaven, and kindled with the palms of Christ!

Enter USHER.

Who waits, sir?

USHER. Madam, the Lord Chancellor.

MARY. Bid him come in. (*Enter* GARDINER.)
Good morning, my good Lord. [*Exit* USHER.

GARDINER. That every morning of your Majesty
May be most good, is every morning's prayer
Of your most loyal subject, Stephen Gardiner.

MARY. Come you to tell me this, my Lord?

GARDINER. And more.
Your people have begun to learn your worth.
Your pious wish to pay King Edward's debts,

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Your lavish household curb'd, and the remission
Of half that subsidy levied on the people,
Make all tongues praise and all hearts beat for you.
I'd have you yet more loved: the realm is poor,
The exchequer at neap-tide: we might withdraw
Part of our garrison at Calais.

MARY. Calais!
Our one point on the main, the gate of France!
I am Queen of England; take mine eyes, mine heart,
But do not lose me Calais.

GARDINER. Do not fear it.
Of that hereafter. I say your Grace is loved.
That I may keep you thus, who am your friend
And ever faithful counsellor, might I speak?

MARY. I can forespeak your speaking. Would I marry
Prince Philip, if all England hate him? That is
Your question, and I front it with another:
Is it England, or a party? Now, your answer.

GARDINER. My answer is, I wear beneath my dress
A shirt of mail: my house hath been assaulted,
And when I walk abroad, the populace,
With fingers pointed like so many daggers,
Stab me in fancy, hissing Spain and Philip;
And when I sleep, a hundred men-at-arms

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Guard my poor dreams for England. Men would murder me,
Because they think me favourer of this marriage.

MARY. And that were hard upon you, my Lord Chancellor.

GARDINER. But our young Earl of Devon—

MARY. Earl of Devon?
I freed him from the Tower, placed him at Court;
I made him Earl of Devon, and—the fool—
He wrecks his health and wealth on courtesans,
And rolls himself in carrion like a dog.

GARDINER. More like a school-boy that hath broken bounds,
Sickening himself with sweets.

MARY. I will not hear of him.
Good, then, they will revolt: but I am Tudor,
And shall control them.

GARDINER. I will help you, Madam,
Even to the utmost. All the church is grateful.
You have ousted the mock priest, repulpited
The shepherd of St. Peter, raised the rood again,
And brought us back the mass. I am all thanks
To God and to your Grace: yet I know well,
Your people, and I go with them so far,
Will brook nor Pope nor Spaniard here to play
The tyrant, or in commonwealth or church.

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MARY (*showing the picture*). Is this the face of one who plays the tyrant?
Peruse it; is it not goodly, ay, and gentle?

GARDINER. Madam, methinks a cold face and a haughty.
And when your Highness talks of Courtenay—
Ay, true—a goodly one. I would his life
Were half as goodly (*aside*).

MARY. What is that you mutter?

GARDINER. Oh, Madam, take it bluntly; marry Philip,
And be stepmother of a score of sons!
The prince is known in Spain, in Flanders, ha!
For Philip—

MARY. You offend us; you may leave us.
You see thro' warping glasses.

GARDINER. If your Majesty—

MARY. I have sworn upon the body and blood of Christ
I'll none but Philip.

GARDINER. Hath your Grace so sworn?

MARY. Ay, Simon Renard knows it.

GARDINER. News to me!
It then remains for your poor Gardiner,
So you still care to trust him somewhat less
Than Simon Renard, to compose the event
In some such form as least may harm your Grace.

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MARY. I'll have the scandal sounded to the mud.
I know it a scandal.

GARDINER. All my hope is now
It may be found a scandal.

MARY. You offend us.

GARDINER (*aside*). These princes are like children, must be physick'd,
The bitter in the sweet. I have lost mine office,
It may be, thro' mine honesty, like a fool.

[*Exit.*

Enter USHER.

MARY. Who waits?

USHER. The Ambassador from France, your Grace.

MARY (*sits down*). Bid him come in. Good morning, Sir de Noailles.

[*Exit* USHER.

NOAILLES (*entering*). A happy morning to your Majesty.

MARY. And I should some time have a happy morning;
I have had none yet. What says the King your master?

NOAILLES. Madam, my master hears with much alarm,
That you may marry Philip, Prince of Spain—
Foreseeing, with whate'er unwillingness,

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That if this Philip be the titular king
Of England, and at war with him, your Grace
And kingdom will be suck'd into the war,
Ay, tho' you long for peace; wherefore, my master,
If but to prove your Majesty's goodwill,
Would fain have some fresh treaty drawn between you.

MARY. Why some fresh treaty? wherefore should I do it?
Sir, if we marry, we shall still maintain
All former treaties with his Majesty.
Our royal word for that! and your good master,
Pray God he do not be the first to break them,
Must be content with that; and so, farewell.

NOAILLES (*going, returns*). I would your answer had been other, Madam,
For I foresee dark days.

MARY. And so do I, sir;
Your master works against me in the dark.
I do believe he holp Northumberland
Against me.

NOAILLES. Nay, pure phantasy, your Grace.
Why should he move against you?

MARY. Will you hear why?
Mary of Scotland,—for I have not own'd
My sister, and I will not,—after me
Is heir of England; and my royal father,
To make the crown of Scotland one with ours,

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Had mark'd her for my brother Edward's bride;
Ay, but your king stole her a babe from Scotland
In order to betroth her to your Dauphin.
See then:
Mary of Scotland, married to your Dauphin,
Would make our England, France;
Mary of England, joining hands with Spain,
Would be too strong for France.
Yea, were there issue born to her, Spain and we,
One crown, might rule the world. There lies your fear.
That is your drift. You play at hide and seek.
Show me your faces!

NOAILLES. Madam, I am amazed:
French, I must needs wish all good things for France.
That must be pardon'd me; but I protest
Your Grace's policy hath a farther flight
Than mine into the future. We but seek
Some settled ground for peace to stand upon.

MARY. Well, we will leave all this, sir, to our council.
Have you seen Philip ever?

NOAILLES. Only once.

MARY. Is this like Philip?

NOAILLES. Ay, but nobler-looking.

MARY. Hath he the large ability of the Emperor?

NOAILLES. No, surely.

MARY. I can make allowance for thee,
Thou speakest of the enemy of thy king.

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NOAILLES. Make no allowance for the naked truth.
He is every way a lesser man than Charles;
Stone-hard, ice-cold—no dash of daring in him.

MARY. If cold, his life is pure.

NOAILLES. Why (*smiling*), no, indeed.

MARY. Sayst thou?

NOAILLES. A very wanton life indeed (*smiling*).

MARY. Your audience is concluded, sir.

[*Exit* NOAILLES.

You cannot
Learn a man's nature from his natural foe.

Enter USHER.

Who waits?

USHER. The Ambassador of Spain, your Grace.

[*Exit.*

Enter SIMON RENARD.

MARY (*rising to meet him*). Thou art ever welcome,
Simon Renard. Hast thou
Brought me the letter which thine Emperor promised
Long since, a formal offer of the hand
Of Philip?

RENARD. Nay, your Grace, it hath not reach'd me.
I know not wherefore—some mischance of flood,
And broken bridge, or spavin'd horse, or wave
And wind at their old battle: he must have written.

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MARY. But Philip never writes me one poor word,
Which in his absence had been all my wealth.
Strange in a wooer!

RENARD. Yet I know the Prince,
So your king-parliament suffer him to land,
Yearns to set foot upon your island shore.

MARY. God change the pebble which his kingly foot
First presses into some more costly stone
Than ever blinded eye. I'll have one mark it
And bring it me. I'll have it burnish'd firelike;
I'll set it round with gold, with pearl, with diamond.
Let the great angel of the church come with him;
Stand on the deck and spread his wings for sail!
God lay the waves and strow the storms at sea,
And here at land among the people! O Renard,
I am much beset, I am almost in despair.
Paget is ours. Gardiner perchance is ours;
But for our heretic Parliament—

RENARD. O Madam,
You fly your thoughts like kites. My master, Charles,
Bad you go softly with your heretics here,
Until your throne had ceased to tremble. Then
Spit them like larks for aught I care. Besides,
When Henry broke the carcase of your church
To pieces, there were many wolves among you
Who dragg'd the scatter'd limbs into their den.

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The Pope would have you make them render these;
So would your Cousin, Cardinal Pole; ill counsel!
These let them keep at present; stir not yet
This matter of the Church lands. At his coming
Your star will rise.

MARY. My star! a baleful one.
I see but the black night, and hear the wolf.
What star?

RENARD. Your star will be your princely son,
Heir of this England and the Netherlands!
And if your wolf the while should howl for more,
We'll dust him from a bag of Spanish gold.
I do believe, I have dusted some already,
That, soon or late, your Parliament is ours.

MARY. Why do they talk so foully of your Prince, Renard?

RENARD. The lot of Princes. To sit high
Is to be lied about.

MARY. They call him cold,
Haughty, ay, worse.

RENARD. Why, doubtless, Philip shows
Some of the bearing of your blue blood—still
All within measure—nay, it well becomes him.

MARY. Hath he the large ability of his father?

RENARD. Nay, some believe that he will go beyond him.

MARY. Is this like him?

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RENARD. Ay, somewhat; but your Philip
Is the most princelike Prince beneath the sun.
This is a daub to Philip.

MARY. Of a pure life?

RENARD. As an angel among angels. Yea, by Heaven,
The text—Your Highness knows it, 'Whosoever
Looketh after a woman,' would not graze
The Prince of Spain. You are happy in him there,
Chaste as your Grace!

MARY. I am happy in him there.

RENARD. And would be altogether happy, Madam,
So that your sister were but look'd to closer.
You have sent her from the court, but then she goes,
I warrant, not to hear the nightingales,
But hatch you some new treason in the woods.

MARY. We have our spies abroad to catch her tripping,
And then if caught, to the Tower.

RENARD. The Tower! the block!
The word has turn'd your Highness pale; the thing
Was no such scarecrow in your father's time.
I have heard, the tongue yet quiver'd with the jest
When the head leapt—so common! I do think
To save your crown that it must come to this.

MARY. No, Renard; it must never come to this.

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RENARD. Not yet; but your old Traitors of the Tower—
Why, when you put Northumberland to death,
The sentence having past upon them all,
Spared you the Duke of Suffolk, Guildford Dudley,
Ev'n that young girl who dared to wear your crown?
MARY. Dared? nay, not so; the child obey'd her father.
Spite of her tears her father forced it on her.
RENARD. Good Madam, when the Roman wish'd to reign,
He slew not him alone who wore the purple,
But his assessor in the throne, perchance
A child more innocent than Lady Jane.
MARY. I am English Queen, not Roman Emperor.
RENARD. Yet too much mercy is a want of mercy,
And wastes more life. Stamp out the fire, or this
Will smoulder and re-flame, and burn the throne
Where you should sit with Philip: he will not come
Till she be gone.
MARY. Indeed, if that were true—
For Philip comes, one hand in mine, and one
Steadying the tremulous pillars of the Church—
But no, no, no. Farewell. I am somewhat faint
With our long talk. Tho' Queen, I am not Queen
Of mine own heart, which every now and then
Beats me half dead: yet stay, this golden chain—

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My father on a birthday gave it me,
And I have broken with my father—take
And wear it as memorial of a morning
Which found me full of foolish doubts, and leaves me
As hopeful.

RENARD (*aside*). Whew—the folly of all follies
Is to be love-sick for a shadow. (*Aloud*) Madam,
This chains me to your service, not with gold,
But dearest links of love. Farewell, and trust me,
Philip is yours. [*Exit.*

MARY. Mine—but not yet all mine.

Enter USHER.

USHER. Your Council is in Session, please your Majesty.

MARY. Sir, let them sit. I must have time to breathe.
No, say I come. (*Exit* USHER.) I won by boldness once.
The Emperor counsell'd me to fly to Flanders.
I would not; but a hundred miles I rode,
Sent out my letters, call'd my friends together,
Struck home and won.
And when the Council would not crown me—thought
To bind me first by oaths I could not keep,

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And keep with Christ and conscience—was it boldness
Or weakness that won there? when I, their Queen,
Cast myself down upon my knees before them,
And those hard men brake into woman-tears,
Ev'n Gardiner, all amazed, and in that passion
Gave me my Crown.

Enter ALICE.

Girl; hast thou ever heard
Slanders against Prince Philip in our Court?

ALICE. What slanders? I, your Grace; no, never.

MARY. Nothing?

ALICE. Never, your Grace.

MARY. See that you neither hear them nor repeat!

ALICE (*aside*). Good Lord! but I have heard a thousand such.

Ay, and repeated them as often—mum!
Why comes that old fox-Fleming back again?

Enter RENARD.

RENARD. Madam, I scarce had left your Grace's presence
Before I chanced upon the messenger
Who brings that letter which we waited for—

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The formal offer of Prince Philip's hand.
It craves an instant answer, Ay or No.

MARY. An instant Ay or No! the Council sits.
Give it me quick.

ALICE (*stepping before her*). Your Highness is all trembling.

MARY. Make way. [*Exit into the Council Chamber.*

ALICE. O Master Renard, Master Renard,
If you have falsely painted your fine Prince;
Praised, where you should have blamed him, I pray God
No woman ever love you, Master Renard.
It breaks my heart to hear her moan at night
As tho' the nightmare never left her bed.

RENARD. My pretty maiden, tell me, did you ever
Sigh for a beard?

ALICE. That's not a pretty question.

RENARD. Not prettily put? I mean, my pretty maiden,
A pretty man for such a pretty maiden.

ALICE. My Lord of Devon is a pretty man.
I hate him. Well, but if I have, what then?

RENARD. Then, pretty maiden, you should know that whether
A wind be warm or cold, it serves to fan
A kindled fire.

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ALICE. According to the song.

His friends would praise him, I believed 'em,
His foes would blame him, and I scorn'd 'em,
His friends—as Angels I received 'em,
His foes—the Devil had suborn'd 'em.

RENARD. Peace, pretty maiden.
I hear them stirring in the Council Chamber.
Lord Paget's 'Ay' is sure—who else? and yet,
They are all too much at odds to close at once
In one full-throated No! Her Highness comes.

Enter MARY.

ALICE. How deathly pale!—a chair, your Highness. [*Bringing one to the* QUEEN.

RENARD. Madam,
The Council?

MARY. Ay! My Philip is all mine.
[*Sinks into chair, half fainting.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—ALINGTON CASTLE.

SIR THOMAS WYATT. I do not hear from Carew or the Duke
Of Suffolk, and till then I should not move.
The Duke hath gone to Leicester; Carew stirs
In Devon: that fine porcelain Courtenay,
Save that he fears he might be crack'd in using,
(I have known a semi-madman in my time
So fancy-ridd'n) should be in Devon too.

Enter WILLIAM.

News abroad, William?

WILLIAM. None so new, Sir Thomas, and none so old, Sir Thomas. No new news that Philip comes to wed Mary, no old news that all men hate it. Old Sir Thomas would have hated it. The bells are ringing at Maidstone. Doesn't your worship hear?

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WYATT. Ay, for the Saints are come to reign again.
Most like it is a Saint's-day. There's no call
As yet for me; so in this pause, before
The mine be fired, it were a pious work
To string my father's sonnets, left about
Like loosely-scatter'd jewels, in fair order,
And head them with a lamer rhyme of mine,
To grace his memory.

WILLIAM. Ay, why not, Sir Thomas? He was a fine courtier, he; Queen Anne loved him. All the women loved him. I loved him, I was in Spain with him. I couldn't eat in Spain; I couldn't sleep in Spain. I hate Spain, Sir Thomas.

WYATT. But thou could'st drink in Spain if I remember.

WILLIAM. Sir Thomas, we may grant the wine. Old Sir Thomas always granted the wine.

WYATT. Hand me the casket with my father's sonnets.

WILLIAM. Ay—sonnets—a fine courtier of the old Court, old Sir Thomas. [*Exit.*

WYATT. Courtier of many courts, he loved the more
His own gray towers, plain life and letter'd peace,
To read and rhyme in solitary fields,
The lark above, the nightingale below,
And answer them in song. The sire begets

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Not half his likeness in the son. I fail '
Where he was fullest: yet—to write it down.

[*He writes.*

Re-enter WILLIAM.

WILLIAM. There *is* news, there *is* news, and no call for sonnet-sorting now, nor for sonnet-making either, but ten thousand men on Penenden Heath all calling after your worship, and your worship's name heard into Maidstone market, and your worship the first man in Kent and Christendom, for the Queen's down, and the world's up, and your worship a-top of it.

WYATT. Inverted Æsop—mountain out of mouse.
Say for ten thousand ten—and pothouse knaves,
Brain-dizzied with a draught of morning ale.

Enter ANTONY KNYVETT.

WILLIAM. Here's Antony Knyvett.

KNYVETT. Look you, Master Wyatt,
Tear up that woman's work there.

WYATT. No; not these,
Dumb children of my father, that will speak
When I and thou and all rebellions lie
Dead bodies without voice. Song flies you know
For ages.

KNYVETT. Tut, your sonnet's a flying ant,
Wing'd for a moment.

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WYATT. Well, for mine own work,

[*Tearing the paper.*

It lies there in six pieces at your feet;
For all that I can carry it in my head.

KNYVETT. If you can carry your head upon your shoulders.

WYATT. I fear you come to carry it off my shoulders,
And sonnet-making's safer.

KNYVETT. Why, good Lord,
Write you as many sonnets as you will.
Ay, but not now; what, have you eyes, ears, brains?
This Philip and the black-faced swarms of Spain,
The hardest, cruellest people in the world,
Come locusting upon us, eat us up,
Confiscate lands, goods, money—Wyatt, Wyatt,
Wake, or the stout old island will become
A rotten limb of Spain. They roar for you
On Penenden Heath, a thousand of them—more—
All arm'd, waiting a leader; there's no glory
Like his who saves his country: and you sit
Sing-songing here; but, if I'm any judge,
By God, you are as poor a poet, Wyatt,
As a good soldier.

WYATT. You as poor a critic
As an honest friend: you stroke me on one cheek,
Buffet the other. Come, you bluster, Antony!

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You know I know all this. I must not move
Until I hear from Carew and the Duke.
I fear the mine is fired before the time.

KNYVETT (*showing a paper*). But here's some Hebrew. Faith, I half forgot it.
Look; can you make it English? A strange youth
Suddenly thrust it on me, whisper'd, 'Wyatt,'
And whisking round a corner, show'd his back
Before I read his face.

WYATT. Ha! Courtenay's cipher. [*Reads.*

'Sir Peter Carew fled to France: it is thought the Duke will be taken. I am with you still; but, for appearance sake, stay with the Queen. Gardiner knows, but the Council are all at odds, and the Queen hath no force for resistance. Move, if you move, at once.'

Is Peter Carew fled? Is the Duke taken?
Down scabbard, and out sword! and let Rebellion
Roar till throne rock, and crown fall. No; not that;
But we will teach Queen Mary how to reign.
Who are those that shout below there?

KNYVETT. Why, some fifty
That follow'd me from Penenden Heath in hope
To hear you speak.

WYATT. Open the window, Knyvett;
The mine is fired, and I will speak to them.

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Men of Kent; England of England; you that have kept your old customs upright, while all the rest of England bow'd theirs to the Norman, the cause that hath brought us together is not the cause of a county or a shire, but of this England, in whose crown our Kent is the fairest jewel. Philip shall not wed Mary; and ye have called me to be your leader. I know Spain. I have been there with my father; I have seen them in their own land; have marked the haughtiness of their nobles; the cruelty of their priests. If this man marry our Queen, however the Council and the Commons may fence round his power with restriction, he will be King, King of England, my masters; and the Queen, and the laws, and the people, his slaves. What? shall we have Spain on the throne and in the parliament; Spain in the pulpit and on the law-bench; Spain in all the great offices of state; Spain in our ships, in our forts, in our houses, in our beds?

CROWD. No! no! no Spain!

WILLIAM. No Spain in our beds—that were worse than all. I have been there with old Sir Thomas, and the beds I know. I hate Spain.

A PEASANT. But, Sir Thomas, must we levy war against the Queen's Grace?

WYATT. No, my friend; war *for* the Queen's Grace —to save her from herself and Philip—war against

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Spain. And think not we shall be alone—thousands will flock to us. The Council, the Court itself, is on our side. The Lord Chancellor himself is on our side. The King of France is with us; the King of Denmark is with us; the world is with us—war against Spain! And if we move not now, yet it will be known that we have moved; and if Philip come to be King, O, my God! the rope, the rack, the thumbscrew, the stake, the fire. If we move not now, Spain moves, bribes our nobles with her gold, and creeps, creeps snake-like about our legs till we cannot move at all; and ye know, my masters, that wherever Spain hath ruled she hath wither'd all beneath her. Look at the New World—a paradise made hell; the red man, that good helpless creature, starved, maim'd, flogg'd, flay'd, burn'd, boil'd, buried alive, worried by dogs; and here, nearer home, the Netherlands, Sicily, Naples, Lombardy. I say no more—only this, their lot is yours. Forward to London with me! forward to London! If ye love your liberties or your skins, forward to London!

CROWD. Forward to London! A Wyatt! a Wyatt!

WYATT. But first to Rochester, to take the guns
From out the vessels lying in the river.
Then on.

A PEASANT. Ay, but I fear we be too few, Sir Thomas.

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WYATT. Not many yet. The world as yet, my friend,
Is not half-waked; but every parish tower
Shall clang and clash alarum as we pass,
And pour along the land, and swoll'n and fed
With indraughts and side-currents, in full force
Roll upon London.

CROWD. A Wyatt! a Wyatt! Forward!

KNYVETT. Wyatt, shall we proclaim Elizabeth?

WYATT. I'll think upon it, Knyvett.

KNYVETT. Or Lady Jane?

WYATT. No, poor soul; no.
Ah, gray old castle of Alington, green field
Beside the brimming Medway, it may chance
That I shall never look upon you more.

KNYVETT. Come, now, you're sonnetting again.

WYATT. Not I.
I'll have my head set higher in the state;
Or—if the Lord God will it—on the stake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—GUILDHALL.

SIR THOMAS WHITE (The Lord Mayor), LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, ALDERMEN *and* CITIZENS.

WHITE. I trust the Queen comes hither with her guards.

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HOWARD. Ay, all in arms.

[*Several of the citizens move hastily out of the hall.*

Why do they hurry out there?

WHITE. My Lord, cut out the rotten from your apple,
Your apple eats the better. Let them go.
They go like those old Pharisees in John
Convicted by their conscience, arrant cowards,
Or tamperers with that treason out of Kent.
When will her Grace be here?

HOWARD. In some few minutes.
She will address your guilds and companies.
I have striven in vain to raise a man for her.
But help her in this exigency, make
Your city loyal, and be the mightiest man
This day in England.

WHITE. I am Thomas White.
Few things have fail'd to which I set my will.
I do my most and best.

HOWARD. You know that after
The Captain Brett, who went with your train bands
To fight with Wyatt, had gone over to him
With all his men, the Queen in that distress
Sent Cornwallis and Hastings to the traitor,
Feigning to treat with him about her marriage—
Know too what Wyatt said.

WHITE. He'd sooner be,

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While this same marriage question was being argued,
Trusted than trust—the scoundrel—and demanded
Possession of her person and the Tower.

HOWARD. And four of her poor Council, too, my Lord,
As hostages.

WHITE. I know it. What do and say
Your Council at this hour?

HOWARD. I will trust you.
We fling ourselves on you, my Lord. The Council,
The Parliament as well, are troubled waters;
And yet like waters of the fen they know not
Which way to flow. All hangs on her address,
And upon you, Lord Mayor.

WHITE. How look'd the city
When now you past it? Quiet?

HOWARD. Like our Council,
Your city is divided. As we past,
Some hail'd, some hiss'd us. There were citizens
Stood each before his shut-up booth, and look'd
As grim and grave as from a funeral.
And here a knot of ruffians all in rags,
With execrating execrable eyes,
Glared at the citizen. Here was a young mother,
Her face on flame, her red hair all blown back,
She shrilling 'Wyatt,' while the boy she held
Mimick'd and piped her 'Wyatt,' as red as she

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In hair and cheek; and almost elbowing her,
So close they stood, another, mute as death,
And white as her own milk; her babe in arms
Had felt the faltering of his mother's heart,
And look'd as bloodless. Here a pious Catholic,
Mumbling and mixing up in his sacred prayers
Heaven and earth's Maries; over his bow'd shoulder
Scowl'd that world-hated and world-hating beast,
A haggard Anabaptist. Many such groups.
The names of Wyatt, Elizabeth, Courtenay,
Nay the Queen's right to reign—'fore God, the rogues—
Were freely buzzed among them. So I say
Your city is divided, and I fear
One scruple, this or that way, of success
Would turn it thither. Wherefore now the Queen
In this low pulse and palsy of the state,
Bad me to tell you that she counts on you
And on myself as her two hands; on you,
In your own city, as her right, my Lord,
For you are loyal.

WHITE. Am I Thomas White?
One word before she comes. Elizabeth—
Her name is much abused among these traitors.
Where is she? She is loved by all of us.
I scarce have heart to mingle in this matter,
If she should be mishandled.

HOWARD. No; she shall not.

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The Queen had written her word to come to court:
Methought I smelt out Renard in the letter,
And fearing for her, sent a secret missive,
Which told her to be sick. Happily or not,
It found her sick indeed.

WHITE. God send her well;
Here comes her Royal Grace.

Enter GUARDS, MARY, *and* GARDINER. SIR THOMAS WHITE *leads her to a raised seat on the daïs.*

WHITE. I, the Lord Mayor, and these our companies
And guilds of London, gathered here, beseech
Your Highness to accept our lowliest thanks
For your most princely presence; and we pray
That we, your true and loyal citizens,
From your own royal lips, at once may know
The wherefore of this coming, and so learn
Your royal will, and do it.—I, Lord Mayor
Of London, and our guilds and companies.

MARY. In mine own person am I come to you,
To tell you what indeed ye see and know,
How traitorously these rebels out of Kent
Have made strong head against ourselves and you.
They would not have me wed the Prince of Spain;
That was their pretext—so they spake at first—

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But we sent divers of our Council to them,
And by their answers to the question ask'd,
It doth appear this marriage is the least
Of all their quarrel.
They have betrayed the treason of their hearts:
Seek to possess our person, hold our Tower,
Place and displace our councillors, and use
Both us and them according as they will.
Now what I am ye know right well—your Queen;
To whom, when I was wedded to the realm
And the realm's laws (the spousal ring whereof,
Not ever to be laid aside, I wear
Upon this finger), ye did promise full
Allegiance and obedience to the death.
Ye know my father was the rightful heir
Of England, and his right came down to me,
Corroborate by your acts of Parliament:
And as ye were most loving unto him,
So doubtless will ye show yourselves to me.
Wherefore, ye will not brook that anyone
Should seize our person, occupy our state,
More specially a traitor so presumptuous
As this same Wyatt, who hath tamper'd with
A public ignorance, and, under colour
Of such a cause as hath no colour, seeks
To bend the laws to his own will, and yield
Full scope to persons rascal and forlorn,

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To make free spoil and havock of your goods.
Now as your Prince, I say,
I, that was never mother, cannot tell
How mothers love their children; yet, methinks,
A prince as naturally may love his people
As these their children; and be sure your Queen
So loves you, and so loving, needs must deem
This love by you return'd as heartily;
And thro' this common knot and bond of love,
Doubt not they will be speedily overthrown.
As to this marriage, ye shall understand
We made thereto no treaty of ourselves,
And set no foot theretoward unadvised
Of all our Privy Council; furthermore,
This marriage had the assent of those to whom
The king, my father, did commit his trust;
Who not alone esteem'd it honourable,
But for the wealth and glory of our realm,
And all our loving subjects, most expedient.
As to myself,
I am not so set on wedlock as to choose
But where I list, nor yet so amorous
That I must needs be husbanded; I thank God,
I have lived a virgin, and I noway doubt
But that with God's grace, I can live so still.
Yet if it might please God that I should leave
Some fruit of mine own body after me,

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To be your king, ye would rejoice thereat,
And it would be your comfort, as I trust;
And truly, if I either thought or knew
This marriage should bring loss or danger to you,
My subjects, or impair in any way
This royal state of England, I would never
Consent thereto, nor marry while I live;
Moreover, if this marriage should not seem,
Before our own High Court of Parliament,
To be of rich advantage to our realm,
We will refrain, and not alone from this,
Likewise from any other, out of which
Looms the least chance of peril to our realm.
Wherefore be bold, and with your lawful Prince
Stand fast against our enemies and yours,
And fear them not. I fear them not. My Lord,
I leave Lord William Howard in your city,
To guard and keep you whole and safe from all
The spoil and sackage aim'd at by these rebels,
Who mouth and foam against the Prince of Spain.

VOICES. Long live Queen Mary!
Down with Wyatt!
The Queen!

WHITE. Three voices from our guilds and companies!
You are shy and proud like Englishmen, my masters,
And will not trust your voices. Understand:

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Your lawful Prince hath come to cast herself
On loyal hearts and bosoms, hoped to fall
Into the wide spread arms of fealty,
And finds you statues. Speak at once—and all!
For whom?
Our sovereign Lady by King Harry's will;
The Queen of England—or the Kentish Squire?
I know you loyal. Speak! in the name of God!
The Queen of England or the rabble of Kent?
The reeking dungfork master of the mace!
Your havings wasted by the scythe and spade—
Your rights and charters hobnail'd into slush—
Your houses fired—your gutters bubbling blood——

ACCLAMATION. No! No! The Queen! the Queen!

WHITE. Your Highness hears
This burst and bass of loyal harmony,
And how we each and all of us abhor
The venomous, bestial, devilish revolt
Of Thomas Wyatt. Hear us now make oath
To raise your Highness thirty thousand men,
And arm and strike as with one hand, and brush
This Wyatt from our shoulders, like a flea
That might have leapt upon us unawares.
Swear with me noble fellow-citizens, all,
With all your trades, and guilds, and companies.

CITIZENS. We swear!

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MARY. We thank your Lordship and your loyal city. [*Exit* MARY *attended.*

WHITE. I trust this day, thro' God, I have saved the crown.

FIRST ALDERMAN. Ay, so my Lord of Pembroke in command
Of all her force be safe; but there are doubts.

SECOND ALDERMAN. I hear that Gardiner, coming with the Queen,
And meeting Pembroke, bent to his saddle-bow,
As if to win the man by flattering him.
Is he so safe to fight upon her side?

FIRST ALDERMAN. If not, there's no man safe.

WHITE. Yes, Thomas White.
I am safe enough; no man need flatter me.

SECOND ALDERMAN. Nay, no man need; but did you mark our Queen?
The colour freely play'd into her face,
And the half sight which makes her look so stern,
Seem'd thro' that dim dilated world of hers,
To read our faces; I have never seen her
So queenly or so goodly.

WHITE. Courage, sir,
That makes or man or woman look their goodliest.
Die like the torn fox dumb, but never whine
Like that poor heart, Northumberland, at the block.

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BAGENHALL. The man had children, and he whined for those.

Methinks most men are but poor-hearted, else
Should we so doat on courage, were it commoner?
The Queen stands up, and speaks for her own self;
And all men cry, She is queenly, she is goodly.
Yet she's no goodlier; tho' my Lord Mayor here,
By his own rule, he hath been so bold to-day,
Should look more goodly than the rest of us.

WHITE. Goodly? I feel most goodly heart and hand,
And strong to throw ten Wyatts and all Kent.
Ha! ha! sir; but you jest; I love it: a jest
In time of danger shows the pulses even.
Be merry! yet, Sir Ralph, you look but sad.
I dare avouch you'd stand up for yourself,
Tho' all the world should bay like winter wolves.

BAGENHALL. Who knows? the man is proven by the hour.

WHITE. The man should make the hour, not this the man;
And Thomas White will prove this Thomas Wyatt,
And he will prove an Iden to this Cade,
And he will play the Walworth to this Wat;
Come, sirs, we prate; hence all—gather your men—
Myself must bustle. Wyatt comes to Southwark;

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I'll have the drawbridge hewn into the Thames,
And see the citizens arm'd. Good day; good day.
[*Exit* WHITE.

BAGENHALL. One of much outdoor bluster.

HOWARD. For all that,
Most honest, brave, and skilful; and his wealth
A fountain of perennial alms—his fault
So thoroughly to believe in his own self.

BAGENHALL. Yet thoroughly to believe in one's own self,
So one's own self be thorough, were to do
Great things, my Lord.

HOWARD. It may be.

BAGENHALL. I have heard
One of your Council fleer and jeer at him.

HOWARD. The nursery-cocker'd child will jeer at aught
That may seem strange beyond his nursery.
The statesman that shall jeer and fleer at men,
Makes enemies for himself and for his king;
And if he jeer not seeing the true man
Behind his folly, he is thrice the fool;
And if he see the man and still will jeer,
He is child and fool, and traitor to the State.
Who is he? let me shun him.

BAGENHALL. Nay, my Lord,
He is damn'd enough already.

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HOWARD. I must set
The guard at Ludgate. Fare you well, Sir Ralph.
BAGENHALL. 'Who knows?' I am for England.
But who knows,
That knows the Queen, the Spaniard, and the Pope,
Whether I be for Wyatt, or the Queen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—LONDON BRIDGE.

Enter SIR THOMAS WYATT *and* BRETT.

WYATT. Brett, when the Duke of Norfolk moved against us
Thou cried'st 'A Wyatt!' and flying to our side
Left his all bare, for which I love thee, Brett.
Have for thine asking aught that I can give,
For thro' thine help we are come to London Bridge;
But how to cross it balks me. I fear we cannot.
BRETT. Nay, hardly, save by boat, swimming, or wings.
WYATT. Last night I climb'd into the gate-house, Brett,
And scared the gray old porter and his wife.
And then I crept along the gloom and saw
They had hewn the drawbridge down into the river.
It roll'd as black as death; and that same tide
Which, coming with our coming, seem'd to smile

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And sparkle like our fortune as thou saidest,
Ran sunless down, and moan'd against the piers.
But o'er the chasm I saw Lord William Howard
By torchlight, and his guards; four guns gaped at me,
Black, silent mouths: had Howard spied me there
And made them speak, as well he might have done,
Their voice had left me none to tell you this.
What shall we do?

BRETT. On somehow. To go back
Were to lose all.

WYATT. On over London Bridge
We cannot: stay we cannot; there is ordnance
On the White Tower and on the Devil's Tower,
And pointed full at Southwark; we must round
By Kingston Bridge.

BRETT. Ten miles about.

WYATT. Ev'n so.
But I have notice from our partisans
Within the city that they will stand by us
If Ludgate can be reach'd by dawn to-morrow.

Enter one of WYATT'S MEN.

MAN. Sir Thomas, I've found this paper; pray your worship read it; I know not my letters; the old priests taught me nothing.

WYATT (*reads*). 'Whosoever will apprehend the

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traitor Thomas Wyatt shall have a hundred pounds for reward.'

MAN. Is that it? That's a big lot of money.

WYATT. Ay, ay, my friend; not read it? 'tis not written
Half plain enough. Give me a piece of paper!
[*Writes* 'THOMAS WYATT' *large.*
There, any man can read that. [*Sticks it in his cap.*

BRETT. But that's foolhardy.

WYATT. No! boldness, which will give my followers boldness.

Enter MAN *with a prisoner.*

MAN. We found him, your worship, a plundering o' Bishop Winchester's house; he says he's a poor gentleman.

WYATT. Gentleman! a thief! Go hang him. Shall we make
Those that we come to serve our sharpest foes?

BRETT. Sir Thomas—

WYATT. Hang him, I say.

BRETT. Wyatt, but now you promised me a boon.

WYATT. Ay, and I warrant this fine fellow's life.

BRETT. Ev'n so; he was my neighbour once in Kent.
He's poor enough, has drunk and gambled out

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All that he had, and gentleman he was.
We have been glad together; let him live.

WYATT. He has gambled for his life, and lost, he hangs.

No, no, my word's my word. Take thy poor gentleman!
Gamble thyself at once out of my sight,
Or I will dig thee with my dagger. Away!
Women and children!

Enter a Crowd *of* WOMEN *and* CHILDREN.

FIRST WOMAN. O Sir Thomas, Sir Thomas, pray you go away, Sir Thomas, or you'll make the White Tower a black 'un for us this blessed day. He'll be the death on us; and you'll set the Divil's Tower a-spitting, and he'll smash all our bits o' things worse than Philip o' Spain.

SECOND WOMAN. Don't ye now go to think that we be for Philip o' Spain.

THIRD WOMAN. No, we know that ye be come to kill the Queen, and we'll pray for you all on our bended knees. But o' God's mercy don't ye kill the Queen here, Sir Thomas; look ye, here's little Dickon, and little Robin, and little Jenny—though she's but a side-cousin—and all on our knees, we pray you to kill the Queen further off, Sir Thomas.

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WYATT. My friends, I have not come to kill the Queen
Or here or there: I come to save you all,
And I'll go further off.

CROWD. Thanks, Sir Thomas, we be beholden to you, and we'll pray for you on our bended knees till our lives' end.

WYATT. Be happy, I am your friend. To Kingston, forward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—ROOM IN THE GATEHOUSE OF WESTMINSTER PALACE.

MARY, ALICE, GARDINER, RENARD, LADIES.

GARDINER. Their cry is, Philip never shall be king.

MARY. Lord Pembroke in command of all our force
Will front their cry and shatter them into dust.

ALICE. Was not Lord Pembroke with Northumberland?
O madam, if this Pembroke should be false?

MARY. No, girl; most brave and loyal, brave and loyal.
His breaking with Northumberland broke Northumberland.
At the park gate he hovers with our guards.
These Kentish ploughmen cannot break the guards.

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Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER. Wyatt, your Grace, hath broken thro' the guards
And gone to Ludgate.

GARDINER. Madam, I much fear
That all is lost; but we can save your Grace.
The river still is free. I do beseech you,
There yet is time, take boat and pass to Windsor.

MARY. I pass to Windsor and I lose my crown.

GARDINER. Pass, then, I pray your Highness, to the Tower.

MARY. I shall but be their prisoner in the Tower.

CRIES *without.* The traitor! treason! Pembroke!

LADIES. Treason! treason!

MARY. Peace.
False to Northumberland, is he false to me?
Bear witness, Renard, that I live and die
The true and faithful bride of Philip—A sound
Of feet and voices thickening hither—blows—
Hark, there is battle at the palace gates,
And I will out upon the gallery.

LADIES. No, no, your Grace; see there the arrows flying.

MARY. I am Harry's daughter, Tudor, and not Fear. [*Goes out on the gallery.*

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The guards are all driven in, skulk into corners
Like rabbits to their holes. A gracious guard
Truly; shame on them! they have shut the gates!

Enter SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

SOUTHWELL. The porter, please your Grace, hath shut the gates
On friend and foe. Your gentlemen-at-arms,
If this be not your Grace's order, cry
To have the gates set wide again, and they
With their good battleaxes will do you right
Against all traitors.

MARY. They are the flower of England; set the gates wide. [*Exit* SOUTHWELL.

Enter COURTENAY.

COURTENAY. All lost, all lost, all yielded! A barge, a barge!
The Queen must to the Tower.

MARY. Whence come you, sir?

COURTENAY. From Charing Cross; the rebels broke us there,
And I sped hither with what haste I might
To save my royal cousin.

MARY. Where is Pembroke?

COURTENAY. I left him somewhere in the thick of it.

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MARY. Left him and fled; and thou that would'st be King,
And hast nor heart nor honour. I myself
Will down into the battle and there bide
The upshot of my quarrel, or die with those
That are no cowards and no Courtenays.

COURTENAY. I do not love your Grace should call me coward.

Enter another MESSENGER.

MESSENGER. Over, your Grace, all crush'd; the brave Lord William
Thrust him from Ludgate, and the traitor flying
To Temple Bar, there by Sir Maurice Berkeley
Was taken prisoner.

MARY. To the Tower with *him!*

MESSENGER. 'Tis said he told Sir Maurice there was one
Cognisant of this, and party thereunto,
My Lord of Devon.

MARY. To the Tower with *him!*

COURTENAY. O la, the Tower, the Tower, always the Tower,
I shall grow into it—I shall be the Tower.

MARY. Your Lordship may not have so long to wait.
Remove him!

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COURTENAY. La, to whistle out my life,
And carve my coat upon the walls again!

[*Exit* COURTENAY *guarded.*

MESSENGER. Also this Wyatt did confess the Princess
Cognisant thereof, and party thereunto.

MARY. What? whom—whom did you say?

MESSENGER. Elizabeth,
Your Royal sister.

MARY. To the Tower with *her!*
My foes are at my feet and I am Queen.

[GARDINER *and her* LADIES *kneel to her.*

GARDINER (*rising*). There let them lie, your foot-stool! (*Aside.*) Can I strike
Elizabeth?—not now and save the life
Of Devon: if I save him, he and his
Are bound to me—may strike hereafter. (*Aloud.*) Madam,
What Wyatt said, or what they said he said,
Cries of the moment and the street—

MARY. He said it.

GARDINER. Your courts of justice will determine that.

RENARD (*advancing*). I trust by this your Highness will allow
Some spice of wisdom in my telling you,
When last we talk'd, that Philip would not come

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Till Guildford Dudley and the Duke of Suffolk,
And Lady Jane had left us.

MARY. They shall die.

RENARD. And your so loving sister?

MARY. She shall die.

My foes are at my feet, and Philip King. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Conduit in Gracechurch,

Painted with the Nine Worthies, among them King Henry VIII. holding a book, on it inscribed 'Verbum Dei.'

Enter Sir Ralph Bagenhall *and* Sir Thomas Stafford.

Bagenhall. A hundred here and hundreds hang'd in Kent.
The tigress had unsheath'd her nails at last,
And Renard and the Chancellor sharpen'd them.
In every London street a gibbet stood.
They are down to-day. Here by this house was one;
The traitor husband dangled at the door,
And when the traitor wife came out for bread
To still the petty treason therewithin,
Her cap would brush his heels.

Stafford. It is Sir Ralph,

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And muttering to himself as heretofore.
Sir, see you aught up yonder?

BAGENHALL. I miss something.
The tree that only bears dead fruit is gone.

STAFFORD. What tree, sir?

BAGENHALL. Well, the tree in Virgil, sir,
That bears not its own apples.

STAFFORD. What! the gallows?

BAGENHALL. Sir, this dead fruit was ripening overmuch,
And had to be removed lest living Spain
Should sicken at dead England.

STAFFORD. Not so dead,
But that a shock may rouse her.

BAGENHALL. I believe
Sir Thomas Stafford?

STAFFORD. I am ill disguised.

BAGENHALL. Well, are you not in peril here?

STAFFORD. I think so.
I came to feel the pulse of England, whether
It beats hard at this marriage. Did you see it?

BAGENHALL. Stafford, I am a sad man and a serious.
Far liefer had I in my country hall
Been reading some old book, with mine old hound
Couch'd at my hearth, and mine old flask of wine
Beside me, than have seen it: yet I saw it.

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STAFFORD. Good, was it splendid?

BAGENHALL. Ay, if Dukes, and Earls,
And Counts, and sixty Spanish cavaliers,
Some six or seven Bishops, diamonds, pearls,
That royal commonplace too, cloth of gold,
Could make it so.

STAFFORD. And what was Mary's dress?

BAGENHALL. Good faith, I was too sorry for the woman
To mark the dress. She wore red shoes!

STAFFORD. Red shoes!

BAGENHALL. Scarlet, as if her feet were wash'd in blood,
As if she had waded in it.

STAFFORD. Were your eyes
So bashful that you look'd no higher?

BAGENHALL. A diamond,
And Philip's gift, as proof of Philip's love,
Who hath not any for any,—tho' a true one,
Blazed false upon her heart.

STAFFORD. But this proud Prince—

BAGENHALL. Nay, he is King, you know, the King of Naples.
The father ceded Naples, that the son
Being a King, might wed a Queen—O he
Flamed in brocade—white satin his trunk-hose,
Inwrought with silver,—on his neck a collar,

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Gold, thick with diamonds; hanging down from this
The Golden Fleece—and round his knee, misplaced,
Our English Garter, studded with great emeralds,
Rubies, I know not what. Have you had enough
Of all this gear?

STAFFORD. Ay, since you hate the telling it.
How look'd the Queen?

BAGENHALL. No fairer for her jewels.
And I could see that as the new-made couple
Came from the Minster, moving side by side
Beneath one canopy, ever and anon
She cast on him a vassal smile of love,
Which Philip with a glance of some distaste,
Or so methought, return'd. I may be wrong, sir.
This marriage will not hold.

STAFFORD. I think with you.
The King of France will help to break it.

BAGENHALL. France!
We once had half of France, and hurl'd our battles
Into the heart of Spain; but England now
Is but a ball chuck'd between France and Spain,
His in whose hand she drops; Harry of Bolingbroke
Had holpen Richard's tottering throne to stand,
Could Harry have foreseen that all our nobles
Would perish on the civil slaughter-field,
And leave the people naked to the crown,
And the crown naked to the people; the crown

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Female, too! Sir, no woman's regimen
Can save us. We are fallen, and as I think,
Never to rise again.

STAFFORD. You are too black-blooded.
I'd make a move myself to hinder that:
I know some lusty fellows there in France.

BAGENHALL. You would but make us weaker, Thomas Stafford.
Wyatt was a good soldier, yet he fail'd,
And strengthen'd Philip.

STAFFORD. Did not his last breath
Clear Courtenay and the Princess from the charge
Of being his co-rebels?

BAGENHALL. Ay, but then
What such a one as Wyatt says is nothing:
We have no men among us. The new Lords
Are quieted with their sop of Abbeylands,
And ev'n before the Queen's face Gardiner buys them
With Philip's gold. All greed, no faith, no courage!
Why, ev'n the haughty prince, Northumberland,
The leader of our Reformation, knelt
And blubber'd like a lad, and on the scaffold
Recanted, and resold himself to Rome.

STAFFORD. I swear you do your country wrong, Sir Ralph.
I know a set of exiles over there,
Dare-devils, that would eat fire and spit it out

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At Philip's beard: they pillage Spain already.
The French King winks at it. An hour will come
When they will sweep her from the seas. No men?
Did not Lord Suffolk die like a true man?
Is not Lord William Howard a true man?
Yea, you yourself, altho' you are black-blooded:
And I, by God, believe myself a man.
Ay, even in the church there is a man—
Cranmer.
Fly would he not, when all men bad him fly.
And what a letter he wrote against the Pope!
There's a brave man, if any.

BAGENHALL. Ay; if it hold.

CROWD (*coming on*). God save their Graces!

STAFFORD. Bagenhall, I see
The Tudor green and white. (*Trumpets.*) They are coming now.
And here's a crowd as thick as herring-shoals.

BAGENHALL. Be limpets to this pillar, or we are torn
Down the strong wave of brawlers.

CROWD. God save their Graces!

[*Procession of Trumpeters, Javelin-men, etc.; then Spanish and Flemish Nobles intermingled.*

STAFFORD. Worth seeing, Bagenhall! These black dog-Dons
Garb themselves bravely. Who's the long-face there,
Looks very Spain of very Spain?

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BAGENHALL. The Duke
Of Alva, an iron soldier.

STAFFORD. And the Dutchman,
Now laughing at some jest?

BAGENHALL. William of Orange,
William the Silent.

STAFFORD. Why do they call him so?

BAGENHALL. He keeps, they say, some secret that may cost
Philip his life.

STAFFORD. But then he looks so merry.

BAGENHALL. I cannot tell you why they call him so.

[*The* KING *and* QUEEN *pass, attended by Peers of the Realm, Officers of State, etc. Cannon shot off.*

CROWD. Philip and Mary, Philip and Mary!
Long live the King and Queen, Philip and Mary!

STAFFORD. They smile as if content with one another.

BAGENHALL. A smile abroad is oft a scowl at home.

[KING *and* QUEEN *pass on. Procession.*

FIRST CITIZEN. I thought this Philip had been one of those black devils of Spain, but he hath a yellow beard.

SECOND CITIZEN. Not red like Iscariot's.

FIRST CITIZEN. Like a carrot's, as thou say'st, and

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English carrot's better than Spanish licorice; but I thought he was a beast.

THIRD CITIZEN. Certain I had heard that every Spaniard carries a tail like a devil under his trunk-hose.

TAILOR. Ay, but see what trunk-hoses! Lord! they be fine; I never stitch'd none such. They make amends for the tails.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Tut! every Spanish priest will tell you that all English heretics have tails.

FIFTH CITIZEN. Death and the Devil—if he find I have one—

FOURTH CITIZEN. Lo! thou hast call'd them up! here they come—a pale horse for Death and Gardiner for the Devil.

Enter GARDINER (*turning back from the procession*).

GARDINER. Knave, wilt thou wear thy cap before the Queen?

MAN. My Lord, I stand so squeezed among the crowd
I cannot lift my hands unto my head.

GARDINER. Knock off his cap there, some of you about him!
See there be others that can use their hands.
Thou art one of Wyatt's men?

MAN. No, my Lord, no.

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GARDINER. Thy name, thou knave?

MAN. I am nobody, my Lord.

GARDINER (*shouting*). God's passion! knave, thy name?

MAN. I have ears to hear.

GARDINER. Ay, rascal, if I leave thee ears to hear.
Find out his name and bring it me (*to* ATTENDANT).

ATTENDANT. Ay, my Lord.

GARDINER. Knave, thou shalt lose thine ears and find thy tongue,
And shalt be thankful if I leave thee that.
[*Coming before the Conduit.*
The conduit painted—the nine worthies—ay!
But then what's here? King Harry with a scroll.
Ha—Verbum Dei—verbum—word of God!
God's passion! do you know the knave that painted it?

ATTENDANT. I do, my Lord.

GARDINER. Tell him to paint it out,
And put some fresh device in lieu of it—
A pair of gloves, a pair of gloves, sir; ha?
There is no heresy there.

ATTENDANT. I will, my Lord;
The man shall paint a pair of gloves. I am sure
(Knowing the man) he wrought it ignorantly,
And not from any malice.

GARDINER. Word of God
In English! over this the brainless loons

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That cannot spell Esaïas from St. Paul,
Make themselves drunk and mad, fly out and flare
Into rebellions. I'll have their bibles burnt.
The bible is the priest's. Ay! fellow, what!
Stand staring at me! shout, you gaping rogue!

MAN. I have, my Lord, shouted till I am hoarse.

GARDINER. What hast thou shouted, knave?

MAN. Long live Queen Mary!

GARDINER. Knave, there be two. There be both King and Queen,
Philip and Mary. Shout!

MAN. Nay, but, my Lord,
The Queen comes first, Mary and Philip.

GARDINER. Shout, then,
Mary and Philip!

MAN. Mary and Philip!

GARDINER. Now,
Thou hast shouted for thy pleasure, shout for mine!
Philip and Mary!

MAN. Must it be so, my Lord?

GARDINER. Ay, knave.

MAN. Philip and Mary!

GARDINER. I distrust thee.
Thine is a half voice and a lean assent.
What is thy name?

MAN. Sanders.

GARDINER. What else?

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MAN. Zerubbabel.

GARDINER. Where dost thou live?

MAN. In Cornhill.

GARDINER. Where, knave, where?

MAN. Sign of the Talbot.

GARDINER. Come to me to-morrow.—
Rascal!—this land is like a hill of fire,
One crater opens when another shuts.
But so I get the laws against the heretic,
Spite of Lord Paget and Lord William Howard,
And others of our Parliament, revived,
I will show fire on my side—stake and fire—
Sharp work and short. The knaves are easily cow'd.
Follow their Majesties. [*Exit. The crowd following.*

BAGENHALL. As proud as Becket.

STAFFORD. You would not have him murder'd as Becket was?

BAGENHALL. No—murder fathers murder: but I say
There is no man—there was one woman with us—
It was a sin to love her married, dead
I cannot choose but love her.

STAFFORD. Lady Jane?

CROWD (*going off*). God save their Graces!

STAFFORD. Did you see her die?

BAGENHALL. No, no; her innocent blood had blinded me.

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You call me too black-blooded—true enough
Her dark dead blood is in my heart with mine.
If ever I cry out against the Pope
Her dark dead blood that ever moves with mine
Will stir the living tongue and make the cry.

STAFFORD. Yet doubtless you can tell me how she died?

BAGENHALL. Seventeen—and knew eight languages—in music
Peerless—her needle perfect, and her learning
Beyond the churchmen; yet so meek, so modest,
So wife-like humble to the trivial boy
Mismatch'd with her for policy! I have heard
She would not take a last farewell of him,
She fear'd it might unman him for his end.
She could not be unmann'd—no, nor outwoman'd—
Seventeen—a rose of grace!
Girl never breathed to rival such a rose;
Rose never blew that equall'd such a bud.

STAFFORD. Pray you go on.

BAGENHALL. She came upon the scaffold,
And said she was condemn'd to die for treason;
She had but follow'd the device of those
Her nearest kin: she thought they knew the laws.
But for herself, she knew but little law,
And nothing of the titles to the crown;
She had no desire for that, and wrung her hands,

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And trusted God would save her thro' the blood
Of Jesus Christ alone.

STAFFORD. Pray you go on.

BAGENHALL. Then knelt and said the Miserere Mei—

But all in English, mark you; rose again,
And, when the headsman pray'd to be forgiven,
Said, 'You will give me my true crown at last,
But do it quickly;' then all wept but she,
Who changed not colour when she saw the block,
But ask'd him, childlike: 'Will you take it off
Before I lay me down?' 'No, madam,' he said,
Gasping; and when her innocent eyes were bound,
She, with her poor blind hands feeling—'where is it?
Where is it?'—You must fancy that which follow'd,
If you have heart to do it!

CROWD (*in the distance*). God save their Graces!

STAFFORD. Their Graces, our disgraces! God confound them!

Why, she's grown bloodier! when I last was here,
This was against her conscience—would be murder!

BAGENHALL. The 'Thou shalt do no murder,' which God's hand

Wrote on her conscience, Mary rubb'd out pale—
She could not make it white—and over that,
Traced in the blackest text of Hell—'Thou shalt!'
And sign'd it—Mary!

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STAFFORD. Philip and the Pope
Must have sign'd too. I hear this Legate's coming
To bring us absolution from the Pope.
The Lords and Commons will bow down before him—
You are of the house? what will you do, Sir Ralph?

BAGENHALL. And why should I be bolder than the rest,
Or honester than all?

STAFFORD. But, sir, if I—
And oversea they say this state of yours
Hath no more mortice than a tower of cards;
And that a puff would do it—then if I
And others made that move I touch'd upon,
Back'd by the power of France, and landing here,
Came with a sudden splendour, shout, and show,
And dazzled men and deafen'd by some bright
Loud venture, and the people so unquiet—
And I the race of murder'd Buckingham—
Not for myself, but for the kingdom—Sir,
I trust that you would fight along with us.

BAGENHALL. No; you would fling your lives into the gulf.

STAFFORD. But if this Philip, as he's like to do,
Left Mary a wife-widow here alone,
Set up a viceroy, sent his myriads hither
To seize upon the forts and fleet, and make us
A Spanish province; would you not fight then?

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BAGENHALL. I think I should fight then.

STAFFORD. I am sure of it.

Hist! there's the face coming on here of one
Who knows me. I must leave you. Fare you well,
You'll hear of me again.

BAGENHALL. Upon the scaffold. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ROOM IN WHITEHALL PALACE.

MARY. *Enter* PHILIP *and* CARDINAL POLE.

POLE. Ave Maria, gratia plena, Benedicta tu in mulieribus.

MARY. Loyal and royal cousin, humblest thanks.
Had you a pleasant voyage up the river?

POLE. We had your royal barge, and that same chair,
Or rather throne of purple, on the deck.
Our silver cross sparkled before the prow,
The ripples twinkled at their diamond-dance,
The boats that follow'd, were as glowing-gay
As regal gardens; and your flocks of swans,
As fair and white as angels; and your shores
Wore in mine eyes the green of Paradise.
My foreign friends, who dream'd us blanketed
In ever-closing fog, were much amazed
To find as fair a sun as might have flash'd
Upon their lake of Garda, fire the Thames;

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Our voyage by sea was all but miracle;
And here the river flowing from the sea,
Not toward it (for they thought not of our tides),
Seem'd as a happy miracle to make glide—
In quiet—home your banish'd countryman.

MARY. We heard that you were sick in Flanders, cousin.

POLE. A dizziness.

MARY. And how came you round again?

POLE. The scarlet thread of Rahab saved her life;
And mine, a little letting of the blood.

MARY. Well? now?

POLE. Ay, cousin, as the heathen giant
Had but to touch the ground, his force return'd—
Thus, after twenty years of banishment,
Feeling my native land beneath my foot,
I said thereto: 'Ah, native land of mine,
Thou art much beholden to this foot of mine,
That hastes with full commission from the Pope
To absolve thee from thy guilt of heresy.
Thou hast disgraced me and attainted me,
And mark'd me ev'n as Cain, and I return
As Peter, but to bless thee: make me well.'
Methinks the good land heard me, for to-day
My heart beats twenty, when I see you, cousin.
Ah, gentle cousin, since your Herod's death,
How oft hath Peter knock'd at Mary's gate!

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And Mary would have risen and let him in,
But, Mary, there were those within the house
Who would not have it.

MARY. True, good cousin Pole;
And there were also those without the house
Who would not have it.

POLE. I believe so, cousin.
State-policy and church-policy are conjoint,
But Janus-faces looking diverse ways.
I fear the Emperor much misvalued me.
But all is well; 'twas ev'n the will of God,
Who, waiting till the time had ripen'd, now,
Makes me his mouth of holy greeting. 'Hail,
Daughter of God, and saver of the faith.
Sit benedictus fructus ventris tui!'

MARY. Ah, heaven!

POLE. Unwell, your Grace?

MARY. No, cousin, happy—
Happy to see you; never yet so happy
Since I was crown'd.

POLE. Sweet cousin, you forget
That long low minster where you gave your hand
To this great Catholic King.

PHILIP. Well said, Lord Legate.

MARY. Nay, not well said; I thought of you, my liege,
Ev'n as I spoke.

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PHILIP. Ay, Madam; my Lord Paget
Waits to present our Council to the Legate.
Sit down here, all; Madam, between us you.

POLE. Lo, now you are enclosed with boards of cedar,
Our little sister of the Song of Songs!
You are doubly fenced and shielded sitting here
Between the two most high-set thrones on earth,
The Emperor's highness happily symboll'd by
The King your husband, the Pope's Holiness
By mine own self.

MARY. True, cousin, I am happy.
When will you that we summon both our houses
To take this absolution from your lips,
And be regather'd to the Papal fold?

POLE. In Britain's calendar the brightest day
Beheld our rough forefathers break their Gods,
And clasp the faith in Christ; but after that
Might not St. Andrew's be her happiest day?

MARY. Then these shall meet upon St. Andrew's day.

Enter PAGET, *who presents the Council. Dumb show.*

POLE. I am an old man wearied with my journey,
Ev'n with my joy. Permit me to withdraw.
To Lambeth?

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PHILIP. Ay, Lambeth has ousted Cranmer.
It was not meet the heretic swine should live
In Lambeth.

MARY. There or anywhere, or at all.

PHILIP. We have had it swept and garnish'd after him.

POLE. Not for the seven devils to enter in?

PHILIP. No, for we trust they parted in the swine.

POLE. True, and I am the Angel of the Pope.
Farewell, your Graces.

PHILIP. Nay, not here—to me;
I will go with you to the waterside.

POLE. Not be my Charon to the counter side?

PHILIP. No, my Lord Legate, the Lord Chancellor goes.

POLE. And unto no dead world; but Lambeth palace,
Henceforth a centre of the living faith.

[*Exeunt* PHILIP, POLE, PAGET, *etc.*

Manet MARY.

MARY. He hath awaked! he hath awaked!
He stirs within the darkness!
Oh, Philip, husband! now thy love to mine
Will cling more close, and those bleak manners thaw,
That make me shamed and tongue-tied in my love.

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The second Prince of Peace—
The great unborn defender of the Faith,
Who will avenge me of mine enemies—
He comes, and my star rises.
The stormy Wyatts and Northumberlands,
The proud ambitions of Elizabeth,
And all her fieriest partisans—are pale
Before my star!
The light of this new learning wanes and dies:
The ghosts of Luther and Zuinglius fade
Into the deathless hell which is their doom
Before my star!
His sceptre shall go forth from Ind to Ind!
His sword shall hew the heretic peoples down!
His faith shall clothe the world that will be his,
Like universal air and sunshine! Open,
Ye everlasting gates! The King is here!—
My star, my son!

Enter PHILIP, DUKE OF ALVA, *etc.*

Oh, Philip, come with me;
Good news have I to tell you, news to make
Both of us happy—ay, the Kingdom too.
Nay come with me—one moment!

PHILIP (*to* ALVA). More than that:
There was one here of late—William the Silent

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They call him—he is free enough in talk,
But tells me nothing. You will be, we trust,
Sometime the viceroy of those provinces—
He must deserve his surname better.

ALVA. Ay, sir;
Inherit the Great Silence.

PHILIP. True; the provinces
Are hard to rule and must be hardly ruled;
Most fruitful, yet, indeed, an empty rind,
All hollow'd out with stinging heresies;
And for their heresies, Alva, they will fight;
You must break them or they break you.

ALVA (*proudly*). The first.

PHILIP. Good!
Well, Madam, this new happiness of mine? [*Exeunt.*

Enter THREE PAGES.

FIRST PAGE. News, mates! a miracle, a miracle! news!
The bells must ring; Te Deums must be sung;
The Queen hath felt the motion of her babe!

SECOND PAGE. Ay; but see here!

FIRST PAGE. See what?

SECOND PAGE. This paper, Dickon.
I found it fluttering at the palace gates:—
'The Queen of England is delivered of a dead dog!'

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THIRD PAGE. These are the things that madden her. Fie upon it!

FIRST PAGE. Ay; but I hear she hath a dropsy, lad,
Or a high-dropsy, as the doctors call it.

THIRD PAGE. Fie on her dropsy, so she have a dropsy!
I know that she was ever sweet to me.

FIRST PAGE. For thou and thine are Roman to the core.

THIRD PAGE. So thou and thine must be. Take heed!

FIRST PAGE. Not I,
And whether this flash of news be false or true,
So the wine run, and there be revelry,
Content am I. Let all the steeples clash,
Till the sun dance, as upon Easter Day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—GREAT HALL IN WHITEHALL.

At the far end a daïs. On this three chairs, two under one canopy for MARY *and* PHILIP, *another on the right of these for* POLE. *Under the daïs on* POLE'S *side, ranged along the wall, sit all the Spiritual Peers, and along the wall opposite, all the Temporal. The Commons on cross benches in front, a line of*

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approach to the daïs between them. In the foreground, SIR RALPH BAGENHALL *and other Members of the Commons.*

FIRST MEMBER. St. Andrew's day; sit close, sit close, we are friends.
Is reconciled the word? the Pope again?
It must be thus; and yet, cocksbody! how strange
That Gardiner, once so one with all of us
Against this foreign marriage, should have yielded
So utterly!—strange! but stranger still that he,
So fierce against the Headship of the Pope,
Should play the second actor in this pageant
That brings him in; such a cameleon he!
SECOND MEMBER. This Gardiner turn'd his coat in Henry's time;
The serpent that hath slough'd will slough again.
THIRD MEMBER. Tut, then we all are serpents.
SECOND MEMBER. Speak for yourself.
THIRD MEMBER. Ay, and for Gardiner! being English citizen,
How should he bear a bridegroom out of Spain?
The Queen would have him! being English churchman
How should he bear the headship of the Pope?
The Queen would have it! Statesmen that are wise
Shape a necessity, as a sculptor clay,
To their own model.

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SECOND MEMBER. Statesmen that are wise
Take truth herself for model. What say you?
[*To* SIR RALPH BAGENHALL.

BAGENHALL. We talk and talk.

FIRST MEMBER. Ay, and what use to talk?
Philip's no sudden alien—the Queen's husband,
He's here, and king, or will be—yet cocksbody!
So hated here! I watch'd a hive of late;
My seven-years' friend was with me, my young boy;
Out crept a wasp, with half the swarm behind.
'Philip!' says he. I had to cuff the rogue
For infant treason.

THIRD MEMBER. But they say that bees,
If any creeping life invade their hive
Too gross to be thrust out, will build him round,
And bind him in from harming of their combs.
And Philip by these articles is bound
From stirring hand or foot to wrong the realm.

SECOND MEMBER. By bonds of beeswax, like your creeping thing;
But your wise bees had stung him first to death.

THIRD MEMBER. Hush, hush!
You wrong the Chancellor: the clauses added
To that same treaty which the emperor sent us
Were mainly Gardiner's: that no foreigner
Hold office in the household, fleet, forts, army;
That if the Queen should die without a child,

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The bond between the kingdoms be dissolved;
That Philip should not mix us any way
With his French wars—

SECOND MEMBER. Ay, ay, but what security,
Good sir, for this, if Philip——

THIRD MEMBER. Peace—the Queen,
Philip, and Pole. [*All rise, and stand.*

Enter MARY, PHILIP, *and* POLE.

[GARDINER *conducts them to the three chairs of state.* PHILIP *sits on the* QUEEN'S *left,* POLE *on her right.*

GARDINER. Our short-lived sun, before his winter plunge,
Laughs at the last red leaf, and Andrew's Day.

MARY. Should not this day be held in after years
More solemn than of old?

PHILIP. Madam, my wish
Echoes your Majesty's.

POLE. It shall be so.

GARDINER. Mine echoes both your Graces';
(*aside*) but the Pope—
Can we not have the Catholic church as well
Without as with the Italian? if we cannot,
Why then the Pope.

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My lords of the upper house,
And ye, my masters, of the lower house,
Do ye stand fast by that which ye resolved?

VOICES. We do.

GARDINER. And be you all one mind to supplicate
The Legate here for pardon, and acknowledge
The primacy of the Pope?

VOICES. We are all one mind.

GARDINER. Then must I play the vassal to this Pole. [*Aside.*

[*He draws a paper from under his robes and presents it to the* KING *and* QUEEN, *who look through it and return it to him; then ascends a tribune, and reads.*

We, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal,
And Commons here in Parliament assembled,
Presenting the whole body of this realm
Of England, and dominions of the same,
Do make most humble suit unto your Majesties,
In our own name and that of all the state,
That by your gracious means and intercession
Our supplication be exhibited
To the Lord Cardinal Pole, sent here as Legate
From our most Holy Father Julius, Pope,
And from the Apostolic see of Rome;
And do declare our penitence and grief

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For our long schism and disobedience,
Either in making laws and ordinances
Against the Holy Father's primacy,
Or else by doing or by speaking aught
Which might impugn or prejudice the same;
By this our supplication promising,
As well for our own selves as all the realm,
That now we be and ever shall be quick,
Under and with your Majesties' authorities,
To do to the utmost all that in us lies
Towards the abrogation and repeal
Of all such laws and ordinances made;
Whereon we humbly pray your Majesties,
As persons undefiled with our offence,
So to set forth this humble suit of ours
That we the rather by your intercession
May from the Apostolic see obtain,
Thro' this most reverend Father, absolution,
And full release from danger of all censures
Of Holy Church that we be fall'n into,
So that we may, as children penitent,
Be once again received into the bosom
And unity of Universal Church;
And that this noble realm thro' after years
May in this unity and obedience
Unto the holy see and reigning Pope
Serve God and both your Majesties.

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VOICES. Amen. [*All sit.*

[*He again presents the petition to the* KING *and* QUEEN, *who hand it reverentially to* POLE.

POLE (*sitting*). This is the loveliest day that ever smiled
On England. All her breath should, incenselike,
Rise to the heavens in grateful praise of Him
Who now recalls her to His ancient fold.
Lo! once again God to this realm hath given
A token of His more especial Grace;
For as this people were the first of all
The islands call'd into the dawning church
Out of the dead, deep night of heathendom,
So now are these the first whom God hath given
Grace to repent and sorrow for their schism;
And if your penitence be not mockery,
Oh how the blessed angels who rejoice
Over one saved do triumph at this hour
In the reborn salvation of a land
So noble. [*A pause.*
For ourselves we do protest
That our commission is to heal, not harm;
We come not to condemn, but reconcile;
We come not to compel, but call again;
We come not to destroy, but edify;
Nor yet to question things already done;
These are forgiven—matters of the past—

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And range with jetsam and with offal thrown
Into the blind sea of forgetfulness. [*A pause.*
Ye have reversed the attainder laid on us
By him who sack'd the house of God; and we,
Amplier than any field on our poor earth
Can render thanks in fruit for being sown,
Do here and now repay you sixty-fold,
A hundred, yea, a thousand thousand-fold,
With heaven for earth.

[*Rising and stretching forth his hands. All kneel but* SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, *who rises and remains standing.*

The Lord who hath redeem'd us
With His own blood, and wash'd us from our sins,
To purchase for Himself a stainless bride;
He, whom the Father hath appointed Head
Of all his church, He by His mercy absolve you!
[*A pause.*

And we by that authority Apostolic
Given unto us, his Legate, by the Pope,
Our Lord and Holy Father, Julius,
God's Vicar and Vicegerent upon earth,
Do here absolve you and deliver you
And every one of you, and all the realm
And its dominions from all heresy,
All schism, and from all and every censure,
Judgment, and pain accruing thereupon;

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And also we restore you to the bosom
And unity of Universal Church.

[*Turning to* GARDINER.

Our letters of commission will declare this plainlier.

[QUEEN *heard sobbing. Cries of* Amen! Amen! *Some of the* MEMBERS *embrace one another. All but* SIR RALPH BAGENHALL *pass out into the neighbouring chapel, whence is heard the Te Deum.*

BAGENHALL. We strove against the papacy from the first,
In William's time, in our first Edward's time,
And in my master Henry's time; but now,
The unity of Universal Church,
Mary would have it; and this Gardiner follows;
The unity of Universal Hell,
Philip would have it; and this Gardiner follows!
A Parliament of imitative apes!
Sheep at the gap which Gardiner takes, who not
Believes the Pope, nor any of them believe—
These spaniel-Spaniard English of the time,
Who rub their fawning noses in the dust,
For that is Philip's gold-dust, and adore
This Vicar of their Vicar. Would I had been
Born Spaniard! I had held my head up then.
I am ashamed that I am Bagenhall,
English.

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Enter OFFICER.

OFFICER. Sir Ralph Bagenhall!

BAGENHALL. What of that?

OFFICER. You were the one sole man in either house
Who stood upright when both the houses fell.

BAGENHALL. The houses fell!

OFFICER. I mean the houses knelt
Before the Legate.

BAGENHALL. Do not scrimp your phrase,
But stretch it wider; say when England fell.

OFFICER. I say you were the one sole man who stood.

BAGENHALL. I am the one sole man in either house,
Perchance in England, loves her like a son.

OFFICER. Well, you one man, because you stood upright,
Her Grace the Queen commands you to the Tower.

BAGENHALL. As traitor, or as heretic, or for what?

OFFICER. If any man in any way would be
The one man, he shall be so to his cost.

BAGENHALL. What! will she have my head?

OFFICER. A round fine likelier.
Your pardon. [*Calling to* ATTENDANT.
By the river to the Tower. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.—WHITEHALL. A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY, GARDINER, POLE, PAGET, BONNER, *etc.*

MARY. The King and I, my Lords, now that all traitors
Against our royal state have lost the heads
Wherewith they plotted in their treasonous malice,
Have talk'd together, and are well agreed
That those old statutes touching Lollardism
To bring the heretic to the stake, should be
No longer a dead letter, but requicken'd.

ONE OF THE COUNCIL. Why, what hath fluster'd Gardiner? how he rubs
His forelock!

PAGET. I have changed a word with him
In coming, and may change a word again.

GARDINER. Madam, your Highness is our sun, the King
And you together our two suns in one;
And so the beams of both may shine upon us,
The faith that seem'd to droop will feel your light,
Lift head, and flourish; yet not light alone,
There must be heat—there must be heat enough
To scorch and wither heresy to the root.
For what saith Christ? 'Compel them to come in.'

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And what saith Paul? 'I would they were cut off
That trouble you.' Let the dead letter live!
Trace it in fire, that all the louts to whom
Their A B C is darkness, clowns and grooms
May read it! so you quash rebellion too,
For heretic and traitor are all one:
Two vipers of one breed—an amphisbæna,
Each end a sting: Let the dead letter burn!

PAGET. Yet there be some disloyal Catholics,
And many heretics loyal; heretic throats
Cried no God-bless-her to the Lady Jane,
But shouted in Queen Mary. So there be
Some traitor-heretic, there is axe and cord.
To take the lives of others that are loyal,
And by the churchman's pitiless doom of fire,
Were but a thankless policy in the crown,
Ay, and against itself; for there are many.

MARY. If we could burn out heresy, my Lord Paget,
We reck not tho' we lost this crown of England—
Ay! tho' it were ten Englands!

GARDINER. Right, your Grace.
Paget, you are all for this poor life of ours,
And care but little for the life to be.

PAGET. I have some time, for curiousness, my Lord,
Watch'd children playing at *their* life to be,

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And cruel at it, killing helpless flies;
Such is our time—all times for aught I know.

GARDINER. We kill the heretics that sting the soul—
They, with right reason, flies that prick the flesh.

PAGET. They had not reach'd right reason; little children!
They kill'd but for their pleasure and the power
They felt in killing.

GARDINER. A spice of Satan, ha!
Why, good! what then? granted!—we are fallen creatures;
Look to your Bible, Paget! we are fallen.

PAGET. I am but of the laity, my Lord Bishop,
And may not read your Bible, yet I found
One day, a wholesome scripture, 'Little children,
Love one another.'

GARDINER. Did you find a scripture,
'I come not to bring peace but a sword'? The sword
Is in her Grace's hand to smite with. Paget,
You stand up here to fight for heresy,
You are more than guess'd at as a heretic,
And on the steep-up track of the true faith
Your lapses are far seen.

PAGET. The faultless Gardiner!

MARY. You brawl beyond the question; speak, Lord Legate!

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POLE. Indeed, I cannot follow with your Grace:
Rather would say—the shepherd doth not kill
The sheep that wander from his flock, but send
His careful dog to bring them to the fold.
Look to the Netherlands, wherein have been
Such holocausts of heresy! to what end?
For yet the faith is not established there.

GARDINER. The end's not come.

POLE. No—nor this way will come,
Seeing there lie two ways to every end,
A better and a worse—the worse is here
To persecute, because to persecute
Makes a faith hated, and is furthermore
No perfect witness of a perfect faith
In him who persecutes: when men are tost
On tides of strange opinion, and not sure
Of their own selves, they are wroth with their own selves,
And thence with others; then, who lights the faggot?
Not the full faith, no, but the lurking doubt.
Old Rome, that first made martyrs in the Church,
Trembled for her own gods, for these were trembling—
But when did our Rome tremble?

PAGET. Did she not
In Henry's time and Edward's?

POLE. What, my Lord!
The Church on Peter's rock? never! I have seen

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A pine in Italy that cast its shadow
Athwart a cataract; firm stood the pine—
The cataract shook the shadow. To my mind,
The cataract typed the headlong plunge and fall
Of heresy to the pit: the pine was Rome.
You see, my Lords,
It was the shadow of the Church that trembled;
Your church was but the shadow of a church,
Wanting the Papal mitre.

GARDINER (*muttering*). Here be tropes.

POLE. And tropes are good to clothe a naked truth,
And make it look more seemly.

GARDINER. Tropes again!

POLE. You are hard to please. Then without tropes, my Lord,
An overmuch severeness, I repeat,
When faith is wavering makes the waverer pass
Into more settled hatred of the doctrines
Of those who rule, which hatred by and by
Involves the ruler (thus there springs to light
That Centaur of a monstrous Commonweal,
The traitor-heretic) then tho' some may quail,
Yet others are that dare the stake and fire,
And their strong torment bravely borne, begets
An admiration and an indignation,
And hot desire to imitate; so the plague

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Of schism spreads; were there but three or four
Of these misleaders, yet I would not say
Burn! and we cannot burn whole towns; they are many,
As my Lord Paget says.

GARDINER. Yet my Lord Cardinal—

POLE. I am your Legate; please you let me finish.
Methinks that under our Queen's regimen
We might go softlier than with crimson rowel
And streaming lash. When Herod-Henry first
Began to batter at your English Church,
This was the cause, and hence the judgment on her.
She seethed with such adulteries, and the lives
Of many among your churchmen were so foul
That heaven wept and earth blush'd. I would advise
That we should thoroughly cleanse the Church within
Before these bitter statutes be requicken'd.
So after that when she once more is seen
White as the light, the spotless bride of Christ,
Like Christ himself on Tabor, possibly
The Lutheran may be won to her again;
Till when, my Lords, I counsel tolerance.

GARDINER. What, if a mad dog bit your hand, my Lord,
Would you not chop the bitten finger off,
Lest your whole body should madden with the poison?
I would not, were I Queen, tolerate the heretic,

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No, not an hour. The ruler of a land
Is bounden by his power and place to see
His people be not poison'd. Tolerate them!
Why? do they tolerate you? Nay, many of them
Would burn—have burnt each other; call they not
The one true faith, a loathsome idol-worship?
Beware, Lord Legate, of a heavier crime
Than heresy is itself; beware, I say,
Lest men accuse you of indifference
To all faiths, all religion; for you know
Right well that you yourself have been supposed
Tainted with Lutheranism in Italy.

POLE (*angered*). But you, my Lord, beyond all supposition,
In clear and open day were congruent
With that vile Cranmer in the accursed lie
Of good Queen Catharine's divorce—the spring
Of all those evils that have flow'd upon us;
For you yourself have truckled to the tyrant,
And done your best to bastardise our Queen,
For which God's righteous judgment fell upon you
In your five years of imprisonment, my Lord,
Under young Edward. Who so bolster'd up
The gross King's headship of the Church, or more
Denied the Holy Father!

GARDINER. Ha! what! eh?
But you, my Lord, a polish'd gentleman,

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A bookman, flying from the heat and tussle,
You lived among your vines and oranges,
In your soft Italy yonder! You were sent for,
You were appeal'd to, but you still preferr'd
Your learned leisure. As for what I did
I suffer'd and repented. You, Lord Legate
And Cardinal-Deacon, have not now to learn
That ev'n St. Peter in his time of fear
Denied his Master, ay, and thrice, my Lord.

POLE. But not for five-and-twenty years, my Lord.

GARDINER. Ha! good! it seems then I was summon'd hither
But to be mock'd and baited. Speak, friend Bonner,
And tell this learned Legate he lacks zeal.
The Church's evil is not as the King's,
Cannot be heal'd by stroking. The mad bite
Must have the cautery—tell him—and at once.
What would'st thou do hadst thou his power, thou
That layest so long in heretic bonds with me;
Would'st thou not burn and blast them root and branch?

BONNER. Ay, after you, my Lord.

GARDINER. Nay, God's passion, before me! speak!

BONNER. I am on fire until I see them flame.

GARDINER. Ay, the psalm-singing weavers, cobblers, scum—
But this most noble prince Plantagenet,

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Our good Queen's cousin—dallying over seas
Even when his brother's, nay, his noble mother's,
Head fell—

POLE. Peace, madman!
Thou stirrest up a grief thou canst not fathom.
Thou Christian Bishop, thou Lord Chancellor
Of England! no more rein upon thine anger
Than any child! Thou mak'st me much ashamed
That I was for a moment wroth at thee.

MARY. I came for counsel and ye give me feuds,
Like dogs that set to watch their master's gate,
Fall, when the thief is ev'n within the walls,
To worrying one another. My Lord Chancellor,
You have an old trick of offending us;
And but that you are art and part with us
In purging heresy, well we might, for this
Your violence and much roughness to the Legate,
Have shut you from our counsels. Cousin Pole,
You are fresh from brighter lands. Retire with me.
His Highness and myself (so you allow us)
Will let you learn in peace and privacy
What power this cooler sun of England hath
In breeding godless vermin. And pray Heaven
That you may see according to our sight.
Come, cousin. [*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* POLE, *etc.*

GARDINER. Pole has the Plantagenet face,
But not the force made them our mightiest kings.

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Fine eyes—but melancholy, irresolute—
A fine beard, Bonner, a very full fine beard.
But a weak mouth, an indeterminate—ha?

BONNER. Well, a weak mouth, perchance.

GARDINER. And not like thine
To gorge a heretic whole, roasted or raw.

BONNER. I'd do my best, my Lord; but yet the Legate
Is here as Pope and Master of the Church,
And if he go not with you—

GARDINER. Tut, Master Bishop,
Our bashful Legate, saw'st not how he flush'd?
Touch him upon his old heretical talk,
He'll burn a diocese to prove his orthodoxy.
And let him call me truckler. In those times,
Thou knowest we had to dodge, or duck, or die;
I kept my head for use of Holy Church;
And see you, we shall have to dodge again,
And let the Pope trample our rights, and plunge
His foreign fist into our island Church
To plump the leaner pouch of Italy.
For a time, for a time.
Why? that these statutes may be put in force,
And that his fan may thoroughly purge his floor.

BONNER. So then you hold the Pope—

GARDINER. I hold the Pope!
What do I hold him? what do I hold the Pope?

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Come, come, the morsel stuck—this Cardinal's fault—
I have gulpt it down. I am wholly for the Pope,
Utterly and altogether for the Pope,
The Eternal Peter of the changeless chair,
Crown'd slave of slaves, and mitred king of kings,
God upon earth! what more? what would you have?
Hence, let's be gone.

Enter USHER.

USHER. Well that you be not gone,
My Lord. The Queen, most wroth at first with you,
Is now content to grant you full forgiveness,
So that you crave full pardon of the Legate.
I am sent to fetch you.

GARDINER. Doth Pole yield, sir, ha!
Did you hear 'em? were you by?

USHER. I cannot tell you,
His bearing is so courtly-delicate;
And yet methinks he falters: their two Graces
Do so dear-cousin and royal-cousin him,
So press on him the duty which as Legate
He owes himself, and with such royal smiles—

GARDINER. Smiles that burn men. Bonner, it will be carried.
He falters, ha? 'fore God, we change and change;

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Men now are bow'd and old, the doctors tell you
At three-score years; then if we change at all
We needs must do it quickly; it is an age
Of brief life, and brief purpose, and brief patience,
As I have shown to-day. I am sorry for it
If Pole be like to turn. Our old friend Cranmer,
Your more especial love, hath turn'd so often,
He knows not where he stands, which, if this pass,
We two shall have to teach him; let 'em look to it,
Cranmer and Hooper, Ridley and Latimer,
Rogers and Ferrar, for their time is come,
Their hour is hard at hand, their 'dies Iræ,'
Their 'dies Illa,' which will test their sect.
I feel it but a duty—you will find in it
Pleasure as well as duty, worthy Bonner,—
To test their sect. Sir, I attend the Queen
To crave most humble pardon—of her most
Royal, Infallible, Papal Legate-cousin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—WOODSTOCK.

ELIZABETH, LADY IN WAITING.

ELIZABETH. So they have sent poor Courtenay over sea.

LADY. And banish'd us to Woodstock, and the fields.

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The colours of our Queen are green and white,
These fields are only green, they make me gape.

ELIZABETH. There's whitethorn, girl.

LADY. Ay, for an hour in May.
But court is always May, buds out in masques,
Breaks into feather'd merriments, and flowers
In silken pageants. Why do they keep us here?
Why still suspect your Grace?

ELIZABETH. Hard upon both.

[*Writes on the window with a diamond.*

Much suspected, of me
Nothing proven can be,
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner.

LADY. What hath your Highness written?

ELIZABETH. A true rhyme.

LADY. Cut with a diamond; so to last like truth.

ELIZABETH. Ay, if truth last.

LADY. But truth, they say, will out,
So it must last. It is not like a word,
That comes and goes in uttering.

ELIZABETH. Truth, a word!
The very Truth and very Word are one.
But truth of story, which I glanced at, girl,
Is like a word that comes from olden days,
And passes thro' the peoples: every tongue
Alters it passing, till it spells and speaks
Quite other than at first.

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LADY. I do not follow.

ELIZABETH. How many names in the long sweep of time
That so foreshortens greatness, may but hang
On the chance mention of some fool that once
Brake bread with us, perhaps: and my poor chronicle
Is but of glass. Sir Henry Bedingfield
May split it for a spite.

LADY. God grant it last,
And witness to your Grace's innocence,
Till doomsday melt it.

ELIZABETH. Or a second fire,
Like that which lately crackled underfoot
And in this very chamber, fuse the glass,
And char us back again into the dust
We spring from. Never peacock against rain
Scream'd as you did for water.

LADY. And I got it.
I woke Sir Henry—and he's true to you—
I read his honest horror in his eyes.

ELIZABETH. Or true to you?

LADY. Sir Henry Bedingfield!
I will have no man true to me, your Grace,
But one that pares his nails; to me? the clown!

ELIZABETH. Out, girl! you wrong a noble gentleman.

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LADY. For, like his cloak, his manners want the nap
And gloss of court; but of this fire he says,
Nay swears, it was no wicked wilfulness,
Only a natural chance.

ELIZABETH. A chance—perchance
One of those wicked wilfuls that men make,
Nor shame to call it nature. Nay, I know
They hunt my blood. Save for my daily range
Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ
I might despair. But there hath some one come;
The house is all in movement. Hence, and see.

[*Exit* LADY.

MILKMAID (*singing without*).

Shame upon you, Robin,
Shame upon you now!
Kiss me would you? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Daisies grow again,
Kingcups blow again,
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Robin came behind me,
Kiss'd me well I vow;
Cuff him could I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Swallows fly again,
Cuckoos cry again,
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

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Come, Robin, Robin,
Come and kiss me now;
Help it can I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Ringdoves coo again,
All things woo again.
Come behind and kiss me milking the cow!

ELIZABETH. Right honest and red-cheek'd; Robin was violent,
And she was crafty—a sweet violence,
And a sweet craft. I would I were a milkmaid,
To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake, and die,
Then have my simple headstone by the church,
And all things lived and ended honestly.
I could not if I would. I am Harry's daughter:
Gardiner would have my head. They are not sweet,
The violence and the craft that do divide
The world of nature; what is weak must lie;
The lion needs but roar to guard his young;
The lapwing lies, says 'here' when they are there.
Threaten the child; 'I'll scourge you if you did it:'
What weapon hath the child, save his soft tongue,
To say 'I did not'? and my rod's the block.
I never lay my head upon the pillow
But that I think, 'Wilt thou lie there to-morrow?'
How oft the falling axe, that never fell,
Hath shock'd me back into the daylight truth
That it may fall to-day! Those damp, black, dead

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Nights in the Tower; dead—with the fear of death
Too dead ev'n for a death-watch! Toll of a bell,
Stroke of a clock, the scurrying of a rat
Affrighted me, and then delighted me,
For there was life—And there was life in death—
The little murder'd princes, in a pale light,
Rose hand in hand, and whisper'd, 'come away!
The civil wars are gone for evermore:
Thou last of all the Tudors, come away!
With us is peace!' The last? It was a dream;
I must not dream, not wink, but watch. She has gone,
Maid Marian to her Robin—by and by
Both happy! a fox may filch a hen by night,
And make a morning outcry in the yard;
But there's no Renard here to 'catch her tripping.'
Catch me who can; yet, sometime I have wish'd
That I were caught, and kill'd away at once
Out of the flutter. The gray rogue, Gardiner,
Went on his knees, and pray'd me to confess
In Wyatt's business, and to cast myself
Upon the good Queen's mercy; ay, when, my Lord?
God save the Queen! My jailor—

Enter SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD.

BEDINGFIELD. One, whose bolts,
That jail you from free life, bar you from death.

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There haunt some Papist ruffians hereabout
Would murder you.

ELIZABETH. I thank you heartily, sir,
But I am royal, tho' your prisoner,
And God hath blest or cursed me with a nose—
Your boots are from the horses.

BEDINGFIELD. Ay, my Lady.
When next there comes a missive from the Queen
It shall be all my study for one hour
To rose and lavender my horsiness,
Before I dare to glance upon your Grace.

ELIZABETH. A missive from the Queen: last time she wrote,
I had like to have lost my life: it takes my breath:
O God, sir, do you look upon your boots,
Are you so small a man? Help me: what think you,
Is it life or death?

BEDINGFIELD. I thought not on my boots;
The devil take all boots were ever made
Since man went barefoot. See, I lay it here,
For I will come no nearer to your Grace;
[*Laying down the letter.*
And, whether it bring you bitter news or sweet,
And God hath given your Grace a nose, or not,
I'll help you, if I may.

ELIZABETH. Your pardon, then;
It is the heat and narrowness of the cage

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That makes the captive testy; with free wing
The world were all one Araby. Leave me now,
Will you, companion to myself, sir?

BEDINGFIELD. Will I?

With most exceeding willingness, I will;
You know I never come till I be call'd. [*Exit.*

ELIZABETH. It lies there folded: is there venom in it?
A snake—and if I touch it, it may sting.
Come, come, the worst!
Best wisdom is to know the worst at once. [*Reads:*

'It is the King's wish, that you should wed Prince Philibert of Savoy. You are to come to Court on the instant; and think of this in your coming.

'MARY THE QUEEN.'

Think! I have many thoughts;
I think there may be birdlime here for me;
I think they fain would have me from the realm;
I think the Queen may never bear a child;
I think that I may be some time the Queen,
Then, Queen indeed: no foreign prince or priest
Should fill my throne, myself upon the steps.
I think I will not marry anyone,
Specially not this landless Philibert
Of Savoy; but, if Philip menace me,
I think that I will play with Philibert,—

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As once the Holy Father did with mine,
Before my father married my good mother,—
For fear of Spain.

Enter LADY.

LADY. O Lord! your Grace, your Grace,
I feel so happy: it seems that we shall fly
These bald, blank fields, and dance into the sun
That shines on princes.

ELIZABETH. Yet, a moment since,
I wish'd myself the milkmaid singing here,
To kiss and cuff among the birds and flowers—
A right rough life and healthful.

LADY. But the wench
Hath her own troubles; she is weeping now;
For the wrong Robin took her at her word.
Then the cow kick'd, and all her milk was spilt.
Your Highness such a milkmaid?

ELIZABETH. I had kept
My Robins and my cows in sweeter order
Had I been such.

LADY (*slyly*). And had your Grace a Robin?

ELIZABETH. Come, come, you are chill here; you want the sun
That shines at court; make ready for the journey.
Pray God, we 'scape the sunstroke. Ready at once.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VI.—LONDON. A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

LORD PETRE *and* LORD WILLIAM HOWARD.

PETRE. You cannot see the Queen. Renard denied her,
Ev'n now to me.
HOWARD. Their Flemish go-between
And all-in-all. I came to thank her Majesty
For freeing my friend Bagenhall from the Tower;
A grace to me! Mercy, that herb-of-grace,
Flowers now but seldom.
PETRE. Only now perhaps,
Because the Queen hath been three days in tears
For Philip's going—like the wild hedge-rose
Of a soft winter, possible, not probable,
However you have prov'n it.
HOWARD. I must see her.

Enter RENARD.

RENARD. My Lords, you cannot see her Majesty.
HOWARD. Why then the King! for I would have him bring it
Home to the leisure wisdom of his Queen,
Before he go, that since these statutes past,
Gardiner out-Gardiners Gardiner in his heat,

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Bonner cannot out-Bonner his own self—
Beast!—but they play with fire as children do,
And burn the house. I know that these are breeding
A fierce resolve and fixt heart-hate in men
Against the King, the Queen, the Holy Father,
The faith itself. Can I not see him?

RENARD. Not now.
And in all this, my Lord, her Majesty
Is flint of flint, you may strike fire from her,
Not hope to melt her. I will give your message.

[*Exeunt* PETRE *and* HOWARD.

Enter PHILIP (*musing*).

PHILIP. She will not have Prince Philibert of Savoy,
I talk'd with her in vain—says she will live
And die true maid—a goodly creature too.
Would *she* had been the Queen! yet she must have him;
She troubles England: that she breathes in England
Is life and lungs to every rebel birth
That passes out of embryo.
Simon Renard!—
This Howard, whom they fear, what was he saying?

RENARD. What your imperial father said, my liege,

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To deal with heresy gentlier. Gardiner burns,
And Bonner burns; and it would seem this people
Care more for our brief life in their wet land,
Than yours in happier Spain. I told my Lord
He should not vex her Highness; she would say
These are the means God works with, that His church
May flourish.

PHILIP. Ay, sir, but in statesmanship
To strike too soon is oft to miss the blow.
Thou knowest I bad my chaplain, Castro, preach
Against these burnings.

RENARD. And the Emperor
Approved you, and when last he wrote, declared
His comfort in your Grace that you were bland
And affable to men of all estates,
In hope to charm them from their hate of Spain.

PHILIP. In hope to crush all heresy under Spain.
But, Renard, I am sicker staying here
Than any sea could make me passing hence,
Tho' I be ever deadly sick at sea.
So sick am I with biding for this child.
Is it the fashion in this clime for women
To go twelve months in bearing of a child?
The nurses yawn'd, the cradle gaped, they led
Processions, chanted litanies, clash'd their bells,
Shot off their lying cannon, and her priests
Have preach'd, the fools, of this fair prince to come;

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Till, by St. James, I find myself the fool.
Why do you lift your eyebrow at me thus?

RENARD. I never saw your Highness moved till now.

PHILIP. So weary am I of this wet land of theirs,
And every soul of man that breathes therein.

RENARD. My liege, we must not drop the mask before
The masquerade is over—

PHILIP. —Have I dropt it?
I have but shown a loathing face to you,
Who knew it from the first.

Enter MARY.

MARY (*aside*). With Renard. Still
Parleying with Renard, all the day with Renard,
And scarce a greeting all the day for me—
And goes to-morrow. [*Exit* MARY.

PHILIP (*to* RENARD, *who advances to him*). Well, sir, is there more?

RENARD (*who has perceived the* QUEEN). May Simon Renard speak a single word?

PHILIP. Ay.

RENARD. And be forgiven for it?

PHILIP. Simon Renard

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Knows me too well to speak a single word
That could not be forgiven.

RENARD. Well, my liege,
Your Grace hath a most chaste and loving wife.

PHILIP. Why not? The Queen of Philip should be chaste.

RENARD. Ay, but, my Lord, you know what Virgil sings,
Woman is various and most mutable.

PHILIP. She play the harlot! never.

RENARD. No, sire, no,
Not dream'd of by the rabidest gospeller.
There was a paper thrown into the palace,
'The King hath wearied of his barren bride.'
She came upon it, read it, and then rent it,
With all the rage of one who hates a truth
He cannot but allow. Sire, I would have you—
What should I say, I cannot pick my words—
Be somewhat less—majestic to your Queen.

PHILIP. Am I to change my manners, Simon Renard,
Because these islanders are brutal beasts?
Or would you have me turn a sonneteer,
And warble those brief-sighted eyes of hers?

RENARD. Brief-sighted tho' they be, I have seen them, sire,
When you perchance were trifling royally

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With some fair dame of court, suddenly fill
With such fierce fire—had it been fire indeed
It would have burnt both speakers.

PHILIP. Ay, and then?

RENARD. Sire, might it not be policy in some matter
Of small importance now and then to cede
A point to her demand?

PHILIP. Well, I am going.

RENARD. For should her love when you are gone, my liege,
Witness these papers, there will not be wanting
Those that will urge her injury—should her love—
And I have known such women more than one—
Veer to the counterpoint, and jealousy
Hath in it an alchemic force to fuse
Almost into one metal love and hate,—
And she impress her wrongs upon her Council,
And these again upon her Parliament—
We are not loved here, and would be then perhaps
Not so well holpen in our wars with France,
As else we might be—here she comes.

Enter MARY.

MARY. O Philip!
Nay, must you go indeed?

PHILIP. Madam, I must.

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MARY. The parting of a husband and a wife
Is like the cleaving of a heart; one half
Will flutter here, one there.

PHILIP. You say true, Madam.

MARY. The Holy Virgin will not have me yet
Lose the sweet hope that I may bear a prince.
If such a prince were born and you not here!

PHILIP. I should be here if such a prince were born.

MARY. But must you go?

PHILIP. Madam, you know my father,
Retiring into cloistral solitude
To yield the remnant of his years to heaven,
Will shift the yoke and weight of all the world
From off his neck to mine. We meet at Brussels.
But since mine absence will not be for long,
Your Majesty shall go to Dover with me,
And wait my coming back.

MARY. To Dover? no,
I am too feeble. I will go to Greenwich,
So you will have me with you; and there watch
All that is gracious in the breath of heaven
Draw with your sails from our poor land, and pass
And leave me, Philip, with my prayers for you.

PHILIP. And doubtless I shall profit by your prayers.

MARY. Methinks that would you tarry one day more

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(The news was sudden) I could mould myself
To bear your going better; will you do it?

PHILIP. Madam, a day may sink or save a realm.

MARY. A day may save a heart from breaking too.

PHILIP. Well, Simon Renard, shall we stop a day?

RENARD. Your Grace's business will not suffer, sire,
For one day more, so far as I can tell.

PHILIP. Then one day more to please her Majesty.

MARY. The sunshine sweeps across my life again.
O if I knew you felt this parting, Philip,
As I do!

PHILIP. By St. James I do protest,
Upon the faith and honour of a Spaniard,
I am vastly grieved to leave your Majesty.
Simon, is supper ready?

RENARD. Ay, my liege,
I saw the covers laying.

PHILIP. Let us have it. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Mary, Cardinal Pole.

Mary. What have you there?

Pole. So please your Majesty,
A long petition from the foreign exiles
To spare the life of Cranmer. Bishop Thirlby,
And my Lord Paget and Lord William Howard,
Crave, in the same cause, hearing of your Grace.
Hath he not written himself—infatuated—
To sue you for his life?

Mary. His life? Oh, no;
Not sued for that—he knows it were in vain.
But so much of the anti-papal leaven
Works in him yet, he hath pray'd me not to sully
Mine own prerogative, and degrade the realm
By seeking justice at a stranger's hand
Against my natural subject. King and Queen,
To whom he owes his loyalty after God,
Shall these accuse him to a foreign prince?

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Death would not grieve him more. I cannot be
True to this realm of England and the Pope
Together, says the heretic.

POLE. And there errs;
As he hath ever err'd thro' vanity.
A secular kingdom is but as the body
Lacking a soul; and in itself a beast.
The Holy Father in a secular kingdom
Is as the soul descending out of heaven
Into a body generate.

MARY. Write to him, then.

POLE. I will.

MARY. And sharply, Pole.

POLE. Here come the Cranmerites!

Enter THIRLBY, LORD PAGET, LORD WILLIAM HOWARD.

HOWARD. Health to your Grace! Good morrow, my Lord Cardinal;
We make our humble prayer unto your Grace
That Cranmer may withdraw to foreign parts,
Or into private life within the realm.
In several bills and declarations, Madam,
He hath recanted all his heresies.

PAGET. Ay, ay; if Bonner have not forged the bills. [*Aside.*

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MARY. Did not More die, and Fisher? he must burn.

HOWARD. He hath recanted, Madam.

MARY. The better for him.
He burns in Purgatory, not in Hell.

HOWARD. Ay, ay, your Grace; but it was never seen
That any one recanting thus at full,
As Cranmer hath, came to the fire on earth.

MARY. It will be seen now, then.

THIRLBY. O Madam, Madam!
I thus implore you, low upon my knees,
To reach the hand of mercy to my friend.
I have err'd with him; with him I have recanted.
What human reason is there why my friend
Should meet with lesser mercy than myself?

MARY. My Lord of Ely, this. After a riot
We hang the leaders, let their following go.
Cranmer is head and father of these heresies,
New learning as they call it; yea, may God
Forget me at most need when I forget
Her foul divorce—my sainted mother—No!—

HOWARD. Ay. ay, but mighty doctors doubted there.
The Pope himself waver'd; and more than one
Row'd in that galley—Gardiner to wit,
Whom truly I deny not to have been
Your faithful friend and trusty councillor.
Hath not your Highness ever read his book,

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His tractate upon True Obedience,
Writ by himself and Bonner?

MARY. I will take
Such order with all bad, heretical books
That none shall hold them in his house and live,
Henceforward. No, my Lord.

HOWARD. Then never read it.
The truth is here. Your father was a man
Of such colossal kinghood, yet so courteous,
Except when wroth, you scarce could meet his eye
And hold your own; and were he wroth indeed,
You held it less, or not at all. I say,
Your father had a will that beat men down;
Your father had a brain that beat men down—

POLE. Not me, my Lord.

HOWARD. No, for you were not here;
You sit upon this fallen Cranmer's throne;
And it would more become you, my Lord Legate,
To join a voice, so potent with her Highness,
To ours in plea for Cranmer than to stand
On naked self-assertion.

MARY. All your voices
Are waves on flint. The heretic must burn.

HOWARD. Yet once he saved your Majesty's own life;
Stood out against the King in your behalf,
At his own peril.

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MARY. I know not if he did;
And if he did I care not, my Lord Howard.
My life is not so happy, no such boon,
That I should spare to take a heretic priest's,
Who saved it or not saved. Why do you vex me?

PAGET. Yet to save Cranmer were to serve the Church,
Your Majesty's I mean; he is effaced,
Self-blotted out; so wounded in his honour,
He can but creep down into some dark hole
Like a hurt beast, and hide himself and die;
But if you burn him,—well, your Highness knows
The saying, 'Martyr's blood—seed of the Church.'

MARY. Of the true Church; but his is none, nor will be.
You are too politic for me, my Lord Paget.
And if he have to live so loath'd a life,
It were more merciful to burn him now.

THIRLBY. O yet relent. O, Madam, if you knew him
As I do, ever gentle, and so gracious,
With all his learning—

MARY. Yet a heretic still.
His learning makes his burning the more just.

THIRLEY. So worshipt of all those that came across him;
The stranger at his hearth, and all his house—

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MARY. His children and his concubine, belike.

THIRLBY. To do him any wrong was to beget
A kindness from him, for his heart was rich,
Of such fine mould, that if you sow'd therein
The seed of Hate, it blossom'd Charity.

POLE. 'After his kind it costs him nothing,' there's
An old world English adage to the point.
These are but natural graces, my good Bishop,
Which in the Catholic garden are as flowers,
But on the heretic dunghill only weeds.

HOWARD. Such weeds make dunghills gracious.

MARY. Enough, my Lords.
It is God's will, the Holy Father's will,
And Philip's will, and mine, that he should burn.
He is pronounced anathema.

HOWARD. Farewell, Madam,
God grant you ampler mercy at your call
Than you have shown to Cranmer. [*Exeunt* LORDS.

POLE. After this,
Your Grace will hardly care to overlook
This same petition of the foreign exiles
For Cranmer's life.

MARY. Make out the writ to-night.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.—OXFORD. CRANMER IN PRISON.

CRANMER. Last night, I dream'd the faggots were alight,
And that myself was fasten'd to the stake,
And found it all a visionary flame,
Cool as the light in old decaying wood;
And then King Harry look'd from out a cloud,
And bad me have good courage; and I heard
An angel cry 'There is more joy in Heaven,'—
And after that, the trumpet of the dead.
[*Trumpets without.*
Why, there are trumpets blowing now: what is it?

Enter FATHER COLE.

COLE. Cranmer. I come to question you again;
Have you remain'd in the true Catholic faith
I left you in?

CRANMER. In the true Catholic faith,
By Heaven's grace, I am more and more confirm'd.
Why are the trumpets blowing, Father Cole?

COLE. Cranmer, it is decided by the Council
That you to-day should read your recantation
Before the people in St. Mary's Church.
And there be many heretics in the town,
Who loathe you for your late return to Rome,

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And might assail you passing through the street,
And tear you piecemeal: so you have a guard.

CRANMER. Or seek to rescue me. I thank the Council.

COLE. Do you lack any money?

CRANMER. Nay, why should I?
The prison fare is good enough for me.

COLE. Ay, but to give the poor.

CRANMER. Hand it me, then!
I thank you.

COLE. For a little space, farewell;
Until I see you in St. Mary's Church. [*Exit* COLE.

CRANMER. It is against all precedent to burn
One who recants; they mean to pardon me.
To give the poor—they give the poor who die.
Well, burn me or not burn me I am fixt;
It is but a communion, not a mass:
A holy supper, not a sacrifice;
No man can make his Maker—Villa Garcia.

Enter VILLA GARCIA.

VILLA GARCIA. Pray you write out this paper for me, Cranmer.

CRANMER. Have I not writ enough to satisfy you?

VILLA GARCIA. It is the last.

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CRANMER. Give it me, then.

[*He writes.*

VILLA GARCIA. Now sign.

CRANMER. I have sign'd enough, and I will sign no more.

VILLA GARCIA. It is no more than what you have sign'd already,
The public form thereof.

CRANMER. It may be so;
I sign it with my presence, if I read it.

VILLA GARCIA. But this is idle of you. Well, sir, well,
You are to beg the people to pray for you;
Exhort them to a pure and virtuous life;
Declare the Queen's right to the throne; confess
Your faith before all hearers; and retract
That Eucharistic doctrine in your book.
Will you not sign it now?

CRANMER. No, Villa Garcia,
I sign no more. Will they have mercy on me?

VILLA GARCIA. Have you good hopes of mercy! So, farewell. [*Exit.*

CRANMER. Good hopes, not theirs, have I that I am fixt,
Fixt beyond fall; however, in strange hours,
After the long brain-dazing colloquies,
And thousand-times recurring argument

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Of those two friars ever in my prison,
When left alone in my despondency,
Without a friend, a book, my faith would seem
Dead or half-drown'd, or else swam heavily
Against the huge corruptions of the Church,
Monsters of mistradition, old enough
To scare me into dreaming, 'what am I,
Cranmer, against whole ages?' was it so,
Or am I slandering my most inward friend,
To veil the fault of my most outward foe—
The soft and tremulous coward in the flesh?
O higher, holier, earlier, purer church,
I have found thee and not leave thee any more.
It is but a communion, not a mass—
No sacrifice, but a life-giving feast!
(*Writes.*) So, so; this will I say—thus will I pray.
[*Puts up the paper.*

Enter BONNER.

BONNER. Good day, old friend; what, you look somewhat worn;
And yet it is a day to test your health
Ev'n at the best: I scarce have spoken with you
Since when?—your degradation. At your trial
Never stood up a bolder man than you;
You would not cap the Pope's commissioner—

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Your learning, and your stoutness, and your heresy,
Dumbfounded half of us. So, after that,
We had to dis-archbishop and unlord,
And make you simple Cranmer once again.
The common barber clipt your hair, and I
Scraped from your finger-points the holy oil;
And worse than all, you had to kneel to *me;*
Which was not pleasant for you, Master Cranmer.
Now you, that would not recognise the Pope,
And you, that would not own the Real Presence,
Have found a real presence in the stake,
Which frights you back into the ancient faith;
And so you have recanted to the Pope.
How are the mighty fallen, Master Cranmer!

CRANMER. You have been more fierce against the Pope than I;
But why fling back the stone he strikes me with?
[*Aside.*
O Bonner, if I ever did you kindness—
Power hath been given you to try faith by fire—
Pray you, remembering how yourself have changed,
Be somewhat pitiful, after I have gone,
To the poor flock—to women and to children—
That when I was archbishop held with me.

BONNER. Ay—gentle as they call you—live or die!
Pitiful to this pitiful heresy?

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I must obey the Queen and Council, man.
Win thro' this day with honour to yourself,
And I'll say something for you—so—good-bye. [*Exit.*

CRANMER. This hard coarse man of old hath crouch'd to me
Till I myself was half ashamed for him.

Enter THIRLBY.

Weep not, good Thirlby.

THIRLBY. Oh, my Lord, my Lord!
My heart is no such block as Bonner's is:
Who would not weep?

CRANMER. Why do you so my-lord me,
Who am disgraced?

THIRLBY. On earth; but saved in heaven
By your recanting.

CRANMER. Will they burn me, Thirlby?

THIRLBY. Alas, they will; these burnings will not help
The purpose of the faith; but my poor voice
Against them is a whisper to the roar
Of a spring-tide.

CRANMER. And they will surely burn me?

THIRLBY. Ay; and besides, will have you in the church
Repeat your recantation in the ears

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Of all men, to the saving of their souls,
Before your execution. May God help you
Thro' that hard hour!

CRANMER. And may God bless you, Thirlby!
Well, they shall hear my recantation there.

[*Exit* THIRLBY.

Disgraced, dishonour'd!—not by them, indeed,
By mine own self—by mine own hand!
O thin-skinn'd hand and jutting veins, 'twas you
That sign'd the burning of poor Joan of Kent;
But then she was a witch. You have written much,
But you were never raised to plead for Frith,
Whose dogmas I have reach'd: he was deliver'd
To the secular arm to burn; and there was Lambert;
Who can foresee himself? truly these burnings,
As Thirlby says, are profitless to the burners,
And help the other side. You shall burn too,
Burn first when I am burnt.
Fire—inch by inch to die in agony! Latimer
Had a brief end—not Ridley. Hooper burn'd
Three-quarters of an hour. Will my faggots
Be wet as his were? It is a day of rain.
I will not muse upon it.
My fancy takes the burner's part, and makes
The fire seem even crueller than it is.
No, I not doubt that God will give me strength,
Albeit I have denied him.

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Enter SOTO *and* VILLA GARCIA.

VILLA GARCIA. We are ready
To take you to St. Mary's, Master Cranmer.

CRANMER. And I: lead on; ye loose me from my bonds. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

COLE *in the Pulpit,* LORD WILLIAMS OF THAME *presiding.* LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, LORD PAGET, *and others.* CRANMER *enters between* SOTO *and* VILLA GARCIA, *and the whole Choir strike up* 'Nunc Dimittis.' CRANMER *is set upon a Scaffold before the people.*

COLE. Behold him—

[*A pause: people in the foreground.*

PEOPLE. Oh, unhappy sight!

FIRST PROTESTANT. See how the tears run down his fatherly face.

SECOND PROTESTANT. James, didst thou ever see a carrion crow
Stand watching a sick beast before he dies?

FIRST PROTESTANT. Him perch'd up there? I wish some thunderbolt
Would make this Cole a cinder, pulpit and all.

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COLE. Behold him, brethren: he hath cause to weep!—
So have we all: weep with him if ye will,
Yet——
It is expedient for one man to die,
Yea, for the people, lest the people die.
Yet wherefore should he die that hath return'd
To the one Catholic Universal Church,
Repentant of his errors?

PROTESTANT *murmurs.* Ay, tell us that.

COLE. Those of the wrong side will despise the man,
Deeming him one that thro' the fear of death
Gave up his cause, except he seal his faith
In sight of all with flaming martyrdom.

CRANMER. Ay.

COLE. Ye hear him, and albeit there may seem
According to the canons pardon due
To him that so repents, yet are there causes
Wherefore our Queen and Council at this time
Adjudge him to the death. He hath been a traitor,
A shaker and confounder of the realm;
And when the King's divorce was sued at Rome,
He here, this heretic metropolitan,
As if he had been the Holy Father, sat
And judged it. Did I call him heretic?
A huge heresiarch! never was it known

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That any man so writing, preaching so,
So poisoning the Church, so long continuing,
Hath found his pardon; therefore he must die,
For warning and example.
Other reasons
There be for this man's ending, which our Queen
And Council at this present deem it not
Expedient to be known.

PROTESTANT *murmurs.* I warrant you.

COLE. Take therefore, all, example by this man,
For if our Holy Queen not pardon him,
Much less shall others in like cause escape,
That all of you, the highest as the lowest,
May learn there is no power against the Lord.
There stands a man, once of so high degree,
Chief prelate of our Church, archbishop, first
In Council, second person in the realm,
Friend for so long time of a mighty King;
And now ye see downfallen and debased
From councillor to caitiff—fallen so low,
The leprous flutterings of the byway, scum
And offal of the city would not change
Estates with him; in brief, so miserable,
There is no hope of better left for him,
No place for worse.
Yet, Cranmer, be thou glad.
This is the work of God. He is glorified

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In thy conversion: lo! thou art reclaim'd;
He brings thee home: nor fear but that to-day
Thou shalt receive the penitent thief's award,
And be with Christ the Lord in Paradise.
Remember how God made the fierce fire seem
To those three children like a pleasant dew.
Remember, too,
The triumph of St. Andrew on his cross,
The patience of St. Lawrence in the fire.
Thus, if thou call on God and all the saints,
God will beat down the fury of the flame,
Or give thee saintly strength to undergo.
And for thy soul shall masses here be sung
By every priest in Oxford. Pray for him.

CRANMER. Ay, one and all, dear brothers, pray for me;
Pray with one breath, one heart, one soul for me.

COLE. And now, lest anyone among you doubt
The man's conversion and remorse of heart,
Yourselves shall hear him speak. Speak, Master Cranmer,
Fulfil your promise made me, and proclaim
Your true undoubted faith, that all may hear.

CRANMER. And that I will. O God, Father of Heaven!
O Son of God, Redeemer of the world!
O Holy Ghost! proceeding from them both,

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Three persons and one God, have mercy on me,
Most miserable sinner, wretched man.
I have offended against heaven and earth
More grievously than any tongue can tell.
Then whither should I flee for any help?
I am ashamed to lift my eyes to heaven,
And I can find no refuge upon earth.
Shall I despair then?—God forbid! O God,
For thou art merciful, refusing none
That come to Thee for succour, unto Thee,
Therefore, I come; humble myself to Thee;
Saying, O Lord God, although my sins be great,
For thy great mercy have mercy! O God the Son,
Not for slight faults alone, when thou becamest
Man in the Flesh, was the great mystery wrought;
O God the Father, not for little sins
Didst thou yield up thy Son to human death;
But for the greatest sin that can be sinn'd,
Yea, even such as mine, incalculable,
Unpardonable,—sin against the light,
The truth of God, which I had proven and known.
Thy mercy must be greater than all sin.
Forgive me, Father, for no merit of mine,
But that Thy name by man be glorified,
And Thy most blessed Son's, who died for man.
Good people, every man at time of death
Would fain set forth some saying that may live

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After his death and better humankind;
For death gives life's last word a power to live,
And, like the stone-cut epitaph, remain
After the vanish'd voice, and speak to men.
God grant me grace to glorify my God!
And first I say it is a grievous case,
Many so dote upon this bubble world,
Whose colours in a moment break and fly,
They care for nothing else. What saith St. John:—
'Love of this world is hatred against God.'
Again, I pray you all that, next to God,
You do unmurmuringly and willingly
Obey your King and Queen, and not for dread
Of these alone, but from the fear of Him
Whose ministers they be to govern you.
Thirdly, I pray you all to live together
Like brethren; yet what hatred Christian men
Bear to each other, seeming not as brethren,
But mortal foes! But do you good to all
As much as in you lieth. Hurt no man more
Than you would harm your loving natural brother
Of the same roof, same breast. If any do,
Albeit he think himself at home with God,
Of this be sure, he is whole worlds away.

PROTESTANT *murmurs.* What sort of brothers then be those that lust
To burn each other?

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WILLIAMS. Peace among you, there!

CRANMER. Fourthly, to those that own exceeding wealth,
Remember that sore saying spoken once
By Him that was the truth, 'How hard it is
For the rich man to enter into Heaven;'
Let all rich men remember that hard word.
I have not time for more: if ever, now
Let them flow forth in charity, seeing now
The poor so many, and all food so dear.
Long have I lain in prison, yet have heard
Of all their wretchedness. Give to the poor,
Ye give to God. He is with us in the poor.
And now, and forasmuch as I have come
To the last end of life, and thereupon
Hangs all my past, and all my life to be,
Either to live with Christ in Heaven with joy,
Or to be still in pain with devils in hell;
And, seeing in a moment, I shall find
[*Pointing upwards.*
Heaven or else hell ready to swallow me,
[*Pointing downwards.*
I shall declare to you my very faith
Without all colour.

COLE. Hear him, my good brethren.

CRANMER. I do believe in God, Father of all;
In every article of the Catholic faith,

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And every syllable taught us by our Lord,
His prophets, and apostles, in the Testaments,
Both Old and New.

COLE. Be plainer, Master Cranmer.

CRANMER. And now I come to the great cause that weighs
Upon my conscience more than anything
Or said or done in all my life by me;
For there be writings I have set abroad
Against the truth I knew within my heart,
Written for fear of death, to save my life,
If that might be; the papers by my hand
Sign'd since my degradation—by this hand
[*Holding out his right hand.*
Written and sign'd—I here renounce them all;
And, since my hand offended, having written
Against my heart, my hand shall first be burnt,
So I may come to the fire. [*Dead silence.*

PROTESTANT *murmurs.*

FIRST PROTESTANT. I knew it would be so.

SECOND PROTESTANT. Our prayers are heard!

THIRD PROTESTANT. God bless him!

CATHOLIC *murmurs.* Out upon him! out upon him!
Liar! dissembler! traitor! to the fire!

WILLIAMS (*raising his voice*). You know that you recanted all you said

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Touching the sacrament in that same book
You wrote against my Lord of Winchester;
Dissemble not; play the plain Christian man.

CRANMER. Alas, my Lord,
I have been a man loved plainness all my life;
I *did* dissemble, but the hour has come
For utter truth and plainness; wherefore, I say,
I hold by all I wrote within that book.
Moreover,
As for the Pope I count him Antichrist,
With all his devil's doctrines; and refuse,
Reject him, and abhor him. I have said.

[*Cries on all sides*, 'Pull him down! Away with him!'

COLE. Ay, stop the heretic's mouth! Hale him away!

WILLIAMS. Harm him not, harm him not! have him to the fire!

[CRANMER *goes out between Two Friars, smiling; hands are reached to him from the crowd.* LORD WILLIAM HOWARD *and* LORD PAGET *are left alone in the church.*

PAGET. The nave and aisles all empty as a fool's jest!
No, here's Lord William Howard. What, my Lord,
You have not gone to see the burning?

HOWARD. Fie!
To stand at ease, and stare as at a show,

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And watch a good man burn. Never again.
I saw the deaths of Latimer and Ridley.
Moreover, tho' a Catholic, I would not,
For the pure honour of our common nature,
Hear what I might—another recantation
Of Cranmer at the stake.

PAGET. You'd not hear that.
He pass'd out smiling, and he walk'd upright;
His eye was like a soldier's, whom the general
He looks to and he leans on as his God,
Hath rated for some backwardness and bidd'n him
Charge one against a thousand, and the man
Hurls his soil'd life against the pikes and dies.

HOWARD. Yet that he might not after all those papers
Of recantation yield again, who knows?

PAGET. Papers of recantation! Think you then
That Cranmer read all papers that he sign'd?
Or sign'd all those they tell us that he sign'd?
Nay, I trow not: and you shall see, my Lord,
That howsoever hero-like the man
Dies in the fire, this Bonner or another
Will in some lying fashion misreport
His ending to the glory of their church.
And you saw Latimer and Ridley die?
Latimer was eighty, was he not? his best
Of life was over then.

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HOWARD. His eighty years
Looked somewhat crooked on him in his frieze;
But after they had stript him to his shroud,
He stood upright, a lad of twenty-one,
And gather'd with his hands the starting flame,
And wash'd his hands and all his face therein,
Until the powder suddenly blew him dead.
Ridley was longer burning; but he died
As manfully and boldly, and, 'fore God,
I know them heretics, but right English ones.
If ever, as heaven grant, we clash with Spain,
Our Ridley-soldiers and our Latimer-sailors
Will teach her something.

PAGET. Your mild Legate Pole
Will tell you that the devil helpt them thro' it.

[*A murmur of the Crowd in the distance.*

Hark, how those Roman wolfdogs howl and bay him!

HOWARD. Might it not be the other side rejoicing
In his brave end?

PAGET. They are too crush'd, too broken,
They can but weep in silence.

HOWARD. Ay, ay, Paget,
They have brought it in large measure on themselves.
Have I not heard them mock the blessed Host
In songs so lewd, the beast might roar his claim
To being in God's image, more than they?
Have I not seen the gamekeeper, the groom,

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Gardener, and huntsman, in the parson's place,
The parson from his own spire swung out dead,
And Ignorance crying in the streets, and all men
Regarding her? I say they have drawn the fire
On their own heads: yet, Paget, I do hold
The Catholic, if he have the greater right,
Hath been the crueller.

PAGET. Action and re-action,
The miserable see-saw of our child-world,
Make us despise it at odd hours, my Lord.
Heaven help that this re-action not re-act
Yet fiercelier under Queen Elizabeth,
So that she come to rule us.

HOWARD. The world's mad.

PAGET. My Lord, the world is like a drunken man,
Who cannot move straight to his end—but reels
Now to the right, then as far to the left,
Push'd by the crowd beside—and underfoot
An earthquake; for since Henry for a doubt—
Which a young lust had clapt upon the back,
Crying, 'Forward!'—set our old church rocking, men
Have hardly known what to believe, or whether
They should believe in anything; the currents
So shift and change, they see not how they are borne,
Nor whither. I conclude the King a beast;
Verily a lion if you will—the world
A most obedient beast and fool—myself

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Half beast and fool as appertaining to it;
Altho' your Lordship hath as little of each
Cleaving to your original Adam-clay,
As may be consonant with mortality.

HOWARD. We talk and Cranmer suffers.
The kindliest man I ever knew; see, see,
I speak of him in the past. Unhappy land!
Hard-natured Queen, half-Spanish in herself,
And grafted on the hard-grain'd stock of Spain—
Her life, since Philip left her, and she lost
Her fierce desire of bearing him a child,
Hath, like a brief and bitter winter's day,
Gone narrowing down and darkening to a close.
There will be more conspiracies, I fear.

PAGET. Ay, ay, beware of France.

HOWARD. O Paget, Paget!
I have seen heretics of the poorer sort,
Expectant of the fack from day to day,
To whom the fire were welcome, lying chain'd
In breathless dungeons over steaming sewers,
Fed with rank bread that crawl'd upon the tongue,
And putrid water, every drop a worm,
Until they died of rotted limbs; and then
Cast on the dunghill naked, and become
Hideously alive again from head to heel,
Made even the carrion-nosing mongrel vomit
With hate and horror.

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PAGET. Nay, you sicken *me*
To hear you.

HOWARD. Fancy-sick; these things are done,
Done right against the promise of this Queen
Twice given.

PAGET. No faith with heretics, my Lord!
Hist! there be two old gossips—gospellers,
I take it; stand behind the pillar here;
I warrant you they talk about the burning.

Enter TWO OLD WOMEN. JOAN, *and after her* TIB.

JOAN. Why, it be Tib!

TIB. I cum behind tha, gall, and couldn't make tha hear. Eh, the wind and the wet! What a day, what a day! nigh upo' judgement daay loike. Pwoaps be pretty things, Joan, but they wunt set i' the Lord's cheer o' that daay.

JOAN. I must set down myself, Tib; it be a var waay vor my owld legs up vro' Islip. Eh, my rheumatizy be that bad howiver be I to win to the burnin'.

TIB. I should saay 'twur ower by now. I'd ha' been here avore, but Dumble wur blow'd wi' the wind, and Dumble's the best milcher in Islip.

JOAN. Our Daisy's as good 'z her.

TIB. Noa, Joan.

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JOAN. Our Daisy's butter's as good 'z hern.

TIB. Noa, Joan.

JOAN. Our Daisy's cheeses be better.

TIB. Noa, Joan.

JOAN. Eh, then ha' thy waay wi' me, Tib; ez thou hast wi' thy owld man.

TIB. Ay, Joan, and my owld man wur up and awaay betimes wi' dree hard eggs for a good pleace at the burnin'; and barrin' the wet, Hodge 'ud ha' been a-harrowin' o' white peasen i' the outfield—and barrin' the wind, Dumble wur blow'd wi' the wind, so 'z we was forced to stick her, but we fetched her round at last. Thank the Lord therevore. Dumble's the best milcher in Islip.

JOAN. Thou's thy way wi' man and beast, Tib. I wonder at tha', it beats me! Eh, but I do know ez Pwoaps and vires be bad things; tell 'ee now, I heerd summat as summun towld summun o' owld Bishop Gardiner's end; there wur an owld lord a-cum to dine wi' un, and a wur so owld a couldn't bide vor his dinner, but a had to bide howsomiver, vor 'I wunt dine,' says my Lord Bishop, says he, 'not till I hears ez Latimer and Ridley be a-vire;' and so they bided on and on till vour o' the clock, till his man cum in post vro' here, and tells un ez the vire has tuk holt. 'Now,' says the Bishop, says he, 'we'll gwo to dinner;' and the owld lord fell to 's meat wi' a will, God bless

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un! but Gardiner wur struck down like by the hand o' God avore a could taste a mossel, and a set un all a-vire, so 'z the tongue on un cum a-lolluping out o' 'is mouth as black as a rat Thank the Lord, therevore.

PAGET. The fools!

TIB. Ay, Joan; and Queen Mary gwoes on a-burnin' and a-burnin', to get her baaby born; but all her burnin's 'ill never burn out the hypocrisy that makes the water in her. There's nought but the vire of God's hell ez can burn out that.

JOAN. Thank the Lord, therevore.

PAGET. The fools!

TIB. A-burnin', and a-burnin', and a-makin' o' volk madder and madder; but tek thou my word vor't, Joan,—and I bean't wrong not twice i' ten year —the burnin' o' the owld archbishop 'll burn the Pwoap out o' this 'ere land vor iver and iver.

HOWARD. Out of the church, you brace of cursed crones,
Or I will have you duck'd! (*Women hurry out.*)
Said I not right?
For how should reverend prelate or throned prince
Brook for an hour such brute malignity?
Ah, what an acrid wine has Luther brew'd!

PAGET. Pooh, pooh, my Lord! poor garrulous country-wives.

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Buy you their cheeses, and they'll side with you;
You cannot judge the liquor from the lees.

HOWARD. I think that in some sort we may. But see,

Enter PETERS.

Peters, my gentleman, an honest Catholic,
Who follow'd with the crowd to Cranmer's fire.
One that would neither misreport nor lie,
Not to gain paradise: no, nor if the Pope,
Charged him to do it—he is white as death.
Peters, how pale you look! you bring the smoke
Of Cranmer's burning with you.

PETERS. Twice or thrice
The smoke of Cranmer's burning wrapt me round.

HOWARD. Peters, you know me Catholic, but English.
Did he die bravely? Tell me that, or leave
All else untold.

PETERS. My Lord, he died most bravely.

HOWARD. Then tell me all.

PAGET. Ay, Master Peters, tell us.

PETERS. You saw him how he past among the crowd;
And ever as he walk'd the Spanish friars
Still plied him with entreaty and reproach:
But Cranmer, as the helmsman at the helm
Steers, ever looking to the happy haven

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Where he shall rest at night, moved to his death;
And I could see that many silent hands
Came from the crowd and met his own; and thus,
When he had come where Ridley burnt with Latimer,
He, with a cheerful smile, as one whose mind
Is all made up, in haste put off the rags
They had mock'd his misery with, and all in white,
His long white beard, which he had never shaven
Since Henry's death, down-sweeping to the chain,
Wherewith they bound him to the stake, he stood
More like an ancient father of the Church,
Than heretic of these times; and still the friars
Plied him, but Cranmer only shook his head,
Or answer'd them in smiling negatives;
Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden cry:—
'Make short! make short!' and so they lit the wood.
Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to heaven,
And thrust his right into the bitter flame;
And crying, in his deep voice, more than once,
'This hath offended—this unworthy hand!'
So held it till it all was burn'd, before
The flame had reach'd his body; I stood near—
Mark'd him—he never uttered moan of pain:
He never stirr'd or writhed, but, like a statue,
Unmoving in the greatness of the flame,
Gave up the ghost; and so past martyr-like—
Martyr I may not call him—past—but whither?

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PAGET. To purgatory, man, to purgatory.

PETERS. Nay, but, my Lord, he denied purgatory.

PAGET. Why then to heaven, and God ha' mercy on him.

HOWARD. Paget, despite his fearful heresies,
I loved the man, and needs must moan for him;
O Cranmer!

PAGET. But your moan is useless now:
Come out, my Lord, it is a world of fools. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—LONDON. HALL IN THE PALACE.

QUEEN, SIR NICHOLAS HEATH.

HEATH. Madam,
I do assure you, that it must be look'd to:
Calais is but ill-garrison'd, in Guisnes
Are scarce two hundred men, and the French fleet
Rule in the narrow seas. It must be look'd to,
If war should fall between yourself and France;
Or you will lose your Calais.

MARY. It shall be look'd to;
I wish you a good morning, good Sir Nicholas:
Here is the King. [*Exit* HEATH.

Enter PHILIP.

PHILIP. Sir Nicholas tells you true,
And you must look to Calais when I go.

MARY. Go? must you go, indeed—again—so soon?

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Why, nature's licensed vagabond, the swallow,
That might live always in the sun's warm heart,
Stays longer here in our poor north than you:—
Knows where he nested—ever comes again.

PHILIP. And, Madam, so shall I.

MARY. O, will you? will you?
I am faint with fear that you will come no more.

PHILIP. Ay, ay; but many voices call me hence.

MARY. Voices—I hear unhappy rumours—nay,
I say not, I believe. What voices call you
Dearer than mine that should be dearest to you?
Alas, my Lord! what voices and how many?

PHILIP. The voices of Castile and Aragon,
Granada, Naples, Sicily, and Milan,—
The voices of Franche-Comté, and the Netherlands,
The voices of Peru and Mexico,
Tunis, and Oran, and the Philippines,
And all the fair spice-islands of the East.

MARY (*admiringly*). You are the mightiest monarch upon earth,
I but a little Queen: and, so indeed,
Need you the more.

PHILIP. A little Queen! but when
I came to wed your majesty, Lord Howard,
Sending an insolent shot that dash'd the seas
Upon us, made us lower our kingly flag
To yours of England.

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MARY. Howard is all English!
There is no king, not were he ten times king,
Ten times our husband, but must lower his flag
To that of England in the seas of England.
PHILIP. Is that your answer?
MARY. Being Queen of England,
I have none other.
PHILIP. So.
MARY. But wherefore not
Helm the huge vessel of your state, my liege,
Here by the side of her who loves you most?
PHILIP. No, Madam, no! a candle in the sun
Is all but smoke—a star beside the moon
Is all but lost; your people will not crown me—
Your people are as cheerless as your clime;
Hate me and mine: witness the brawls, the gibbets.
Here swings a Spaniard—there an Englishman;
The peoples are unlike as their complexion;
Yet will I be your swallow and return—
But now I cannot bide.
MARY. Not to help *me*?
They hate *me* also for my love to you,
My Philip; and these judgments on the land—
Harvestless autumns, horrible agues, plague—
PHILIP. The blood and sweat of heretics at the stake
Is God's best dew upon the barren field.
Burn more!

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MARY. I will, I will; and you will stay?

PHILIP. Have I not said? Madam, I came to sue
Your Council and yourself to declare war.

MARY. Sir, there are many English in your ranks
To help your battle.

PHILIP. So far, good. I say
I came to sue your Council and yourself
To declare war against the King of France.

MARY. Not to see me?

PHILIP. Ay, Madam, to see you.
Unalterably and pesteringly fond! [*Aside.*
But, soon or late you must have war with France;
King Henry warms your traitors at his hearth.
Carew is there, and Thomas Stafford there.
Courtenay, belike—

MARY. A fool and featherhead!

PHILIP. Ay, but they use his name. In brief, this Henry
Stirs up your land against you to the intent
That you may lose your English heritage.
And then, your Scottish namesake marrying
The Dauphin, he would weld France, England, Scotland,
Into one sword to hack at Spain and me.

MARY. And yet the Pope is now colleagued with France;

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You make your wars upon him down in Italy:—
Philip, can that be well?

PHILIP. Content you, Madam;
You must abide my judgment, and my father's,
Who deems it a most just and holy war.
The Pope would cast the Spaniard out of Naples:
He calls us worse than Jews, Moors, Saracens.
The Pope has pushed his horns beyond his mitre—
Beyond his province. Now,
Duke Alva will but touch him on the horns,
And he withdraws; and of his holy head—
For Alva is true son of the true church—
No hair is harm'd. Will you not help me here?

MARY. Alas! the Council will not hear of war.
They say your wars are not the wars of England.
They will not lay more taxes on a land
So hunger-nipt and wretched; and you know
The crown is poor. We have given the church-lands back:
The nobles would not; nay, they clapt their hands
Upon their swords when ask'd; and therefore God
Is hard upon the people. What's to be done?
Sir, I will move them in your cause again,
And we will raise us loans and subsidies
Among the merchants; and Sir Thomas Gresham
Will aid us. There is Antwerp and the Jews.

PHILIP. Madam, my thanks.

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MARY. And you will stay your going?

PHILIP. And further to discourage and lay lame
The plots of France, altho' you love her not,
You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.
She stands between you and the Queen of Scots.

MARY. The Queen of Scots at least is Catholic.

PHILIP. Ay, Madam, Catholic; but I will not have
The King of France the King of England too.

MARY. But she's a heretic, and, when I am gone,
Brings the new learning back.

PHILIP. It must be done.
You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.

MARY. Then it is done; but you will stay your going
Somewhat beyond your settled purpose?

PHILIP. No!

MARY. What, not one day?

PHILIP. You beat upon the rock.

MARY. And I am broken there.

PHILIP. Is this a place
To wail in, Madam? what! a public hall.
Go in, I pray you.

MARY. Do not seem so changed.
Say go; but only say it lovingly.

PHILIP. You do mistake. I am not one to change.
I never loved you more.

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MARY. Sire, I obey you.
Come quickly.
PHILIP. Ay. [*Exit* MARY.

Enter COUNT DE FERIA.

FERIA (*aside*). The Queen in tears!
PHILIP. Feria!
Hast thou not mark'd—come closer to mine ear—
How doubly aged this Queen of ours hath grown
Since she lost hope of bearing us a child?
FERIA. Sire, if your Grace hath mark'd it, so have I.
PHILIP. Hast thou not likewise mark'd Elizabeth,
How fair and royal—like a Queen, indeed?
FERIA. Allow me the same answer as before—
That if your Grace hath mark'd her, so have I.
PHILIP. Good, now; methinks my Queen is like enough
To leave me by and by.
FERIA. To leave you, sire?
PHILIP. I mean not like to live. Elizabeth—
To Philibert of Savoy, as you know,
We meant to wed her; but I am not sure
She will not serve me better—so my Queen
Would leave me—as—my wife.
FERIA. Sire, even so.

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PHILIP. She will not have Prince Philibert of Savoy.

FERIA. No, sire.

PHILIP. I have to pray you, some odd time,
To sound the Princess carelessly on this;
Not as from me, but as your phantasy;
And tell me how she takes it.

FERIA. Sire, I will.

PHILIP. I am not certain but that Philibert
Shall be the man; and I shall urge his suit
Upon the Queen, because I am not certain:
You understand, Feria.

FERIA. Sire, I do.

PHILIP. And if you be not secret in this matter,
You understand me there, too?

FERIA. Sire, I do.

PHILIP. You must be sweet and supple, like a Frenchman.
She is none of those who loathe the honeycomb.

[*Exit* FERIA.

Enter RENARD.

RENARD. My liege, I bring you goodly tidings.

PHILIP. Well?

RENARD. There *will* be war with France, at last, my liege;
Sir Thomas Stafford, a bull-headed ass,

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Sailing from France, with thirty Englishmen,
Hath taken Scarboro' Castle, north of York;
Proclaims himself protector, and affirms
The Queen has forfeited her right to reign
By marriage with an alien—other things
As idle; a weak Wyatt! Little doubt
This buzz will soon be silenced; but the Council
(I have talk'd with some already) are for war.
This is the fifth conspiracy hatch'd in France;
They show their teeth upon it; and your Grace,
So you will take advice of mine, should stay
Yet for awhile, to shape and guide the event.

PHILIP. Good! Renard, I will stay then.

RENARD. Also, sire,
Might I not say—to please your wife, the Queen?

PHILIP. Ay, Renard, if you care to put it so.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY, *sitting: a rose in her hand.* LADY CLARENCE. ALICE *in the background.*

MARY. Look! I have play'd with this poor rose so long
I have broken off the head.

LADY CLARENCE. Your Grace hath been

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More merciful to many a rebel head
That should have fallen, and may rise again.

MARY. There were not many hang'd for Wyatt's rising.

LADY CLARENCE. Nay, not two hundred.

MARY. I could weep for them
And her, and mine own self and all the world.

LADY CLARENCE. For her? for whom, your Grace?

Enter USHER.

USHER. The Cardinal.

Enter CARDINAL POLE. (MARY *rises.*)

MARY. Reginald Pole, what news hath plagued thy heart?
What makes thy favour like the bloodless head
Fall'n on the block, and held up by the hair?
Philip?—

POLE. No, Philip is as warm in life
As ever.

MARY. Ay, and then as cold as ever.
Is Calais taken?

POLE. Cousin, there hath chanced
A sharper harm to England and to Rome,
Than Calais taken. Julius the Third
Was ever just, and mild, and father-like;

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But this new Pope Caraffa, Paul the Fourth,
Not only reft me of that legateship
Which Julius gave me, and the legateship
Annex'd to Canterbury—nay, but worse—
And yet I must obey the Holy Father,
And so must you, good cousin;—worse than all,
A passing bell toll'd in a dying ear—
He hath cited me to Rome, for heresy,
Before his Inquisition.

MARY. I knew it, cousin,
But held from you all papers sent by Rome,
That you might rest among us, till the Pope,
To compass which I wrote myself to Rome,
Reversed his doom, and that you might not seem
To disobey his Holiness.

POLE. He hates Philip;
He is all Italian, and he hates the Spaniard;
He cannot dream that *I* advised the war;
He strikes thro' me at Philip and yourself.
Nay, but I know it of old, he hates me too;
So brands me in the stare of Christendom
A heretic!
Now, even now, when bow'd before my time,
The house half-ruin'd ere the lease be out;
When I should guide the Church in peace at home,
After my twenty years of banishment,
And all my lifelong labour to uphold

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The primacy—a heretic. Long ago,
When I was ruler in the patrimony,
I was too lenient to the Lutheran,
And I and learned friends among ourselves
Would freely canvass certain Lutheranisms.
What then, he knew I was no Lutheran.
A heretic!
He drew this shaft against me to the head,
When it was thought I might be chosen Pope,
But then withdrew it. In full consistory,
When I was made Archbishop, he approved me.
And how should he have sent me Legate hither,
Deeming me heretic? and what heresy since?
But he was evermore mine enemy,
And hates the Spaniard—fiery-choleric,
A drinker of black, strong, volcanic wines,
That ever make him fierier. I, a heretic?
Your Highness knows that in pursuing heresy
I have gone beyond your late Lord Chancellor,—
He cried Enough! enough! before his death.—
Gone beyond him and mine own natural man
(It was God's cause); so far they call me now,
The scourge and butcher of their English church.

MARY. Have courage, your reward is Heaven itself.

POLE. They groan amen; they swarm into the fire

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Like flies—for what? no dogma. They know nothing;
They burn for nothing.

MARY. You have done your best.

POLE. Have done my best, and as a faithful son,
That all day long hath wrought his father's work,
When back he comes at evening hath the door
Shut on him by the father whom he loved,
His early follies cast into his teeth,
And the poor son turn'd out into the street
To sleep, to die—I shall die of it, cousin.

MARY. I pray you be not so disconsolate;
I still will do mine utmost with the Pope.
Poor cousin!
Have I not been the fast friend of your life
Since mine began, and it was thought we two
Might make one flesh, and cleave unto each other
As man and wife?

POLE. Ah, cousin, I remember
How I would dandle you upon my knee
At lisping-age. I watch'd you dancing once
With your huge father; he look'd the Great Harry,
You but his cockboat; prettily you did it,
And innocently. No—we were not made
One flesh in happiness, no happiness here;
But now we are made one flesh in misery;
Our bridemaids are not lovely—Disappointment,

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Ingratitude, Injustice, Evil-tongue,
Labour-in-vain.

MARY. Surely, not all in vain.
Peace, cousin, peace! I am sad at heart myself.

POLE. Our altar is a mound of dead men's clay,
Dug from the grave that yawns for us beyond;
And there is one Death stands behind the Groom,
And there is one Death stands behind the Bride—

MARY. Have you been looking at the 'Dance of Death'?

POLE. No; but these libellous papers which I found
Strewn in your palace. Look you here—the Pope
Pointing at me with 'Pole, the heretic,
Thou hast burnt others, do thou burn thyself,
Or I will burn thee;' and this other; see!—
'We pray continually for the death
Of our accursed Queen and Cardinal Pole.'
This last—I dare not read it her. [*Aside.*

MARY. Away!
Why do you bring me these?
I thought you knew me better. I never read,
I tear them; they come back upon my dreams.
The hands that write them should be burnt clean off
As Cranmer's, and the fiends that utter them
Tongue-torn with pincers, lash'd to death, or lie
Famishing in black cells, while famish'd rats

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Eat them alive. Why do they bring me these?
Do you mean to drive me mad?

POLE. I had forgotten
How these poor libels trouble you. Your pardon,
Sweet cousin, and farewell! 'O bubble world,
Whose colours in a moment break and fly!'
Why, who said that? I know not—true enough!

[*Puts up the papers, all but the last, which falls.*
Exit POLE.

ALICE. If Cranmer's spirit were a mocking one,
And heard these two, there might be sport for him.
[*Aside.*

MARY. Clarence, they hate me; even while I speak
There lurks a silent dagger, listening
In some dark closet, some long gallery, drawn,
And panting for my blood as I go by.

LADY CLARENCE. Nay, Madam, there be loyal papers too,
And I have often found them.

MARY. Find me one!

LADY CLARENCE. Ay, Madam; but Sir Nicholas Heath, the Chancellor,
Would see your Highness.

MARY. Wherefore should I see him?

LADY CLARENCE. Well, Madam, he may bring you news from Philip.

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MARY. So, Clarence.

LADY CLARENCE. Let me first put up your hair;
It tumbles all abroad.

MARY. And the gray dawn
Of an old age that never will be mine
Is all the clearer seen. No, no; what matters?
Forlorn I am, and let me look forlorn.

Enter SIR NICHOLAS HEATH.

HEATH. I bring your Majesty such grievous news
I grieve to bring it. Madam, Calais is taken.

MARY. What traitor spoke? Here, let my cousin Pole
Seize him and burn him for a Lutheran.

HEATH. Her Highness is unwell. I will retire.

LADY CLARENCE. Madam, your Chancellor, Sir Nicholas Heath.

MARY. Sir Nicholas! I am stunn'd—Nicholas Heath?
Methought some traitor smote me on the head.
What said you, my good Lord, that our brave English
Had sallied out from Calais and driven back
The Frenchmen from their trenches?

HEATH. Alas! no.
That gateway to the mainland over which

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Our flag hath floated for two hundred years
Is France again.

MARY. So; but it is not lost—
Not yet. Send out: let England as of old
Rise lionlike, strike hard and deep into
The prey they are rending from her—ay, and rend
The renders too. Send out, send out, and make
Musters in all the counties; gather all
From sixteen years to sixty; collect the fleet;
Let every craft that carries sail and gun
Steer toward Calais. Guisnes is not taken yet?

HEATH. Guisnes is not taken yet.

MARY. There yet is hope.

HEATH. Ah, Madam, but your people are so cold;
I do much fear that England will not care.
Methinks there is no manhood left among us.

MARY. Send out; I am too weak to stir abroad:
Tell my mind to the Council—to the Parliament:
Proclaim it to the winds. Thou art cold thyself
To babble of their coldness. O would I were
My father for an hour! Away now—Quick!

[*Exit* HEATH.

I hoped I had served God with all my might!
It seems I have not. Ah! much heresy
Shelter'd in Calais. Saints, I have rebuilt
Your shrines, set up your broken images;
Be comfortable to me. Suffer not

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That my brief reign in England be defamed
Thro' all her angry chronicles hereafter
By loss of Calais. Grant me Calais. Philip,
We have made war upon the Holy Father
All for your sake: what good could come of that?

LADY CLARENCE. No, Madam, not against the Holy Father;
You did but help King Philip's war with France,
Your troops were never down in Italy.

MARY. I am a byword. Heretic and rebel
Point at me and make merry. Philip gone!
And Calais gone! Time that I were gone too!

LADY CLARENCE. Nay, if the fetid gutter had a voice
And cried I was not clean, what should I care?
Or you, for heretic cries? And I believe,
Spite of your melancholy Sir Nicholas,
Your England is as loyal as myself.

MARY (*seeing the paper dropt by* POLE). There! there! another paper! Said you not
Many of these were loyal? Shall I try
If this be one of such?

LADY CLARENCE. Let it be, let it be.
God pardon me! I have never yet found one.
[*Aside.*

MARY (*reads*). 'Your people hate you as your husband hates you.'

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Clarence, Clarence, what have I done? what sin
Beyond all grace, all pardon? Mother of God,
Thou knowest never woman meant so well,
And fared so ill in this disastrous world.
My people hate me and desire my death.

LADY CLARENCE. No, Madam, no.

MARY. My husband hates me, and desires my death.

LADY CLARENCE. No, Madam; these are libels.

MARY. I hate myself, and I desire my death.

LADY CLARENCE. Long live your Majesty! Shall Alice sing you
One of her pleasant songs? Alice, my child,
Bring us your lute (ALICE *goes*). They say the gloom of Saul
Was lighten'd by young David's harp.

MARY. Too young!
And never knew a Philip.

Re-enter ALICE.

Give *me* the lute.
He hates me!

(*She sings.*)

Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing!
Beauty passes like a breath and love is lost in loathing:
Low, my lute; speak low, my lute, but say the world is nothing—
Low, lute, low!

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Love will hover round the flowers when they first awaken;
Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be overtaken;
Low, my lute! oh low, my lute! we fade and are forsaken—
Low, dear lute, low!

Take it away! not low enough for me!

ALICE. Your Grace hath a low voice.

MARY. How dare you say it?

Even for that he hates me. A low voice
Lost in a wilderness where none can hear!
A voice of shipwreck on a shoreless sea!
A low voice from the dust and from the grave.
(*Sitting on the ground.*) There, am I low enough now?

ALICE. Good Lord! how grim and ghastly looks her Grace,
With both her knees drawn upward to her chin.
There was an old-world tomb beside my father's,
And this was open'd, and the dead were found
Sitting, and in this fashion; she looks a corpse.

Enter LADY MAGDALEN DACRES.

LADY MAGDALEN. Madam, the Count de Feria waits without,
In hopes to see your Highness.

LADY CLARENCE (*pointing to* MARY). Wait he must—

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Her trance again. She neither sees nor hears,
And may not speak for hours.

LADY MAGDALEN. Unhappiest
Of Queens and wives and women!

ALICE (*in the foreground with* LADY MAGDALEN). And all along
Of Philip.

LADY MAGDALEN. Not so loud! Our Clarence there
Sees ever such an aureole round the Queen,
It gilds the greatest wronger of her peace,
Who stands the nearest to her.

ALICE. Ay, this Philip;
I used to love the Queen with all my heart—
God help me, but methinks I love her less
For such a dotage upon such a man.
I would I were as tall and strong as you.

LADY MAGDALEN. I seem half-shamed at times to be so tall.

ALICE. You are the stateliest deer in all the herd—
Beyond his aim—but I am small and scandalous,
And love to hear bad tales of Philip.

LADY MAGDALEN. Why?
I never heard him utter worse of you
Than that you were low-statured.

ALICE. Does he think

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Low stature is low nature, or all women's
Low as his own?

LADY MAGDALEN. There you strike in the nail.
This coarseness is a want of phantasy.
It is the low man thinks the woman low;
Sin is too dull to see beyond himself.

ALICE. Ah, Magdalen, sin is bold as well as dull.
How dared he?

LADY MAGDALEN. Stupid soldiers oft are bold.
Poor lads, they see not what the general sees,
A risk of utter ruin. I am *not*
Beyond his aim, or was not.

ALICE. Who? Not you?
Tell, tell me; save my credit with myself.

LADY MAGDALEN. I never breathed it to a bird in the eaves,
Would not for all the stars and maiden moon
Our drooping Queen should know! In Hampton Court
My window look'd upon the corridor;
And I was robing;—this poor throat of mine,
Barer than I should wish a man to see it,—
When he we speak of drove the window back,
And, like a thief, push'd in his royal hand;
But by God's providence a good stout staff
Lay near me; and you know me strong of arm;
I do believe I lamed his Majesty's

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For a day or two, tho', give the Devil his due.
I never found he bore me any spite.

ALICE. I would she could have wedded that poor youth,
My Lord of Devon—light enough, God knows,
And mixt with Wyatt's rising—and the boy
Not out of him—but neither cold, coarse, cruel,
And more than all—no Spaniard.

LADY CLARENCE. Not so loud.
Lord Devon, girls! what are you whispering here?

ALICE. Probing an old state-secret—how it chanced
That this young Earl was sent on foreign travel,
Not lost his head.

LADY CLARENCE. There was no proof against him.

ALICE. Nay, Madam; did not Gardiner intercept
A letter which the Count de Noailles wrote
To that dead traitor Wyatt, with full proof
Of Courtenay's treason? What became of that?

LADY CLARENCE. Some say that Gardiner, out of love for him,
Burnt it, and some relate that it was lost
When Wyatt sack'd the Chancellor's house in Southwark.
Let dead things rest.

ALICE. Ay, and with him who died
Alone in Italy.

LADY CLARENCE. Much changed, I hear,

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Had put off levity and put graveness on.
The foreign courts report him in his manner
Noble as his young person and old shield.
It might be so—but all is over now;
He caught a chill in the lagoons of Venice,
And died in Padua.

MARY (*looking up suddenly*). Died in the true faith?

LADY CLARENCE. Ay, Madam, happily.

MARY. Happier he than I.

LADY MAGDALEN. It seems her Highness hath awaken'd. Think you
That I might dare to tell her that the Count——

MARY. I will see no man hence for evermore,
Saving my confessor and my cousin Pole.

LADY MAGDALEN. It is the Count de Feria, my dear lady.

MARY. What Count?

LADY MAGDALEN. The Count de Feria, from his Majesty
King Philip.

MARY. Philip! quick! loop up my hair!
Throw cushions on that seat, and make it throne-like.
Arrange my dress—the gorgeous Indian shawl
That Philip brought me in our happy days!—
That covers all. So—am I somewhat Queenlike,
Bride of the mightiest sovereign upon earth?

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LADY CLARENCE. Ay, so your Grace would bide a moment yet.

MARY. No, no, he brings a letter. I may die
Before I read it. Let me see him at once.

Enter COUNT DE FERIA (*kneels*).

FERIA. I trust your Grace is well. (*Aside*) How her hand burns!

MARY. I am not well, but it will better me,
Sir Count, to read the letter which you bring.

FERIA. Madam, I bring no letter.

MARY. How! no letter?

FERIA. His Highness is so vex'd with strange affairs—

MARY. That his own wife is no affair of his.

FERIA. Nay, Madam, nay! he sends his veriest love,
And says, he will come quickly.

MARY. Doth he, indeed?
You, sir, do *you* remember what *you* said
When last you came to England?

FERIA. Madam, I brought
My King's congratulations; it was hoped
Your Highness was once more in happy state
To give him an heir male.

MARY. Sir, you said more;
You said he would come quickly. I had horses
On all the road from Dover, day and night;

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On all the road from Harwich, night and day;
But the child came not, and the husband came not;
And yet he will come quickly. . . Thou hast learnt
Thy lesson, and I mine. There is no need
For Philip so to shame himself again.
Return,
And tell him that I know he comes no more.
Tell him at last I know his love is dead,
And that I am in state to bring forth death—
Thou art commission'd to Elizabeth,
And not to me!

FERIA. Mere compliments and wishes.
But shall I take some message from your Grace?

MARY. Tell her to come and close my dying eyes,
And wear my crown, and dance upon my grave.

FERIA. Then I may say your Grace will see your sister?
Your Grace is too low-spirited. Air and sunshine.
I would we had you, Madam, in our warm Spain.
You droop in your dim London.

MARY. Have him away!
I sicken of his readiness.

LADY CLARENCE. My Lord Count,
Her Highness is too ill for colloquy.

FERIA (*kneels, and kisses her hand*). I wish her Highness better. (*Aside*) How her hand burns!

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.—A HOUSE NEAR LONDON.

ELIZABETH, STEWARD OF THE HOUSEHOLD, ATTENDANTS.

ELIZABETH. There's half an angel wrong'd in your account;
Methinks I am all angel, that I bear it
Without more ruffling. Cast it o'er again.

STEWARD. I were whole devil if I wrong'd you, Madam. [*Exit* STEWARD.

ATTENDANT. The Count de Feria, from the King of Spain.

ELIZABETH. Ah!—let him enter. Nay, you need not go: [*To her* LADIES.
Remain within the chamber, but apart.
We'll have no private conference. Welcome to England!

Enter FERIA.

FERIA. Fair island star!

ELIZABETH. I shine! What else, Sir Count?

FERIA. As far as France, and into Philip's heart.
My King would know if you be fairly served,
And lodged, and treated.

ELIZABETH. You see the lodging, sir,

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I am well-served, and am in everything
Most loyal and most grateful to the Queen.

FERIA. You should be grateful to my master, too.
He spoke of this; and unto him you owe
That Mary hath acknowledged you her heir.

ELIZABETH. No, not to her nor him; but to the people,
Who know my right, and love me, as I love
The people! whom God aid!

FERIA. You will be Queen,
And, were I Philip—

ELIZABETH. Wherefore pause you—what?

FERIA. Nay, but I speak from mine own self, not him;
Your royal sister cannot last; your hand
Will be much coveted! What a delicate one!
Our Spanish ladies have none such—and there,
Were you in Spain, this fine fair gossamer gold—
Like sun-gilt breathings on a frosty dawn—
That hovers round your shoulder—

ELIZABETH. Is it so fine?
Troth, some have said so.

FERIA. —would be deemed a miracle.

ELIZABETH. Your Philip hath gold hair and golden beard;
There must be ladies many with hair like mine.

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FERIA. Some few of Gothic blood have golden hair,
But none like yours.

ELIZABETH. I am happy you approve it.

FERIA. But as to Philip and your Grace—consider,—
If such a one as you should match with Spain,
What hinders but that Spain and England join'd,
Should make the mightiest empire earth has known.
Spain would be England on her seas, and England
Mistress of the Indies.

ELIZABETH. It may chance, that England
Will be the Mistress of the Indies yet,
Without the help of Spain.

FERIA. Impossible;
Except you put Spain down.
Wide of the mark ev'n for a madman's dream.

ELIZABETH. Perhaps; but we have seamen. Count de Feria,
I take it that the King hath spoken to you;
But is Don Carlos such a goodly match?

FERIA. Don Carlos, Madam, is but twelve years old.

ELIZABETH. Ay, tell the King that I will muse upon it;
He is my good friend, and I would keep him so;
But—he would have me Catholic of Rome,
And that I scarce can be; and, sir, till now

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My sister's marriage, and my father's marriages,
Make me full fain to live and die a maid.
But I am much beholden to your King.
Have you aught else to tell me?

FERIA. Nothing, Madam,
Save that methought I gather'd from the Queen
That she would see your Grace before she—died.

ELIZABETH. God's death! and wherefore spake you not before?
We dally with our lazy moments here,
And hers are number'd. Horses there, without!
I am much beholden to the King, your master.
Why did you keep me prating? Horses, there!

[*Exit* ELIZABETH, *etc.*

FERIA. So from a clear sky falls the thunderbolt!
Don Carlos? Madam, if you marry Philip,
Then I and he will snaffle your 'God's death,'
And break your paces in, and make you tame;
God's death, forsooth—you do not know King Philip.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—LONDON. BEFORE THE PALACE.

A light burning within. VOICES *of the night passing.*

FIRST. Is not yon light in the Queen's chamber?

SECOND. Ay,
They say she's dying.

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FIRST. So is Cardinal Pole.
May the great angels join their wings, and make
Down for their heads to heaven!

SECOND. Amen. Come on.

[*Exeunt.*

TWO OTHERS.

FIRST. There's the Queen's light. I hear she cannot live.

SECOND. God curse her and her Legate! Gardiner burns
Already; but to pay them full in kind,
The hottest hold in all the devil's den
Were but a sort of winter; sir, in Guernsey,
I watch'd a woman burn; and in her agony
The mother came upon her—a child was born—
And, sir, they hurl'd it back into the fire,
That, being but baptized in fire, the babe
Might be in fire for ever. Ah, good neighbour,
There should be something fierier than fire
To yield them their deserts.

FIRST. Amen to all
Your wish, and further.

A THIRD VOICE. Deserts? Amen to what? Whose deserts? Yours? You have a gold ring on your finger, and soft raiment about your body; and is not the woman up yonder sleeping after all she has

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done, in peace and quietness, on a soft bed, in a closed room, with light, fire, physic, tendance; and I have seen the true men of Christ lying famine-dead by scores, and under no ceiling but the cloud that wept on them, not for them.

FIRST. Friend, tho' so late, it is not safe to preach. You had best go home. What are you?

THIRD. What am I? One who cries continually with sweat and tears to the Lord God that it would please Him out of His infinite love to break down all kingship and queenship, all priesthood and prelacy; to cancel and abolish all bonds of human allegiance, all the magistracy, all the nobles, and all the wealthy; and to send us again, according to His promise, the one King, the Christ, and all things in common, as in the day of the first church, when Christ Jesus was King.

FIRST. If ever I heard a madman,—let's away!
Why, you long-winded—— Sir, you go beyond me.
I pride myself on being moderate.
Good night! Go home. Besides, you curse so loud,
The watch will hear you. Get you home at once.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE V.—LONDON. A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

A Gallery on one side. The moonlight streaming through a range of windows on the wall opposite. MARY, LADY CLARENCE, LADY MAGDALEN DACRES, ALICE. QUEEN *pacing the Gallery. A writing-table in front.* QUEEN *comes to the table and writes and goes again, pacing the Gallery.*

LADY CLARENCE. Mine eyes are dim: what hath she written? read.

ALICE. 'I am dying, Philip; come to me.'

LADY MAGDALEN. There—up and down, poor lady, up and down.

ALICE. And how her shadow crosses one by one
The moonlight casements pattern'd on the wall,
Following her like her sorrow. She turns again.
[QUEEN *sits and writes, and goes again.*

LADY CLARENCE. What hath she written now?

ALICE. Nothing; but 'come, come, come,' and all awry,
And blotted by her tears. This cannot last.
[QUEEN *returns.*

MARY. I whistle to the bird has broken cage,
And all in vain. [*Sitting down.*
Calais gone—Guisnes gone, too—and Philip gone!

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LADY CLARENCE. Dear Madam, Philip is but at the wars;
I cannot doubt but that he comes again;
And he is with you in a measure still.
I never look'd upon so fair a likeness
As your great King in armour there, his hand
Upon his helmet.
[*Pointing to the portrait of Philip on the wall.*
MARY. Doth he not look noble?
I had heard of him in battle over seas,
And I would have my warrior all in arms.
He said it was not courtly to stand helmeted
Before the Queen. He had his gracious moment,
Altho' you'll not believe me. How he smiles
As if he loved me yet!
LADY CLARENCE. And so he does.
MARY. He never loved me—nay, he could not love me.
It was his father's policy against France.
I am eleven years older than he,
Poor boy! [*Weeps.*
ALICE. That was a lusty boy of twenty-seven;
[*Aside.*
Poor enough in God's grace!
MARY. —And all in vain!
The Queen of Scots is married to the Dauphin,
And Charles, the lord of this low world, is gone;

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And all his wars and wisdoms past away;
And in a moment I shall follow him.

LADY CLARENCE. Nay, dearest Lady, see your good physician.

MARY. Drugs—but he knows they cannot help me—says
That rest is all—tells me I must not think—
That I must rest—I shall rest by and by.
Catch the wild cat, cage him, and when he springs
And maims himself against the bars, say 'rest':
Why, you must kill him if you would have him rest—
Dead or alive you cannot make him happy.

LADY CLARENCE. Your Majesty has lived so pure a life,
And done such mighty things by Holy Church,
I trust that God will make you happy yet.

MARY. What is the strange thing happiness? Sit down here:
Tell me thine happiest hour.

LADY CLARENCE. I will, if that
May make your Grace forget yourself a little.
There runs a shallow brook across our field
For twenty miles, where the black crow flies five,
And doth so bound and babble all the way
As if itself were happy. It was May-time,
And I was walking with the man I loved.
I loved him, but I thought I was not loved.

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And both were silent, letting the wild brook
Speak for us—till he stoop'd and gather'd one
From out a bed of thick forget-me-nots,
Look'd hard and sweet at me, and gave it me.
I took it, tho' I did not know I took it,
And put it in my bosom, and all at once
I felt his arms about me, and his lips——

MARY. O God! I have been too slack, too slack;
There are Hot Gospellers even among our guards—
Nobles we dared not touch. We have but burnt
The heretic priest, workmen, and women and children.
Wet, famine, ague, fever, storm, wreck, wrath,—
We have so play'd the coward; but by God's grace,
We'll follow Philip's leading, and set up
The Holy Office here—garner the wheat,
And burn the tares with unquenchable fire!
Burn!—
Fie, what a savour! tell the cooks to close
The doors of all the offices below.
Latimer!
Sir, we are private with our women here—
Ever a rough, blunt, and uncourtly fellow—
Thou light a torch that never will go out!
'Tis out—mine flames. Women, the Holy Father
Has ta'en the legateship from our cousin Pole—
Was that well done? and poor Pole pines of it,
As I do, to the death. I am but a woman,

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I have no power.—Ah, weak and meek old man,
Seven-fold dishonour'd even in the sight
Of thine own sectaries—No, no. No pardon!—
Why that was false: there is the right hand still
Beckons me hence.
Sir, you were burnt for heresy, not for treason,
Remember that! 'twas I and Bonner did it,
And Pole; we are three to one—Have you found mercy there,
Grant it me here: and see, he smiles and goes,
Gentle as in life.

ALICE. Madam, who goes? King Philip?

MARY. No, Philip comes and goes, but never goes.
Women, when I am dead,
Open my heart, and there you will find written
Two names, Philip and Calais; open his,—
So that he have one,—
You will find Philip only, policy, policy,—
Ay, worse than that—not one hour true to me!
Foul maggots crawling in a fester'd vice!
Adulterous to the very heart of Hell.
Hast thou a knife?

ALICE. Ay, Madam, but o' God's mercy—

MARY. Fool, think'st thou I would peril mine own soul
By slaughter of the body? I could not, girl,

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Not this way—callous with a constant stripe,
Unwoundable. The knife!

ALICE. Take heed, take heed!
The blade is keen as death.

MARY. This Philip shall not
Stare in upon me in my haggardness;
Old, miserable, diseased,
Incapable of children. Come thou down.

[*Cuts out the picture and throws it down.*
Lie there. (*Wails*) O God, I have kill'd my Philip!

ALICE. No,
Madam, you have but cut the canvas out;
We can replace it.

MARY. All is well then; rest—
I will to rest; he said, I must have rest.

[*Cries of* 'ELIZABETH' *in the street.*
A cry! What's that? Elizabeth? revolt?
A new Northumberland, another Wyatt?
I'll fight it on the threshold of the grave.

LADY CLARENCE. Madam, your royal sister comes to see you.

MARY. I will not see her.
Who knows if Boleyn's daughter be my sister?
I will see none except the priest. Your arm.

[*To* LADY CLARENCE.
O Saint of Aragon, with that sweet worn smile
Among thy patient wrinkles—Help me hence. [*Exeunt.*

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The PRIEST *passes. Enter* ELIZABETH *and* SIR WILLIAM CECIL.

ELIZABETH. Good counsel yours—
No one in waiting? still,
As if the chamberlain were Death himself!
The room she sleeps in—is not this the way?
No, that way there are voices. Am I too late?
Cecil . . . God guide me lest I lose the way.
[*Exit* ELIZABETH.

CECIL. Many points weather'd, many perilous ones,
At last a harbour opens; but therein
Sunk rocks—they need fine steering—much it is
To be nor mad, nor bigot—have a mind—
Nor let Priests' talk, or dream of worlds to be,
Miscolour things about her—sudden touches
For him, or him—sunk rocks; no passionate faith—
But—if let be—balance and compromise;
Brave, wary, sane to the heart of her—a Tudor
School'd by the shadow of death—a Boleyn, too,
Glancing across the Tudor—not so well.

Enter ALICE.

How is the good Queen now?

ALICE. Away from Philip.

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Back in her childhood—prattling to her mother
Of her betrothal to the Emperor Charles,
And childlike-jealous of him again—and once
She thank'd her father sweetly for his book
Against that godless German. Ah, those days
Were happy. It was never merry world
In England, since the Bible came among us.

CECIL. And who says that?

ALICE. It is a saying among the Catholics.

CECIL. It never will be merry world in England,
Till all men have their Bible, rich and poor.

ALICE. The Queen is dying, or you dare not say it.

Enter ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH. The Queen is dead.

CECIL. Then here she stands! my homage.

ELIZABETH. She knew me, and acknowledged me her heir,
Pray'd me to pay her debts, and keep the Faith;
Then claspt the cross, and pass'd away in peace.
I left her lying still and beautiful,
More beautiful than in life. Why would you vex yourself,
Poor sister? Sir, I swear I have no heart
To be your Queen. To reign is restless fence,
Tierce, quart, and trickery. Peace is with the dead.

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Her life was winter, for her spring was nipt:
And she loved much: pray God she be forgiven.

CECIL. Peace with the dead, who never were at peace!

Yet she loved one so much—I needs must say—
That never English monarch dying left
England so little.

ELIZABETH. But with Cecil's aid
And others, if our person be secured
From traitor stabs—we will make England great.

Enter PAGET, *and other* LORDS OF THE COUNCIL, SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, *etc.*

LORDS. God save Elizabeth, the Queen of England!

BAGENHALL. God save the Crown! the papacy is no more.

PAGET (*aside*). Are we so sure of that?

ACCLAMATION. God save the Queen!

END OF QUEEN MARY.

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HAROLD

A DRAMA

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To His Excellency

THE RIGHT HON. LORD LYTTON,

VICEROY AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

My dear Lord Lytton,—After old-world records—such as the Bayeux tapestry and the Roman de Rou,—Edward Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest, and your father's Historical Romance treating of the same times, have been mainly helpful to me in writing this Drama. Your father dedicated his 'Harold' to my father's brother; allow me to dedicate my 'Harold' to yourself.

A. TENNYSON.

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SHOW-DAY AT BATTLE ABBEY, 1876.

A GARDEN here—May breath and bloom of spring—
The cuckoo yonder from an English elm
Crying 'with my false egg I overwhelm
The native nest:' and fancy hears the ring
Of harness, and that deathful arrow sing,
And Saxon battleaxe clang on Norman helm.
Here rose the dragon-banner of our realm:
Here fought, here fell, our Norman-slander'd king.
O Garden blossoming out of English blood!
O strange hate-healer Time! We stroll and stare
Where might made right eight hundred years ago;
Might, right? ay good, so all things make for good—
But he and he, if soul be soul, are where
Each stands full face with all he did below.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.
STIGAND, *Created Archbishop of Canterbury by the Antipope Benedict.*
ALDRED, *Archbishop of York.*
THE NORMAN BISHOP OF LONDON.
HAROLD, *Earl of Wessex, afterwards King of England*
TOSTIG, *Earl of Northumbria*
GURTH, *Earl of East Anglia*
LEOFWIN, *Earl of Kent and Essex*
WULFNOTH
} *Sons of Godwin.*
COUNT WILLIAM OF NORMANDY.
WILLIAM RUFUS.
WILLIAM MALET, *a Norman Noble.*[1]
EDWIN, *Earl of Mercia*
MORCAR, *Earl of Northumbria after Tostig*
} *Sons of Alfgar of Mercia.*
GAMEL, *a Northumbrian Thane.*
GUY, *Count of Ponthieu.*
ROLF, *a Ponthieu Fisherman.*
HUGH MARGOT, *a Norman Monk.*
OSGOD *and* ATHELRIC, *Canons from Waltham.*
THE QUEEN, *Edward the Confessor's Wife, Daughter of Godwin.*
ALDWYTH, *Daughter of Alfgar and Widow of Griffyth, King of Wales.*
EDITH, *Ward of King Edward.*

Courtiers, Earls and Thanes, Men-at-Arms, Canons of Waltham, Fishermen, etc.

[1] . . . quidam partim Normannus et Anglus
Compater Heraldi. (*Guy of Amiens*, 587.)

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HAROLD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. The King's Palace.

(*A comet seen through the open window.*)

Aldwyth, Gamel, Courtiers *talking together.*

First Courtier. Lo! there once more—this is the seventh night!
Yon grimly-glaring, treble-brandish'd scourge
Of England!

Second Courtier. Horrible!

First Courtier. Look you, there's a star
That dances in it as mad with agony!

Third Courtier. Ay, like a spirit in Hell who skips and flies
To right and left, and cannot scape the flame.

Second Courtier. Steam'd upward from the undescendable
Abysm.

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FIRST COURTIER. Or floated downward from the throne
Of God Almighty.

ALDWYTH. Gamel, son of Orm,
What thinkest thou this means?

GAMEL. War, my dear lady!

ALDWYTH. Doth this affright thee?

GAMEL. Mightily, my dear lady!

ALDWYTH. Stand by me then, and look upon my face,
Not on the comet.

Enter MORCAR.

Brother! why so pale?

MORCAR. It glares in heaven, it flares upon the Thames,
The people are as thick as bees below,
They hum like bees,—they cannot speak—for awe;
Look to the skies, then to the river, strike
Their hearts, and hold their babies up to it.
I think that they would Molochize them too,
To have the heavens clear.

ALDWYTH. They fright not me.

Enter LEOFWIN, *after him* GURTH.

Ask thou Lord Leofwin what he thinks of this!

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MORCAR. Lord Leofwin, dost thou believe, that these
Three rods of blood-red fire up yonder mean
The doom of England and the wrath of Heaven?

BISHOP OF LONDON (*passing*). Did ye not cast with bestial violence
Our holy Norman bishops down from all
Their thrones in England? I alone remain.
Why should not Heaven be wroth?

LEOFWIN. With us, or thee?

BISHOP OF LONDON. Did ye not outlaw your archbishop Robert,
Robert of Jumiéges—well-nigh murder him too?
Is there no reason for the wrath of Heaven?

LEOFWIN. Why then the wrath of Heaven hath three tails,
The devil only one. [*Exit* BISHOP OF LONDON.

Enter ARCHBISHOP STIGAND.

Ask *our* Archbishop.
Stigand should know the purposes of Heaven.

STIGAND. Not I. I cannot read the face of heaven;
Perhaps our vines will grow the better for it.

LEOFWIN (*laughing*). He can but read the king's face on his coins.

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STIGAND. Ay, ay, young lord, *there* the king's face is power.

GURTH. O father, mock not at a public fear,
But tell us, is this pendent hell in heaven
A harm to England?

STIGAND. Ask it of King Edward!
And he may tell thee, *I* am a harm to England.
Old uncanonical Stigand—ask of *me*
Who had my pallium from an Antipope!
Not he the man—for in our windy world
What's up is faith, what's down is heresy.
Our friends, the Normans, holp to shake his chair.
I have a Norman fever on me, son,
And cannot answer sanely . . . What it means?
Ask our broad Earl.

[*Pointing to* HAROLD, *who enters.*

HAROLD (*seeing* GAMEL). Hail, Gamel, son of Orm!
Albeit no rolling stone, my good friend Gamel,
Thou hast rounded since we met. Thy life at home
Is easier than mine here. Look! am I not
Work-wan, flesh-fallen?

GAMEL. Art thou sick, good Earl?

HAROLD. Sick as an autumn swallow for a voyage,
Sick for an idle week of hawk and hound
Beyond the seas—a change! When camest thou hither?

GAMEL. To-day, good Earl.

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HAROLD. Is the North quiet, Gamel?

GAMEL. Nay, there be murmurs, for thy brother breaks us
With over-taxing—quiet, ay, as yet—
Nothing as yet.

HAROLD. Stand by him, mine old friend,
Thou art a great voice in Northumberland!
Advise him: speak him sweetly, he will hear thee.
He is passionate but honest. Stand thou by him!
More talk of this to-morrow, if yon weird sign
Not blast us in our dreams.—Well, father Stigand—

[*To* STIGAND, *who advances to him.*

STIGAND (*pointing to the comet*). War there, my son? is that the doom of England?

HAROLD. Why not the doom of all the world as well?
For all the world sees it as well as England.
These meteors came and went before our day,
Not harming any: it threatens us no more
Than French or Norman. War? the worst that follows
Things that seem jerk'd out of the common rut
Of Nature is the hot religious fool,
Who, seeing war in heaven, for heaven's credit
Makes it on earth: but look, where Edward draws
A faint foot hither, leaning upon Tostig.
He hath learnt to love our Tostig much of late.

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LEOFWIN. And *he* hath learnt, despite the tiger in him,
To sleek and supple himself to the king's hand.

GURTH. I trust the kingly touch that cures the evil
May serve to charm the tiger out of him.

LEOFWIN. He hath as much of cat as tiger in him.
Our Tostig loves the hand and not the man.

HAROLD. Nay! Better die than lie!

Enter KING, QUEEN, *and* TOSTIG.

EDWARD. In heaven signs!
Signs upon earth! signs everywhere! your Priests
Gross, worldly, simoniacal, unlearn'd!
They scarce can read their Psalter; and your churches
Uncouth, unhandsome, while in Normanland
God speaks thro' abler voices, as He dwells
In statelier shrines. I say not this, as being
Half Norman-blooded, nor as some have held,
Because I love the Norman better—no,
But dreading God's revenge upon this realm
For narrowness and coldness: and I say it
For the last time perchance, before I go
To find the sweet refreshment of the Saints.
I have lived a life of utter purity:
I have builded the great church of Holy Peter:
I have wrought miracles—to God the glory—

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And miracles will in my name be wrought
Hereafter.—I have fought the fight and go—
I see the flashing of the gates of pearl—
And it is well with me, tho' some of you
Have scorn'd me—ay—but after I am gone
Woe, woe to England! I have had a vision;
The seven sleepers in the cave at Ephesus
Have turn'd from right to left.

HAROLD. My most dear Master,
What matters? let them turn from left to right
And sleep again.

TOSTIG. Too hardy with thy king!
A life of prayer and fasting well may see
Deeper into the mysteries of heaven
Than thou, good brother.

ALDWYTH (*aside*). Sees he into thine,
That thou wouldst have his promise for the crown?

EDWARD. Tostig says true; my son, thou art too hard,
Not stagger'd by this ominous earth and heaven:
But heaven and earth are threads of the same loom,
Play into one another, and weave the web
That may confound thee yet.

HAROLD. Nay, I trust not,
For I have served thee long and honestly.

EDWARD. I know it, son; I am not thankless: thou

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Hast broken all my foes, lighten'd for me
The weight of this poor crown, and left me time
And peace for prayer to gain a better one.
Twelve years of service! England loves thee for it.
Thou art the man to rule her!

ALDWYTH (*aside*). So, not Tostig!

HAROLD. And after those twelve years a boon, my king,
Respite, a holiday: thyself wast wont
To love the chase: thy leave to set my feet
On board, and hunt and hawk beyond the seas!

EDWARD. What, with this flaming horror overhead?

HAROLD. Well, when it passes then.

EDWARD. Ay if it pass.
Go not to Normandy—go not to Normandy.

HAROLD. And wherefore not, my king, to Normandy?
Is not my brother Wulfnoth hostage there
For my dead father's loyalty to thee?
I pray thee, let me hence and bring him home.

EDWARD. Not thee, my son: some other messenger.

HAROLD. And why not me, my lord, to Normandy?
Is not the Norman Count thy friend and mine?

EDWARD. I pray thee, do not go to Normandy.

HAROLD. Because my father drove the Normans out

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Of England?—That was many a summer gone—
Forgotten and forgiven by them and thee.

EDWARD. Harold, I will not yield thee leave to go.

HAROLD. Why then to Flanders. I will hawk and hunt
In Flanders.

EDWARD. Be there not fair woods and fields
In England? Wilful, wilful. Go—the Saints
Pilot and prosper all thy wandering out
And homeward. Tostig, I am faint again.
Son Harold, I will in and pray for thee.

[*Exit, leaning on* TOSTIG, *and followed by* STIGAND, MORCAR, *and* COURTIERS.

HAROLD. What lies upon the mind of our good king
That he should harp this way on Normandy?

QUEEN. Brother, the king is wiser than he seems;
And Tostig knows it; Tostig loves the king.

HAROLD. And love should know; and—be the king so wise,—
Then Tostig too were wiser than he seems.
I love the man but not his phantasies.

Re-enter TOSTIG.

Well, brother,
When didst thou hear from thy Northumbria?

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TOSTIG. When did I hear aught but this '*When*' from thee?

Leave me alone, brother, with my Northumbria:
She is *my* mistress, let *me* look to her!
The King hath made me Earl; make me not fool!
Nor make the King a fool, who made me Earl!

HAROLD. No, Tostig—lest I make myself a fool
Who made the King who made thee, make thee Earl.

TOSTIG. Why chafe me then? Thou knowest I soon go wild.

GURTH. Come, come! as yet thou art not gone so wild
But thou canst hear the best and wisest of us.

HAROLD. So says old Gurth, not I: yet hear! thine earldom,
Tostig, hath been a kingdom. Their old crown
Is yet a force among them, a sun set
But leaving light enough for Alfgar's house
To strike thee down by—nay, this ghastly glare
May heat their fancies.

TOSTIG. My most worthy brother,
Thou art the quietest man in all the world—
Ay, ay and wise in peace and great in war—
Pray God the people choose thee for their king!
But all the powers of the house of Godwin
Are not enframed in thee.

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HAROLD. Thank the Saints, no!
But thou hast drain'd them shallow by thy tolls,
And thou art ever here about the King:
Thine absence well may seem a want of care.
Cling to their love; for, now the sons of Godwin
Sit topmost in the field of England, envy,
Like the rough bear beneath the tree, good brother,
Waits till the man let go.

TOSTIG. Good counsel truly!
I heard from my Northumbria yesterday.

HAROLD. How goes it then with thy Northumbria? Well?

TOSTIG. And wouldst thou that it went aught else than well?

HAROLD. I would it went as well as with mine earldom,
Leofwin's and Gurth's.

TOSTIG. Ye govern milder men.

GURTH. We have made them milder by just government.

TOSTIG. Ay, ever give yourselves your own good word.

LEOFWIN. An honest gift, by all the Saints, if giver
And taker be but honest! but they bribe
Each other, and so often, an honest world
Will not believe them.

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HAROLD. I may tell thee, Tostig,
I heard from thy Northumberland to-day.

TOSTIG. From spies of thine to spy my nakedness
In my poor North!

HAROLD. There is a movement there,
A blind one—nothing yet.

TOSTIG. Crush it at once
With all the power I have!—I must—I will!—
Crush it half-born! Fool still? or wisdom there,
My wise head-shaking Harold?

HAROLD. Make not thou
The nothing something. Wisdom when in power
And wisest, should not frown as Power, but smile
As kindness, watching all, till the true *must*
Shall make her strike as Power: but when to strike—
O Tostig, O dear brother—If they prance,
Rein in, not lash them, lest they rear and run
And break both neck and axle.

TOSTIG. Good again!
Good counsel tho' scarce needed. Pour not water
In the full vessel running out at top
To swamp the house.

LEOFWIN. Nor thou be a wild thing
Out of the waste, to turn and bite the hand
Would help thee from the trap.

TOSTIG. Thou playest in tune

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LEOFWIN. To the deaf adder thee, that wilt not dance
However wisely charm'd.

TOSTIG. No more, no more!

GURTH. I likewise cry 'no more.' Unwholesome talk
For Godwin's house! Leofwin, thou hast a tongue!
Tostig, thou look'st as thou wouldst spring upon him.
St. Olaf, not while I am by! Come, come,
Join hands, let brethren dwell in unity;
Let kith and kin stand close as our shield-wall,
Who breaks us then? I say, thou hast a tongue,
And Tostig is not stout enough to bear it.
Vex him not, Leofwin.

TOSTIG. No, I am not vext,—
Altho' ye seek to vex me, one and all.
I have to make report of my good earldom
To the good king who gave it—not to you—
Not any of you.—I am not vext at all.

HAROLD. The king? the king is ever at his prayers;
In all that handles matter of the state
I am the king.

TOSTIG. That shalt thou never be
If I can thwart thee.

HAROLD. Brother, brother!

TOSTIG. Away!

[*Exit* TOSTIG.

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QUEEN. Spite of this grisly star ye three must gall
Poor Tostig.

LEOFWIN. Tostig, sister, galls himself;
He cannot smell a rose but pricks his nose
Against the thorn, and rails against the rose.

QUEEN. I am the only rose of all the stock
That never thorn'd him; Edward loves him, so
Ye hate him. Harold always hated him.
Why—how they fought when boys—and, Holy Mary!
How Harold used to beat him!

HAROLD. Why, boys will fight.
Leofwin would often fight me, and I beat him.
Even old Gurth would fight. I had much ado
To hold mine own against old Gurth. Old Gurth,
We fought like great states for grave cause; but Tostig—
On a sudden—at a something—for a nothing—
The boy would fist me hard, and when we fought
I conquer'd, and he loved me none the less,
Till thou wouldst get him all apart, and tell him
That where he was but worsted, he was wrong'd.
Ah! thou hast taught the king to spoil him too;
Now the spoilt child sways both. Take heed, take heed;
Thou art the Queen; ye are boy and girl no more:
Side not with Tostig in any violence,
Lest thou be sideways guilty of the violence.

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QUEEN. Come fall not foul on me. I leave thee, brother.

HAROLD. Nay, my good sister—

[*Exeunt* QUEEN, HAROLD, GURTH, *and* LEOFWIN.

ALDWYTH. Gamel, son of Orm,
What thinkest thou this means? [*Pointing to the comet.*

GAMEL. War, my dear lady,
War, waste, plague, famine, all malignities.

ALDWYTH. It means the fall of Tostig from his earldom.

GAMEL. That were too small a matter for a comet!

ALDWYTH. It means the lifting of the house of Alfgar.

GAMEL. Too small! a comet would not show for that!

ALDWYTH. Not small for thee, if thou canst compass it.

GAMEL. Thy love?

ALDWYTH. As much as I can give thee, man;
This Tostig is, or like to be, a tyrant;
Stir up thy people: oust him!

GAMEL. And thy love?

ALDWYTH. As much as thou canst bear.

GAMEL. I can bear all,
And not be giddy.

ALDWYTH. No more now: to-morrow.

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SCENE II.—In the Garden. The King's House near London. Sunset.

EDITH. Mad for thy mate, passionate nightingale . . .
I love thee for it—ay, but stay a moment;
He can but stay a moment: he is going.
I fain would hear him coming! . . . near me . . near,
Somewhere—To draw him nearer with a charm
Like thine to thine.

(*Singing.*)

Love is come with a song and a smile,
Welcome Love with a smile and a song:
Love can stay but a little while.
Why cannot he stay? They call him away:
Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong;
Love will stay for a whole life long.

Enter HAROLD.

HAROLD. The nightingales in Havering-atte-Bower
Sang out their loves so loud, that Edward's prayers
Were deafen'd and he pray'd them dumb, and thus
I dumb thee too, my wingless nightingale!

[*Kissing her.*

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EDITH. Thou art my music! Would their wings were mine
To follow thee to Flanders! Must thou go?

HAROLD. Not must, but will. It is but for one moon.

EDITH. Leaving so many foes in Edward's hall
To league against thy weal. The Lady Aldwyth
Was here to-day, and when she touch'd on thee,
She stammer'd in her hate; I am sure she hates thee,
Pants for thy blood.

HAROLD. Well, I have given her cause—
I fear no woman.

EDITH. Hate not one who felt
Some pity for thy hater! I am sure
Her morning wanted sunlight, she so praised
The convent and lone life—within the pale—
Beyond the passion. Nay—she held with Edward,
At least methought she held with holy Edward,
That marriage was half sin.

HAROLD. A lesson worth
Finger and thumb—thus (*snaps his fingers*). And my answer to it—
See here—an interwoven H and E!
Take thou this ring; I will demand his ward
From Edward when I come again. Ay, would she?
She to shut up my blossom in the dark!
Thou art *my* nun, thy cloister in mine arms.

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EDITH (*taking the ring*). Yea, but Earl Tostig—

HAROLD. That's a truer fear!
For if the North take fire, I should be back;
I shall be, soon enough.

EDITH. Ay, but last night
An evil dream that ever came and went—

HAROLD. A gnat that vext thy pillow! Had I been by,
I would have spoil'd his horn. My girl, what was it?

EDITH. Oh! that thou wert not going!
For so methought it was our marriage-morn,
And while we stood together, a dead man
Rose from behind the altar, tore away
My marriage ring, and rent my bridal veil;
And then I turn'd, and saw the church all fill'd
With dead men upright from their graves, and all
The dead men made at thee to murder thee,
But thou didst back thyself against a pillar,
And strike among them with thy battle-axe—
There, what a dream!

HAROLD. Well, well—a dream—no more!

EDITH. Did not Heaven speak to men in dreams of old?

HAROLD. Ay—well—of old. I tell thee what, my child;
Thou hast misread this merry dream of thine,
Taken the rifted pillars of the wood

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For smooth stone columns of the sanctuary,
The shadows of a hundred fat dead deer
For dead men's ghosts. True, that the battle-axe
Was out of place; it should have been the bow.—
Come, thou shalt dream no more such dreams; I swear it,
By mine own eyes—and these two sapphires—these
Twin rubies, that are amulets against all
The kisses of all kind of womankind
In Flanders, till the sea shall roll me back
To tumble at thy feet.

EDITH. That would but shame me,
Rather than make me vain. The sea may roll
Sand, shingle, shore-weed, not the living rock
Which guards the land.

HAROLD. Except it be a soft one,
And undereaten to the fall. Mine amulet . . .
This last . . . upon thine eyelids, to shut in
A happier dream. Sleep, sleep, and thou shalt see
My grayhounds fleeting like a beam of light,
And hear my peregrine and her bells in heaven;
And other bells on earth, which yet are heaven's;
Guess what they be.

EDITH. He cannot guess who knows.
Farewell, my king.

HAROLD. Not yet, but then—my queen.

[*Exeunt.*

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Enter ALDWYTH *from the thicket.*

ALDWYTH. The kiss that charms thine eyelids into sleep,
Will hold mine waking. Hate him? I could love him
More, tenfold, than this fearful child can do;
Griffyth I hated: why not hate the foe
Of England? Griffyth when I saw him flee,
Chased deer-like up his mountains, all the blood
That should have only pulsed for Griffyth, beat
For his pursuer. I love him or think I love him.
If he were King of England, I his queen,
I might be sure of it. Nay, I do love him.—
She must be cloister'd somehow, lest the king
Should yield his ward to Harold's will. What harm?
She hath but blood enough to live, not love.—
When Harold goes and Tostig, shall I play
The craftier Tostig with him? fawn upon him?
Chime in with all? 'O thou more saint than king!'
And that were true enough. 'O blessed relics!'
'O Holy Peter!' If he found me thus,
Harold might hate me; he is broad and honest,
Breathing an easy gladness . . . not like Aldwyth . . .
For which I strangely love him. Should not England
Love Aldwyth, if she stay the feuds that part
The sons of Godwin from the sons of Alfgar

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By such a marrying? Courage, noble Aldwyth!
Let all thy people bless thee!
Our wild Tostig,
Edward hath made him Earl: he would be king:—
The dog that snapt the shadow, dropt the bone.—
I trust he may do well, this Gamel, whom
I play upon, that he may play the note
Whereat the dog shall howl and run, and Harold
Hear the king's music, all alone with him,
Pronounced his heir of England.
I see the goal and half the way to it.—
Peace-lover is our Harold for the sake
Of England's wholeness—so—to shake the North
With earthquake and disruption—some division—
Then fling mine own fair person in the gap
A sacrifice to Harold, a peace-offering,
A scape-goat marriage—all the sins of both
The houses on mine head—then a fair life
And bless the Queen of England.

MORCAR (*coming from the thicket*). Art thou assured
By this, that Harold loves but Edith?

ALDWYTH. Morcar!
Why creep'st thou like a timorous beast of prey
Out of the bush by night?

MORCAR. I follow'd thee.

ALDWYTH. Follow my lead, and I will make thee earl.

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MORCAR. What lead then?

ALDWYTH. Thou shalt flash it secretly
Among the good Northumbrian folk, that I—
That Harold loves me—yea, and presently
That I and Harold are betroth'd—and last—
Perchance that Harold wrongs me; tho' I would not
That it should come to that.

MORCAR. I will both flash
And thunder for thee.

ALDWYTH. I said 'secretly;'
It is the flash that murders, the poor thunder
Never harm'd head.

MORCAR. But thunder may bring down
That which the flash hath stricken.

ALDWYTH. Down with Tostig!
That first of all.—And when doth Harold go?

MORCAR. To-morrow—first to Bosham, then to Flanders.

ALDWYTH. Not to come back till Tostig shall have shown
And redden'd with his people's blood the teeth
That shall be broken by us—yea, and thou
Chair'd in his place. Good-night, and dream thyself
Their chosen Earl. [*Exit* ALDWYTH.

MORCAR. Earl first, and after that
Who knows I may not dream myself their king!

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—SEASHORE. PONTHIEU. NIGHT.

HAROLD *and his* MEN, *wrecked.*

HAROLD. Friends, in that last inhospitable plunge
Our boat hath burst her ribs; but ours are whole;
I have but bark'd my hands.

ATTENDANT. I dug mine into
My old fast friend the shore, and clinging thus
Felt the remorseless outdraught of the deep
Haul like a great strong fellow at my legs,
And then I rose and ran. The blast that came
So suddenly hath fallen as suddenly—
Put thou the comet and this blast together—

HAROLD. Put thou thyself and mother-wit together.
Be not a fool!

Enter FISHERMEN *with torches,* HAROLD *going up to one of them,* ROLF.

Wicked sea-will-o'-the-wisp!
Wolf of the shore! dog, with thy lying lights
Thou hast betray'd us on these rocks of thine!

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ROLF. Ay, but thou liest as loud as the black herring-pond behind thee. We be fishermen; I came to see after my nets.

HAROLD. To drag us into them. Fishermen? devils!

Who, while ye fish for men with your false fires,
Let the great Devil fish for your own souls.

ROLF. Nay then, we be liker the blessed Apostles; *they* were fishers of men, Father Jean says.

HAROLD. I had liefer that the fish had swallowed me,

Like Jonah, than have known there were such devils. What's to be done?

[*To his* MEN—*goes apart with them.*

FISHERMAN. Rolf, what fish did swallow Jonah?

ROLF. A whale!

FISHERMAN. Then a whale to a whelk we have swallowed the King of England. I saw him over there. Look thee, Rolf, when I was down in the fever, *she* was down with the hunger, and thou didst stand by her and give her thy crabs, and set her up again, till now, by the patient Saints, she's as crabb'd as ever.

ROLF. And I'll give her my crabs again, when thou art down again.

FISHERMAN. I thank thee, Rolf. Run thou to Count Guy; he is hard at hand. Tell him what hath

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crept into our creel, and he will fee thee as freely as he will wrench this outlander's ransom out of him—and why not? for what right had he to get himself wrecked on another man's land?

ROLF. Thou art the human-heartedest, Christian-charitiest of all crab-catchers. Share and share alike! [*Exit.*

HAROLD (*to* FISHERMAN). Fellow, dost thou catch crabs?

FISHERMAN. As few as I may in a wind, and less than I would in a calm. Ay!

HAROLD. I have a mind that thou shalt catch no more.

FISHERMAN. How?

HAROLD. I have a mind to brain thee with mine axe.

FISHERMAN. Ay, do, do, and our great Count-crab will make his nippers meet in thine heart; he'll sweat it out of thee, he'll sweat it out of thee. Look, he's here! He'll speak for himself! Hold thine own, if thou canst!

Enter GUY, COUNT OF PONTHIEU.

HAROLD. Guy, Count of Ponthieu?

GUY. Harold, Earl of Wessex!

HAROLD. Thy villains with their lying lights have wreck'd us!

GUY. Art thou not Earl of Wessex?

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HAROLD. In mine earldom
A man may hang gold bracelets on a bush,
And leave them for a year, and coming back
Find them again.

GUY. Thou art a mighty man
In thine own earldom!

HAROLD. Were such murderous liars
In Wessex—if I caught them, they should hang
Cliff-gibbeted for sea-marks; our sea-mew
Winging their only wail!

GUY. Ay, but my men
Hold that the shipwreckt are accursed of God;—
What hinders me to hold with mine own men?

HAROLD. The Christian manhood of the man who reigns!

GUY. Ay, rave thy worst, but in our oubliettes
Thou shalt or rot or ransom. Hale him hence!
[*To one of his* ATTENDANTS.
Fly thou to William; tell him we have Harold.

SCENE II.—BAYEUX. PALACE.

COUNT WILLIAM *and* WILLIAM MALET.

WILLIAM. We hold our Saxon woodcock in the springe,
But he begins to flutter. As I think

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He was thine host in England when I went
To visit Edward.

MALET. Yea, and there, my lord,
To make allowance for their rougher fashions,
I found him all a noble host should be.

WILLIAM. Thou art his friend: thou know'st my claim on England
Thro' Edward's promise: we have him in the toils.
And it were well, if thou shouldst let him feel,
How dense a fold of danger nets him round,
So that he bristle himself against my will.

MALET. What would I do, my lord, if I were you?

WILLIAM. What wouldst thou do?

MALET. My lord, he is thy guest.

WILLIAM. Nay, by the splendour of God, no guest of mine.
He came not to see me, had past me by
To hunt and hawk elsewhere, save for the fate
Which hunted *him* when that un-Saxon blast,
And bolts of thunder moulded in high heaven
To serve the Norman purpose, drave and crack'd
His boat on Ponthieu beach; where our friend Guy
Had wrung his ransom from him by the rack,
But that I stept between and purchased him,
Translating his captivity from Guy
To mine own hearth at Bayeux, where he sits
My ransom'd prisoner.

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MALET. Well, if not with gold,
With golden deeds and iron strokes that brought
Thy war with Brittany to a goodlier close
Than else had been, he paid his ransom back.

WILLIAM. So that henceforth they are not like to league
With Harold against *me*.

MALET. A marvel, how
He from the liquid sands of Coesnon
Haled thy shore-swallow'd, armour'd Normans up
To fight for thee again!

WILLIAM. Perchance against
Their saver, save thou save him from himself.

MALET. But I should let him home again, my lord.

WILLIAM. Simple! let fly the bird within the hand,
To catch the bird again within the bush!
No.
Smooth thou my way, before he clash with me;
I want his voice in England for the crown,
I want thy voice with him to bring him round;
And being brave he must be subtly cow'd,
And being truthful wrought upon to swear
Vows that he dare not break. England our own
Thro' Harold's help, he shall be my dear friend
As well as thine, and thou thyself shalt have
Large lordship there of lands and territory.

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MALET. I knew thy purpose; he and Wulfnoth never
Have met, except in public; shall they meet
In private? I have often talk'd with Wulfnoth,
And stuff'd the boy with fears that these may act
On Harold when they meet.

WILLIAM. Then let them meet!

MALET. I can but love this noble, honest Harold.

WILLIAM. Love him! why not? thine is a loving office,
I have commission'd thee to save the man:
Help the good ship, showing the sunken rock,
Or he is wreckt for ever.

Enter WILLIAM RUFUS.

WILLIAM RUFUS. Father.

WILLIAM. Well, boy.

WILLIAM RUFUS. They have taken away the toy thou gavest me,
The Norman knight.

WILLIAM. Why, boy?

WILLIAM RUFUS. Because I broke
The horse's leg—it was mine own to break;
I like to have my toys, and break them too.

WILLIAM. Well, thou shalt have another Norman knight!

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WILLIAM RUFUS. And may I break his legs?

WILLIAM. Yea,—get thee gone!

WILLIAM RUFUS. I'll tell them I have had my way with thee. [*Exit.*

MALET. I never knew thee check thy will for ought
Save for the prattling of thy little ones.

WILLIAM. Who shall be kings of England. I am heir
Of England by the promise of her king.

MALET. But there the great Assembly choose their king,
The choice of England is the voice of England.

WILLIAM. I will be king of England by the laws,
The choice, and voice of England.

MALET. Can that be?

WILLIAM. The voice of any people is the sword
That guards them, or the sword that beats them down.
Here comes the would-be what I will be . . . king-like . . .
Tho' scarce at ease; for, save our meshes break,
More kinglike he than like to prove a king.

Enter HAROLD, *musing, with his eyes on the ground.*

He sees me not—and yet he dreams of me.
Earl, wilt thou fly my falcons this fair day?
They are of the best, strong-wing'd against the wind.

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HAROLD (*looking up suddenly, having caught but the last word*). *Which* way does it blow?

WILLIAM. Blowing for England, ha?
Not yet. Thou hast not learnt thy quarters here.
The winds so cross and jostle among these towers.

HAROLD. Count of the Normans, thou hast ransom'd us,
Maintain'd, and entertain'd us royally!

WILLIAM. And thou for us hast fought as loyally,
Which binds us friendship-fast for ever!

HAROLD. Good!
But lest we turn the scale of courtesy
By too much pressure on it, I would fain,
Since thou hast promised Wulfnoth home with us,
Be home again with Wulfnoth.

WILLIAM. Stay—as yet
Thou hast but seen how Norman hands can strike,
But walk'd our Norman field, scarce touch'd or tasted
The splendours of our Court.

HAROLD. I am in no mood:
I should be as the shadow of a cloud
Crossing your light.

WILLIAM. Nay, rest a week or two,
And we will fill thee full of Norman sun,
And send thee back among thine island mists
With laughter.

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HAROLD. Count, I thank thee, but had rather
Breathe the free wind from off our Saxon downs,
Tho' charged with all the wet of all the west.

WILLIAM. Why if thou wilt, so let it be—thou shalt.
That were a graceless hospitality
To chain the free guest to the banquet-board;
To-morrow we will ride with thee to Harfleur,
And see thee shipt, and pray in thy behalf
For happier homeward winds than that which crack'd
Thy bark at Ponthieu,—yet to us, in faith,
A happy one—whereby we came to know
Thy valour and thy value, noble earl.
Ay, and perchance a happy one for thee,
Provided—I will go with thee to-morrow—
Nay—but there be conditions, easy ones,
So thou, fair friend, will take them easily.

Enter PAGE.

PAGE. My lord, there is a post from over seas
With news for thee. [*Exit* PAGE.

WILLIAM. Come, Malet, let us hear!

[*Exeunt* COUNT WILLIAM *and* MALET.

HAROLD. Conditions? What conditions? pay him back
His ransom? 'easy'—that were easy—nay—

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No money-lover he! What said the King?
'I pray you do not go to Normandy.'
And fate hath blown me hither, bound me too
With bitter obligation to the Count—
Have I not fought it out? What did he mean?
There lodged a gleaming grimness in his eyes,
Gave his shorn smile the lie. The walls oppress me,
And yon huge keep that hinders half the heaven.
Free air! free field!

[*Moves to go out. A* MAN-AT-ARMS *follows him.*

HAROLD (*to the* MAN-AT-ARMS). I need thee not. Why dost thou follow me?

MAN-AT-ARMS. I have the Count's commands to follow thee.

HAROLD. What then? Am I in danger in this court?

MAN-AT-ARMS. I cannot tell. I have the Count's commands.

HAROLD. Stand out of earshot then, and keep me still
In eyeshot.

MAN-AT-ARMS. Yea, lord Harold. [*Withdraws.*

HAROLD. And arm'd men
Ever keep watch beside my chamber door,
And if I walk within the lonely wood,
There is an arm'd man ever glides behind!

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Enter MALET.

Why am I follow'd, haunted, harass'd, watch'd?
See yonder! [*Pointing to the* MAN-AT-ARMS.

MALET. 'Tis the good Count's care for thee!
The Normans love thee not, nor thou the Normans,
Or—so they deem.

HAROLD. But wherefore is the wind,
Which way soever the vane-arrow swing,
Not ever fair for England? Why but now
He said (thou heardst him) that I must not hence
Save on conditions.

MALET. So in truth he said.

HAROLD. Malet, thy mother was an Englishwoman;
There somewhere beats an English pulse in thee!

MALET. Well—for my mother's sake I love your England,
But for my father I love Normandy.

HAROLD. Speak for thy mother's sake, and tell me true.

MALET. Then for my mother's sake, and England's sake
That suffers in the daily want of thee,
Obey the Count's conditions, my good friend.

HAROLD. How, Malet, if they be not honourable!

MALET. Seem to obey them.

HAROLD. Better die than lie!

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MALET. Choose therefore whether thou wilt have thy conscience
White as a maiden's hand, or whether England
Be shatter'd into fragments.

HAROLD. News from England?

MALET. Morcar and Edwin have stirr'd up the Thanes
Against thy brother Tostig's governance;
And all the North of Humber is one storm.

HAROLD. I should be there, Malet, I should be there!

MALET. And Tostig in his own hall on suspicion
Hath massacred the Thane that was his guest,
Gamel, the son of Orm: and there be more
As villainously slain.

HAROLD. The wolf! the beast!
Ill news for guests, ha, Malet! More? What more?
What do they say? did Edward know of this?

MALET. They say, his wife was knowing and abetting.

HAROLD. They say, his wife!—To marry and have no husband
Makes the wife fool. My God, I should be there.
I'll hack my way to the sea.

MALET. Thou canst not, Harold;
Our Duke is all between thee and the sea,
Our Duke is all about thee like a God;

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All passes block'd. Obey him, speak him fair,
For he is only debonair to those
That follow where he leads, but stark as death
To those that cross him.—Look thou, here is Wulfnoth!
I leave thee to thy talk with him alone;
How wan, poor lad! how sick and sad for home!

[*Exit* MALET.

HAROLD (*muttering*). Go not to Normandy—go not to Normandy!

Enter WULFNOTH.

Poor brother! still a hostage!

WULFNOTH. Yea, and I
Shall see the dewy kiss of dawn no more
Make blush the maiden-white of our tall cliffs,
Nor mark the sea-bird rouse himself and hover
Above the windy ripple, and fill the sky
With free sea-laughter—never—save indeed
Thou canst make yield this iron-mooded Duke
To let me go.

HAROLD. Why, brother, so he will;
But on conditions. Canst thou guess at them?

WULFNOTH. Draw nearer,—I was in the corridor,
I saw him coming with his brother Odo
The Bayeux bishop, and I hid myself.

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HAROLD. They did thee wrong who made thee hostage; thou
Wast ever fearful.

WULFNOTH. And he spoke—I heard him—
'This Harold is not of the royal blood,
Can have no right to the crown,' and Odo said,
'Thine is the right, for thine the might; he is here,
And yonder is thy keep.'

HAROLD. No, Wulfnoth, no.

WULFNOTH. And William laugh'd and swore that might was right,
Far as he knew in this poor world of ours—
'Marry, the Saints must go along with us,
And, brother, we will find a way,' said he—
Yea, yea, he would be king of England.

HAROLD. Never!

WULFNOTH. Yea, but thou must not this way answer *him*.

HAROLD. Is it not better still to speak the truth?

WULFNOTH. Not here, or thou wilt never hence nor I:
For in the racing toward this golden goal
He turns not right or left, but tramples flat
Whatever thwarts him; hast thou never heard
His savagery at Alençon,—the town
Hung out raw hides along their walls, and cried
'Work for the tanner.'

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HAROLD. That had anger'd *me*
Had I been William.

WULFNOTH. Nay, but he had prisoners,
He tore their eyes out, sliced their hands away,
And flung them streaming o'er the battlements
Upon the heads of those who walk'd within—
O speak him fair, Harold, for thine own sake.

HAROLD. Your Welshman says, 'The Truth against the World,'
Much more the truth against myself.

WULFNOTH. Thyself?
But for my sake, oh brother! oh! for my sake!

HAROLD. Poor Wulfnoth! do they not entreat thee well?

WULFNOTH. I see the blackness of my dungeon loom
Across their lamps of revel, and beyond
The merriest murmurs of their banquet clank
The shackles that will bind me to the wall.

HAROLD. Too fearful still!

WULFNOTH. Oh no, no—speak him fair!
Call it to temporize; and not to lie;
Harold, I do not counsel thee to lie.
The man that hath to foil a murderous aim
May, surely, play with words.

HAROLD. Words are the man.
Not ev'n for thy sake, brother, would I lie.

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WULFNOTH. Then for thine Edith?

HAROLD. There thou prick'st me deep.

WULFNOTH. And for our Mother England?

HAROLD. Deeper still.

WULFNOTH. And deeper still the deep-down oubliette,
Down thirty feet below the smiling day—
In blackness—dogs' food thrown upon thy head.
And over thee the suns arise and set,
And the lark sings, the sweet stars come and go,
And men are at their markets, in their fields,
And woo their loves and have forgotten thee;
And thou art upright in thy living grave,
Where there is barely room to shift thy side,
And all thine England hath forgotten thee;
And he our lazy-pious Norman King,
With all his Normans round him once again,
Counts his old beads, and hath forgotten thee.

HAROLD. Thou art of my blood, and so methinks, my boy,
Thy fears infect me beyond reason. Peace!

WULFNOTH. And then our fiery Tostig, while thy hands
Are palsied here, if his Northumbrians rise
And hurl him from them,—I have heard the Normans
Count upon this confusion—may he not make
A league with William, so to bring him back?

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HAROLD. That lies within the shadow of the chance.

WULFNOTH. And like a river in flood thro' a burst dam
Descends the ruthless Norman—our good King
Kneels mumbling some old bone—our helpless folk
Are wash'd away, wailing, in their own blood—

HAROLD. Wailing! not warring? Boy, thou hast forgotten
That thou art English.

WULFNOTH. Then our modest women—
I know the Norman license—thine own Edith—

HAROLD. No more! I will not hear thee—William comes.

WULFNOTH. I dare not well be seen in talk with thee.
Make thou not mention that I spake with thee.

[*Moves away to the back of the stage.*

Enter WILLIAM, MALET, *and* OFFICER.

OFFICER. We have the man that rail'd against thy birth.

WILLIAM. Tear out his tongue.

OFFICER. He shall not rail again.
He said that he should see confusion fall
On thee and on thine house.

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WILLIAM. Tear out his eyes,
And plunge him into prison.
OFFICER. It shall be done.
[*Exit* OFFICER.
WILLIAM. Look not amazed, fair earl! Better leave undone
Than do by halves—tongueless and eyeless, prison'd—
HAROLD. Better methinks have slain the man at once!
WILLIAM. We have respect for man's immortal soul,
We seldom take man's life, except in war;
It frights the traitor more to maim and blind.
HAROLD. In mine own land I should have scorn'd the man,
Or lash'd his rascal back, and let him go.
WILLIAM. And let him go? To slander thee again!
Yet in thine own land in thy father's day
They blinded my young kinsman, Alfred—ay,
Some said it was thy father's deed.
HAROLD. They lied.
WILLIAM. But thou and he—whom at thy word, for thou
Art known a speaker of the truth, I free
From this foul charge—
HAROLD. Nay, nay, he freed himself
By oath and compurgation from the charge.
The king, the lords, the people clear'd him of it.

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WILLIAM. But thou and he drove our good Normans out
From England, and this rankles in us yet.
Archbishop Robert hardly scaped with life.
HAROLD. Archbishop Robert! Robert the Archbishop!
Robert of Jumiéges, he that—
MALET. Quiet! quiet!
HAROLD. Count! if there sat within the Norman chair
A ruler all for England—one who fill'd
All offices, all bishopricks with English—
We could not move from Dover to the Humber
Saving thro' Norman bishopricks—I say
Ye would applaud that Norman who should drive
The stranger to the fiends!
WILLIAM. Why, that is reason!
Warrior thou art, and mighty wise withal!
Ay, ay, but many among our Norman lords
Hate thee for this, and press upon me—saying
God and the sea have given thee to our hands—
To plunge thee into life-long prison here:—
Yet I hold out against them, as I may,
Yea—would hold out, yea, tho' they should revolt—
For thou hast done the battle in my cause;
I am thy fastest friend in Normandy.

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HAROLD. I am doubly bound to thee . . . if this be so.

WILLIAM. And I would bind thee more, and would myself
Be bounden to thee more.

HAROLD. Then let me hence
With Wulfnoth to King Edward.

WILLIAM. So we will.
We hear he hath not long to live.

HAROLD. It may be.

WILLIAM. Why then the heir of England, who is he?

HAROLD. The Atheling is nearest to the throne.

WILLIAM. But sickly, slight, half-witted and a child,
Will England have him king?

HAROLD. It may be, no.

WILLIAM. And hath King Edward not pronounced his heir?

HAROLD. Not that I know.

WILLIAM. When he was here in Normandy,
He loved us and we him, because we found him
A Norman of the Normans.

HAROLD. So did we.

WILLIAM. A gentle, gracious, pure and saintly man!
And grateful to the hand that shielded him,
He promised that if ever he were king

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In England, he would give his kingly voice
To me as his successor. Knowest thou this?

HAROLD. I learn it now.

WILLIAM. Thou knowest I am his cousin,
And that my wife descends from Alfred?

HAROLD. Ay.

WILLIAM. Who hath a better claim then to the crown
So that ye will not crown the Atheling?

HAROLD. None that I know . . . if that but hung upon
King Edward's will.

WILLIAM. Wilt *thou* uphold my claim?

MALET (*aside to* HAROLD). Be careful of thine answer, my good friend.

WULFNOTH (*aside to* HAROLD). Oh! Harold, for my sake and for thine own!

HAROLD. Ay . . . if the king have not revoked his promise.

WILLIAM. But hath he done it then?

HAROLD. Not that I know.

WILLIAM. Good, good, and thou wilt help me to the crown?

HAROLD. Ay . . . if the Witan will consent to this.

WILLIAM. Thou art the mightiest voice in England, man,
Thy voice will lead the Witan—shall I have it?

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WULFNOTH (*aside to* HAROLD). Oh! Harold, if thou love thine Edith, ay.

HAROLD. Ay, if—

MALET (*aside to* HAROLD). Thine 'ifs' will sear thine eyes out—ay.

WILLIAM. I ask thee, wilt thou help me to the crown?

And I will make thee my great Earl of Earls,
Foremost in England and in Normandy;
Thou shalt be verily king—all but the name—
For I shall most sojourn in Normandy;
And thou be my vice-king in England. Speak.

WULFNOTH (*aside to* HAROLD). Ay, brother—for the sake of England—ay.

HAROLD. My lord—

MALET (*aside to* HAROLD). Take heed now.

HAROLD. Ay.

WILLIAM. I am content,
For thou art truthful, and thy word thy bond.
To-morrow will we ride with thee to Harfleur.

[*Exit* WILLIAM.

MALET. Harold, I am thy friend, one life with thee,
And even as I should bless thee saving mine,
I thank thee now for having saved thyself.

[*Exit* MALET.

HAROLD. For having lost myself to save myself,

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Said 'ay' when I meant 'no,' lied like a lad
That dreads the pendent scourge, said 'ay' for 'no'!
Ay! No!—he hath not bound me by an oath—
Is 'ay' an oath? is 'ay' strong as an oath?
Or is it the same sin to break my word
As break mine oath? He call'd my word my bond!
He is a liar who knows I am a liar,
And makes believe that he believes my word—
The crime be on his head—not bounden—no.

[*Suddenly doors are flung open, discovering in an inner hall* COUNT WILLIAM *in his state robes, seated upon his throne, between two* BISHOPS, ODO OF BAYEUX *being one: in the centre of the hall an ark covered with cloth of gold; and on either side of it the* NORMAN BARONS.

Enter a JAILOR *before* WILLIAM'S *throne.*

WILLIAM (*to* JAILOR). Knave, hast thou let thy prisoner scape?

JAILOR. Sir Count,
He had but one foot, he must have hopt away,
Yea, some familiar spirit must have help'd him.

WILLIAM. Woe knave to thy familiar and to thee!
Give me thy keys. [*They fall clashing.*
Nay let them lie. Stand there and wait my will.

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[*The* JAILOR *stands aside.*

WILLIAM (*to* HAROLD). Hast thou such trustless jailors in thy North?

HAROLD. We have few prisoners in mine earldom there,

So less chance for false keepers.

WILLIAM. We have heard

Of thy just, mild, and equal governance;

Honour to thee! thou art perfect in all honour!

Thy naked word thy bond! confirm it now

Before our gather'd Norman baronage,

For they will not believe thee—as I believe.

[*Descends from his throne and stands by the ark.*

Let all men here bear witness of our bond!

[*Beckons to* HAROLD, *who advances.*

Enter MALET *behind him.*

Lay thou thy hand upon this golden pall!

Behold the jewel of St. Pancratius

Woven into the gold. Swear thou on this!

HAROLD. What should I swear? Why should I swear on this?

WILLIAM (*savagely*). Swear thou to help me to the crown of England.

MALET (*whispering* HAROLD). My friend, thou hast gone too far to palter now.

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WULFNOTH (*whispering* HAROLD). Swear thou to-day, to-morrow is thine own.

HAROLD. I swear to help thee to the crown of England . . .

According as King Edward promises.

WILLIAM. Thou must swear absolutely, noble Earl.

MALET (*whispering*). Delay is death to thee, ruin to England.

WULFNOTH (*whispering*). Swear, dearest brother, I beseech thee, swear!

HAROLD (*putting his hand on the jewel*). I swear to help thee to the crown of England.

WILLIAM. Thanks, truthful Earl; I did not doubt thy word,

But that my barons might believe thy word,
And that the Holy Saints of Normandy
When thou art home in England, with thine own,
Might strengthen thee in keeping of thy word,
I made thee swear.—Show him by whom he hath sworn.

[*The two* BISHOPS *advance, and raise the cloth of gold. The bodies and bones of Saints are seen lying in the ark.*

The holy bones of all the Canonised
From all the holiest shrines in Normandy!

HAROLD. Horrible! [*They let the cloth fall again.*

WILLIAM. Ay, for thou hast sworn an oath

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Which, if not kept, would make the hard earth rive
To the very Devil's horns, the bright sky cleave
To the very feet of God, and send her hosts
Of injured Saints to scatter sparks of plague
Thro' all your cities, blast your infants, dash
The torch of war among your standing corn,
Dabble your hearths with your own blood.—Enough!
Thou wilt not break it! I, the Count—the King—
Thy friend—am grateful for thine honest oath,
Not coming fiercely like a conqueror, now,
But softly as a bridegroom to his own.
For I shall rule according to your laws,
And make your ever-jarring Earldoms move
To music and in order—Angle, Jute,
Dane, Saxon, Norman, help to build a throne
Out-towering hers of France . . . The wind is fair
For England now . . . To-night we will be merry.
To-morrow will I ride with thee to Harfleur.

[*Exeunt* WILLIAM *and all the* NORMAN BARONS, *etc.*

HAROLD. To-night we will be merry—and to-morrow—
Juggler and bastard—bastard—he hates that most—
William the tanner's bastard! Would he heard me!
O God, that I were in some wide, waste field
With nothing but my battle-axe and him
To spatter his brains! Why let earth rive, gulf in
These cursed Normans—yea and mine own self.

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Cleave heaven, and send thy saints that I may say
Ev'n to their faces, 'If ye side with William
Ye are not noble.' How their pointed fingers
Glared at me! Am I Harold, Harold, son
Of our great Godwin? Lo! I touch mine arms,
My limbs—they are not mine—they are a liar's—
I mean to be a liar—I am not bound—
Stigand shall give me absolution for it—
Did the chest move? did it move? I am utter craven!
O Wulfnoth, Wulfnoth, brother, thou hast betray'd me!

WULFNOTH. Forgive me, brother, I will live here and die.

Enter PAGE.

PAGE. My lord! the Duke awaits thee at the banquet.

HAROLD. Where they eat dead men's flesh, and drink their blood.

PAGE. My lord—

HAROLD. I know your Norman cookery is so spiced,
It masks all this.

PAGE. My lord! thou art white as death.

HAROLD. With looking on the dead. Am I so white?
Thy Duke will seem the darker. Hence, I follow.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—The King's Palace. London.

King Edward *dying on a couch, and by him standing the* Queen, Harold, Archbishop Stigand, Gurth, Leofwin, Archbishop Aldred, Aldwyth, *and* Edith.

Stigand. Sleeping or dying there? If this be death,
Then our great Council wait to crown thee King—
Come hither, I have a power; [*To* Harold.
They call me near, for I am close to thee
And England—I, old shrivell'd Stigand, I,
Dry as an old wood-fungus on a dead tree,
I have a power!
See here this little key about my neck!
There lies a treasure buried down in Ely:
If e'er the Norman grow too hard for thee,
Ask me for this at thy most need, son Harold,
At thy most need—not sooner.

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HAROLD. So I will.

STIGAND. Red gold—a hundred purses—yea, and more!

If thou canst make a wholesome use of these
To chink against the Norman, I do believe
My old crook'd spine would bud out two young wings
To fly to heaven straight with.

HAROLD. Thank thee, father!
Thou art English, Edward too is English now,
He hath clean repented of his Normanism.

STIGAND. Ay, as the libertine repents who cannot
Make done undone, when thro' his dying sense
Shrills 'lost thro' thee.' They have built their castles here;
Our priories are Norman; the Norman adder
Hath bitten us; we are poison'd: our dear England
Is demi-Norman. He!—

[*Pointing to* KING EDWARD, *sleeping.*

HAROLD. I would I were
As holy and as passionless as he!
That I might rest as calmly! Look at him—
The rosy face, and long down-silvering beard,
The brows unwrinkled as a summer mere.—

STIGAND. A summer mere with sudden wreckful gusts
From a side-gorge. Passionless? How he flamed
When Tostig's anger'd earldom flung him, nay,

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He fain had calcined all Northumbria
To one black ash, but that thy patriot passion
Siding with our great Council against Tostig,
Out-passion'd his! Holy? ay, ay, forsooth,
A conscience for his own soul, not his realm;
A twilight conscience lighted thro' a chink;
Thine by the sun; nay, by some sun to be,
When all the world hath learnt to speak the truth,
And lying were self-murder by that state
Which was the exception.

HAROLD. That sun may God speed!

STIGAND. Come, Harold, shake the cloud off!

HAROLD. Can I, father?
Our Tostig parted cursing me and England;
Our sister hates us for his banishment;
He hath gone to kindle Norway against England,
And Wulfnoth is alone in Normandy.
For when I rode with William down to Harfleur,
'Wulfnoth is sick,' he said; 'he cannot follow;'
Then with that friendly-fiendly smile of his,
'We have learnt to love him, let him a little longer
Remain a hostage for the loyalty
Of Godwin's house.' As far as touches Wulfnoth
I that so prized plain word and naked truth
Have sinn'd against it—all in vain.

LEOFWIN. Good brother,
By all the truths that ever priest hath preach'd,

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Of all the lies that ever men have lied,
Thine is the pardonablest.

HAROLD. May be so!

I think it so, I think I am a fool
To think it can be otherwise than so.

STIGAND. Tut, tut, I have absolved thee: dost thou scorn me,
Because I had my Canterbury pallium,
From one whom they dispoped?

HAROLD. No, Stigand, no!

STIGAND. Is naked truth actable in true life?
I have heard a saying of thy father Godwin,
That, were a man of state nakedly true,
Men would but take him for the craftier liar.

LEOFWIN. Be men less delicate than the Devil himself!
I thought that naked Truth would shame the Devil,
The Devil is so modest.

GURTH. He never said it!

LEOFWIN. Be thou not stupid-honest, brother Gurth!

HAROLD. Better to be a liar's dog, and hold
My master honest, than believe that lying
And ruling men are fatal twins that cannot
Move one without the other. Edward wakes!—
Dazed—he hath seen a vision.

EDWARD. The green tree!

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Then a great Angel past along the highest
Crying 'the doom of England,' and at once
He stood beside me, in his grasp a sword
Of lightnings, wherewithal he cleft the tree
From off the bearing trunk, and hurl'd it from him
Three fields away, and then he dash'd and drench'd,
He dyed, he soak'd the trunk with human blood,
And brought the sunder'd tree again, and set it
Straight on the trunk, that thus baptized in blood
Grew ever high and higher, beyond my seeing,
And shot out sidelong boughs across the deep
That dropt themselves, and rooted in far isles
Beyond my seeing: and the great Angel rose
And past again along the highest crying
'The doom of England!'—Tostig, raise my head!

[*Falls back senseless.*

HAROLD (*raising him*). Let Harold serve for Tostig!

QUEEN. Harold served
Tostig so ill, he cannot serve for Tostig!
Ay, raise his head, for thou hast laid it low!
The sickness of our saintly king, for whom
My prayers go up as fast as my tears fall,
I well believe, hath mainly drawn itself
From lack of Tostig—thou hast banish'd him.

HAROLD. Nay—but the council, and the king himself.

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QUEEN. Thou hatest him, hatest him.

HAROLD (*coldly*). Ay—Stigand, unriddle
This vision, canst thou?

STIGAND. Dotage!

EDWARD (*starting up*). It is finish'd.
I have built the Lord a house—the Lord hath dwelt
In darkness. I have built the Lord a house—
Palms, flowers, pomegranates, golden cherubim
With twenty-cubit wings from wall to wall—
I have built the Lord a house—sing, Asaph! clash
The cymbal, Heman! blow the trumpet, priest!
Fall, cloud, and fill the house—lo! my two pillars,
Jachin and Boaz!— [*Seeing* HAROLD *and* GURTH.
Harold, Gurth,—where am I?
Where is the charter of our Westminster?

STIGAND. It lies beside thee, king, upon thy bed.

EDWARD. Sign, sign at once—take, sign it, Stigand,
Aldred!
Sign it, my good son Harold, Gurth, and Leofwin,
Sign it, my queen!

ALL. We have sign'd it.

EDWARD. It is finish'd!
The kingliest Abbey in all Christian lands,
The lordliest, loftiest minster ever built
To Holy Peter in our English isle!
Let me be buried there, and all our kings,
And all our just and wise and holy men

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That shall be born hereafter. It is finish'd!
Hast thou had absolution for thine oath? [*To* HAROLD.

HAROLD. Stigand hath given me absolution for it.

EDWARD. Stigand is not canonical enough
To save thee from the wrath of Norman Saints.

STIGAND. Norman enough! Be there no Saints of England
To help us from their brethren yonder?

EDWARD. Prelate,
The Saints are one, but those of Normanland
Are mightier than our own. Ask it of Aldred.
[*To* HAROLD.

ALDRED. It shall be granted him, my king; for he
Who vows a vow to strangle his own mother
Is guiltier keeping this, than breaking it.

EDWARD. O friends, I shall not overlive the day.

STIGAND. Why then the throne is empty. Who inherits?
For tho' we be not bound by the king's voice
In making of a king, yet the king's voice
Is much toward his making. Who inherits?
Edgar the Atheling?

EDWARD. No, no, but Harold.
I love him: he hath served me: none but he
Can rule all England. Yet the curse is on him
For swearing falsely by those blessed bones;
He did not mean to keep his vow.

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HAROLD. Not mean
To make our England Norman.
EDWARD. There spake Godwin,
Who hated all the Normans; but their Saints
Have heard thee, Harold.
EDITH. Oh! my lord, my king!
He knew not whom he sware by.
EDWARD. Yea, I know
He knew not, but those heavenly ears have heard,
Their curse is on him; wilt thou bring another,
Edith, upon his head?
EDITH. No, no, not I.
EDWARD. Why then, thou must not wed him.
HAROLD. Wherefore, wherefore?
EDWARD. O son, when thou didst tell me of thine oath,
I sorrow'd for my random promise given
To yon fox-lion. I did not dream then
I should be king.—My son, the Saints are virgins;
They love the white rose of virginity,
The cold, white lily blowing in her cell:
I have been myself a virgin; and I sware
To consecrate my virgin here to heaven—
The silent, cloister'd, solitary life,
A life of life-long prayer against the curse
That lies on thee and England.
HAROLD. No, no, no.

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EDWARD. Treble denial of the tongue of flesh,
Like Peter's when he fell, and thou wilt have
To wail for it like Peter. O my son!
Are all oaths to be broken then, all promises
Made in our agony for help from heaven?
Son, there is one who loves thee: and a wife,
What matters who, so she be serviceable
In all obedience, as mine own hath been:
God bless thee, wedded daughter.

[*Laying his hand on the* QUEEN'S *head.*

QUEEN. Bless thou too
That brother whom I love beyond the rest,
My banish'd Tostig.

EDWARD. All the sweet Saints bless him!
Spare and forbear him, Harold, if he comes!
And let him pass unscathed; he loves me, Harold!
Be kindly to the Normans left among us,
Who follow'd me for love! and dear son, swear
When thou art king, to see my solemn vow
Accomplish'd.

HAROLD. Nay, dear lord, for I have sworn
Not to swear falsely twice.

EDWARD. Thou wilt not swear?

HAROLD. I cannot.

EDWARD. Then on thee remains the curse,
Harold, if thou embrace her: and on thee,
Edith, if thou abide it,—

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[*The* KING *swoons;* EDITH *falls and kneels by the couch.*

STIGAND. He hath swoon'd!
Death? . . . no, as yet a breath.

HAROLD. Look up! look up!
Edith!

ALDRED. Confuse her not; she hath begun
Her life-long prayer for thee.

ALDWYTH. O noble Harold,
I would thou couldst have sworn.

HAROLD. For thine own pleasure?

ALDWYTH. No, but to please our dying king, and those
Who make thy good their own—all England, Earl.

ALDRED. *I* would thou couldst have sworn. Our holy king
Hath given his virgin lamb to Holy Church
To save thee from the curse.

HAROLD. Alas! poor man,
His promise brought it on me.

ALDRED. O good son!
That knowledge made him all the carefuller
To find a means whereby the curse might glance
From thee and England.

HAROLD. Father, we so loved—

ALDRED. The more the love, the mightier is the prayer;
The more the love, the more acceptable

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The sacrifice of both your loves to heaven.
No sacrifice to heaven, no help from heaven;
That runs thro' all the faiths of all the world.
And sacrifice there must be, for the king
Is holy, and hath talk'd with God, and seen
A shadowing horror; there are signs in heaven—

HAROLD. Your comet came and went.

ALDRED. And signs on earth!
Knowest thou Senlac hill?

HAROLD. I know all Sussex;
A good entrenchment for a perilous hour!

ALDRED. Pray God that come not suddenly! There is one
Who passing by that hill three nights ago—
He shook so that he scarce could out with it—
Heard, heard—

HAROLD. The wind in his hair?

ALDRED. A ghostly horn
Blowing continually, and faint battle-hymns,
And cries, and clashes, and the groans of men;
And dreadful shadows strove upon the hill,
And dreadful lights crept up from out the marsh—
Corpse-candles gliding over nameless graves—

HAROLD. At Senlac?

ALDRED. Senlac.

EDWARD (*waking*). Senlac! Sanguelac,
The Lake of Blood!

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STIGAND. This lightning before death
Plays on the word,—and Normanizes too!

HAROLD. Hush, father, hush!

EDWARD. Thou uncanonical fool,
Wilt *thou* play with the thunder? North and South
Thunder together, showers of blood are blown
Before a never-ending blast, and hiss
Against the blaze they cannot quench—a lake,
A sea of blood—we are drown'd in blood—for God
Has fill'd the quiver, and Death has drawn the bow—
Sanguelac! Sanguelac! the arrow! the arrow! [*Dies.*

STIGAND. It is the arrow of death in his own heart—
And our great Council wait to crown thee King.

SCENE II.—IN THE GARDEN. THE KING'S HOUSE NEAR LONDON.

EDITH. Crown'd, crown'd and lost, crown'd King
—and lost to me!

(*Singing.*)

Two young lovers in winter weather,
None to guide them,
Walk'd at night on the misty heather;
Night, as black as a raven's feather;
Both were lost and found together,
None beside them.

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That is the burthen of it—lost and found
Together in the cruel river Swale
A hundred years ago; and there's another,

Lost, lost, the light of day,

To which the lover answers lovingly

'I am beside thee.'
Lost, lost, we have lost the way.
'Love, I will guide thee.'
Whither, O whither? into the river,
Where we two may be lost together,
And lost for ever? 'Oh! never, oh! never,
Tho' we be lost and be found together.'

Some think they loved within the pale forbidden
By Holy Church: but who shall say? the truth
Was lost in that fierce North, where *they* were lost,
Where all good things are lost, where Tostig lost
The good hearts of his people. It is Harold!

Enter HAROLD.

Harold the King!

HAROLD. Call me not King, but Harold.

EDITH. Nay, thou art King!

HAROLD. Thine, thine, or King or churl!
My girl, thou hast been weeping: turn not thou

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Thy face away, but rather let me be
King of the moment to thee, and command
That kiss my due when subject, which will make
My kingship kinglier to me than to reign
King of the world without it.

EDITH. Ask me not,
Lest I should yield it, and the second curse
Descend upon thine head, and thou be only
King of the moment over England.

HAROLD. Edith,
Tho' somewhat less a king to my true self
Than ere they crown'd me one, for I have lost
Somewhat of upright stature thro' mine oath,
Yet thee I would not lose, and sell not thou
Our living passion for a dead man's dream;
Stigand believed he knew not what he spake.
Oh God! I cannot help it, but at times
They seem to me too narrow, all the faiths
Of this grown world of ours, whose baby eye
Saw them sufficient. Fool and wise, I fear
This curse, and scorn it. But a little light!—
And on it falls the shadow of the priest;
Heaven yield us more! for better, Woden, all
Our cancell'd warrior-gods, our grim Walhalla,
Eternal war, than that the Saints at peace
The Holiest of our Holiest one should be
This William's fellow-tricksters;—better die

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Than credit this, for death is death, or else
Lifts us beyond the lie. Kiss me—thou art not
A holy sister yet, my girl, to fear
There might be more than brother in my kiss,
And more than sister in thine own.

EDITH. I dare not.

HAROLD. Scared by the church—'Love for a whole life long.'
When was that sung?

EDITH. Here to the nightingales.

HAROLD. Their anthems of no church, how sweet they are!
Nor kingly priest, nor priestly king to cross
Their billings ere they nest.

EDITH. They are but of spring,
They fly the winter change—not so with us—
No wings to come and go.

HAROLD. But wing'd souls flying
Beyond all change and in the eternal distance
To settle on the Truth.

EDITH. They are not so true,
They change their mates.

HAROLD. Do they? I did not know it.

EDITH. They say thou art to wed the Lady Aldwyth.

HAROLD. They say, they say.

EDITH. If this be politic,

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And well for thee and England—and for her—
Care not for me who love thee.

GURTH (*calling*). Harold, Harold!

HAROLD. The voice of Gurth! (*Enter* GURTH.)
Good even, my good brother!

GURTH. Good even, gentle Edith.

EDITH. Good even, Gurth.

GURTH. Ill news hath come! Our hapless brother, Tostig—
He, and the giant King of Norway, Harold
Hardrada—Scotland, Ireland, Iceland, Orkney,
Are landed North of Humber, and in a field
So packt with carnage that the dykes and brooks
Were bridged and damm'd with dead, have overthrown
Morcar and Edwin.

HAROLD. Well then, we must fight.
How blows the wind?

GURTH. Against St. Valery
And William.

HAROLD. Well then, we will to the North.

GURTH. Ay, but worse news: this William sent to Rome,
Swearing thou swarest falsely by his Saints:
The Pope and that Archdeacon Hildebrand
His master, heard him, and have sent him back
A holy gonfanon, and a blessed hair
Of Peter, and all France, all Burgundy,

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Poitou, all Christendom is raised against thee;
He hath cursed thee, and all those who fight for thee,
And given thy realm of England to the bastard.

HAROLD. Ha! ha!

EDITH. Oh! laugh not! . . . Strange and ghastly in the gloom
And shadowing of this double thunder-cloud
That lours on England—laughter!

HAROLD. No, not strange!
This was old human laughter in old Rome
Before a Pope was born, when that which reign'd
Call'd itself God.—A kindly rendering
Of 'Render unto Cæsar.' . . . The Good Shepherd!
Take this, and render that.

GURTH. They have taken York.

HAROLD. The Lord was God and came as man—the Pope
Is man and comes as God.—York taken?

GURTH. Yea,
Tostig hath taken York!

HAROLD. To York then. Edith,
Hadst thou been braver, I had better braved
All—but I love thee and thou me—and that
Remains beyond all chances and all churches,
And that thou knowest.

EDITH. Ay, but take back thy ring.

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It burns my hand—a curse to thee and me.
I dare not wear it.

[*Proffers* HAROLD *the ring, which he takes.*

HAROLD. But I dare. God with thee!

[*Exeunt* HAROLD *and* GURTH.

EDITH. The King hath cursed him, if he marry me;
The Pope hath cursed him, marry me or no!
God help me! I know nothing—can but pray
For Harold—pray, pray, pray—no help but prayer,
A breath that fleets beyond this iron world,
And touches Him that made it.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—In Northumbria.

Archbishop Aldred, Morcar, Edwin, *and* Forces. *Enter* Harold. *The standard of the golden Dragon of Wessex preceding him.*

Harold. What! are thy people sullen from defeat?
Our Wessex dragon flies beyond the Humber,
No voice to greet it.

Edwin. Let not our great king
Believe us sullen—only shamed to the quick
Before the king—as having been so bruised
By Harold, king of Norway; but our help
Is Harold, king of England. Pardon us, thou!
Our silence is our reverence for the king!

Harold. Earl of the Mercians! if the truth be gall,
Cram me not thou with honey, when our good hive
Needs every sting to save it.

Voices. Aldwyth! Aldwyth!

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HAROLD. Why cry thy people on thy sister's name?

MORCAR. She hath won upon our people thro' her beauty,
And pleasantness among them.

VOICES. Aldwyth, Aldwyth!

HAROLD. They shout as they would have her for a queen.

MORCAR. She hath followed with our host, and suffer'd all.

HAROLD. What would ye, men?

VOICE. Our old Northumbrian crown,
And kings of our own choosing.

HAROLD. Your old crown
Were little help without our Saxon carles
Against Hardrada.

VOICE. Little! we are Danes,
Who conquer'd what we walk on, our own field.

HAROLD. They have been plotting here! [*Aside.*

VOICE. He calls us little!

HAROLD. The kingdoms of this world began with little,
A hill, a fort, a city—that reach'd a hand
Down to the field beneath it, 'Be thou mine,'
Then to the next, 'Thou also!' If the field
Cried out 'I am mine own;' another hill
Or fort, or city, took it, and the first
Fell, and the next became an Empire.

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VOICE. Yet
Thou art but a West Saxon: *we* are Danes!

HAROLD. My mother is a Dane, and I am English;
There is a pleasant fable in old books,
Ye take a stick, and break it; bind a score
All in one faggot, snap it over knee,
Ye cannot.

VOICE. Hear King Harold! he says true!

HAROLD. Would ye be Norsemen?

VOICES. No!

HAROLD. Or Norman?

VOICES. No!

HAROLD. Snap not the faggot-band then.

VOICE. That is true!

VOICE. Ay, but thou art not kingly, only grandson
To Wulfnoth, a poor cow-herd.

HAROLD. This old Wulfnoth
Would take me on his knees and tell me tales
Of Alfred and of Athelstan the Great
Who drove you Danes; and yet he held that Dane,
Jute, Angle, Saxon, were or should be all
One England, for this cow-herd, like my father,
Who shook the Norman scoundrels off the throne,
Had in him kingly thoughts—a king of men,
Not made but born, like the great king of all,
A light among the oxen.

VOICE. That is true!

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VOICE. Ay, and I love him now, for mine own father
Was great, and cobbled.

VOICE. Thou art Tostig's brother,
Who wastes the land.

HAROLD. This brother comes to save
Your land from waste; I saved it once before,
For when your people banish'd Tostig hence,
And Edward would have sent a host against you,
Then I, who loved my brother, bad the king
Who doted on him, sanction your decree
Of Tostig's banishment, and choice of Morcar,
To help the realm from scattering.

VOICE. King! thy brother,
If one may dare to speak the truth, was wrong'd.
Wild was he, born so: but the plots against him
Had madden'd tamer men.

MORCAR. Thou art one of those
Who brake into Lord Tostig's treasure-house
And slew two hundred of his following,
And now, when Tostig hath come back with power,
Are frighted back to Tostig.

OLD THANE. Ugh! Plots and feuds!
This is my ninetieth birthday. Can ye not
Be brethren? Godwin still at feud with Alfgar,
And Alfgar hates King Harold. Plots and feuds!
This is my ninetieth birthday!

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HAROLD. Old man, Harold
Hates nothing; not *his* fault, if our two houses
Be less than brothers.

VOICES. Aldwyth, Harold, Aldwyth!

HAROLD. Again! Morcar! Edwin! What do they mean?

EDWIN. So the good king would deign to lend an ear
Not overscornful, we might chance—perchance—
To guess their meaning.

MORCAR. Thine own meaning, Harold,
To make all England one, to close all feuds,
Mixing our bloods, that thence a king may rise
Half-Godwin and half-Alfgar, one to rule
All England beyond question, beyond quarrel.

HAROLD. Who sow'd this fancy here among the people?

MORCAR. Who knows what sows itself among the people?
A goodly flower at times.

HAROLD. The Queen of Wales?
Why, Morcar, it is all but duty in her
To hate me; I have heard she hates me.

MORCAR. No!
For I can swear to that, but cannot swear
That these will follow thee against the Norsemen,
If thou deny them this.

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HAROLD. Morcar and Edwin,
When will ye cease to plot against my house?
EDWIN. The king can scarcely dream that we, who know
His prowess in the mountains of the West,
Should care to plot against him in the North.
MORCAR. Who dares arraign us, king, of such a plot?
HAROLD. Ye heard one witness even now.
MORCAR. The craven!
There is a faction risen again for Tostig,
Since Tostig came with Norway—fright not love.
HAROLD. Morcar and Edwin, will ye, if I yield,
Follow against the Norseman?
MORCAR. Surely, surely!
HAROLD. Morcar and Edwin, will ye upon oath,
Help us against the Norman?
MORCAR. With good will;
Yea, take the Sacrament upon it, king.
HAROLD. Where is thy sister?
MORCAR. Somewhere hard at hand.
Call and she comes.
[*One goes out, then enter* ALDWYTH.
HAROLD. I doubt not but thou knowest
Why thou art summon'd.
ALDWYTH. Why?—I stay with these,
Lest thy fierce Tostig spy me out alone,
And flay me all alive.

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HAROLD. Canst thou love one
Who did discrown thine husband, unqueen thee?
Didst thou not love thine husband?
ALDWYTH. Oh! my lord,
The nimble, wild, red, wiry, savage king—
That was, my lord, a match of policy.
HAROLD. Was it?
I knew him brave: he loved his land: he fain
Had made her great: his finger on her harp
(I heard him more than once) had in it Wales,
Her floods, her woods, her hills: had I been his,
I had been all Welsh.
ALDWYTH. Oh, ay—all Welsh—and yet
I saw thee drive him up his hills—and women
Cling to the conquer'd, if they love, the more;
If not, they cannot hate the conqueror.
We never—oh! good Morcar, speak for us,
His conqueror conquer'd Aldwyth.
HAROLD. Goodly news!
MORCAR. Doubt it not thou! Since Griffyth's head was sent
To Edward, she hath said it.
HAROLD. I had rather
She would have loved her husband. Aldwyth, Aldwyth,
Canst thou love me, thou knowing where I love?
ALDWYTH. I can, my lord, for mine own sake, for thine,

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For England, for thy poor white dove, who flutters
Between thee and the porch, but then would find
Her nest within the cloister, and be still.

HAROLD. Canst thou love one, who cannot love again?

ALDWYTH. Full hope have I that love will answer love.

HAROLD. Then in the name of the great God, so be it!

Come, Aldred, join our hands before the hosts,
That all may see.

[ALDRED *joins the hands of* HAROLD *and* ALDWYTH *and blesses them.*

VOICES. Harold, Harold and Aldwyth!

HAROLD. Set forth our golden Dragon, let him flap
The wings that beat down Wales!
Advance our Standard of the Warrior,
Dark among gems and gold; and thou, brave banner,
Blaze like a night of fatal stars on those
Who read their doom and die.
Where lie the Norsemen? on the Derwent? ay
At Stamford-bridge.
Morcar, collect thy men; Edwin, my friend—
Thou lingerest.—Gurth,—
Last night King Edward came to me in dreams—

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The rosy face and long down-silvering beard—
He told me I should conquer:—
I am no woman to put faith in dreams.
(*To his army.*)
Last night King Edward came to me in dreams,
And told me we should conquer.

VOICES. Forward! Forward!
Harold and Holy Cross!

ALDWYTH. The day is won!

SCENE II.—A PLAIN. BEFORE THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD-BRIDGE.

HAROLD *and his* GUARD.

HAROLD. Who is it comes this way? Tostig?
(*Enter* TOSTIG *with a small force.*) O brother,
What art thou doing here?

TOSTIG. I am foraging
For Norway's army.

HAROLD. I could take and slay thee.
Thou art in arms against us.

TOSTIG. Take and slay me,
For Edward loved me.

HAROLD. Edward bad me spare thee.

TOSTIG. I hate King Edward, for he join'd with thee

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To drive me outlaw'd. Take and slay me, I say,
Or I shall count thee fool.

HAROLD. Take thee, or free thee,
Free thee or slay thee, Norway will have war;
No man would strike with Tostig, save for Norway.
Thou art nothing in thine England, save for Norway,
Who loves not thee but war. What dost thou here,
Trampling thy mother's bosom into blood?

TOSTIG. She hath wean'd me from it with such bitterness.
I come for mine own Earldom, my Northumbria;
Thou hast given it to the enemy of our house.

HAROLD. Northumbria threw thee off, she will not have thee,
Thou hast misused her: and, O crowning crime!
Hast murder'd thine own guest, the son of Orm,
Gamel, at thine own hearth.

TOSTIG. The slow, fat fool!
He drawl'd and prated so, I smote him suddenly,
I knew not what I did. He held with Morcar.—
I hate myself for all things that I do.

HAROLD. And Morcar holds with us. Come back with him.
Know what thou dost; and we may find for thee,
So thou be chasten'd by thy banishment,
Some easier earldom.

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TOSTIG. What for Norway then?
He looks for land among us, he and his.

HAROLD. Seven feet of English land, or something more,
Seeing he is a giant.

TOSTIG. That is noble!
That sounds of Godwin.

HAROLD. Come thou back, and be
Once more a son of Godwin.

TOSTIG (*turns away*). O brother, brother,
O Harold—

HAROLD (*laying his hand on* TOSTIG'S *shoulder*). Nay then, come thou back to us!

TOSTIG (*after a pause turning to him*). Never shall any man say that I, that Tostig
Conjured the mightier Harold from his North
To do the battle for me here in England,
Then left him for the meaner! thee!—
Thou hast no passion for the House of Godwin—
Thou hast but cared to make thyself a king—
Thou hast sold me for a cry.—
Thou gavest thy voice against me in the Council—
I hate thee, and despise thee, and defy thee.
Farewell for ever! [*Exit.*

HAROLD. On to Stamford-bridge!

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SCENE III.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD-BRIDGE.
BANQUET.

HAROLD *and* ALDWYTH. GURTH, LEOFWIN, MORCAR, EDWIN, *and other* EARLS *and* THANES.

VOICES. Hail! Harold! Aldwyth! hail, bridegroom and bride!

ALDWYTH (*talking with* HAROLD). Answer them thou!

Is this our marriage-banquet? Would the wines
Of wedding had been dash'd into the cups
Of victory, and our marriage and thy glory
Been drunk together! these poor hands but sew,
Spin, broider—would that they were man's to have held
The battle-axe by thee!

HAROLD. There *was* a moment
When being forced aloof from all my guard,
And striking at Hardrada and his madmen
I had wish'd for any weapon.

ALDWYTH. Why art thou sad?

HAROLD. I have lost the boy who play'd at ball with me,
With whom I fought another fight than this
Of Stamford-bridge.

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ALDWYTH. Ay! ay! thy victories
Over our own poor Wales, when at thy side
He conquer'd with thee.

HAROLD. No—the childish fist
That cannot strike again.

ALDWYTH. Thou art too kindly.
Why didst thou let so many Norsemen hence?
Thy fierce forekings had clench'd their pirate hides
To the bleak church doors, like kites upon a barn.

HAROLD. Is there so great a need to tell thee why?

ALDWYTH. Yea, am I not thy wife?

VOICES. Hail, Harold, Aldwyth!
Bridegroom and bride!

ALDWYTH. Answer them! [*To* HAROLD.

HAROLD (*to all*). Earls and Thanes!
Full thanks for your fair greeting of my bride!
Earls, Thanes, and all our countrymen! the day,
Our day beside the Derwent will not shine
Less than a star among the goldenest hours
Of Alfred, or of Edward his great son,
Or Athelstan, or English Ironside
Who fought with Knut, or Knut who coming Dane
Died English. Every man about his king
Fought like a king; the king like his own man,
No better; one for all, and all for one,
One soul! and therefore have we shatter'd back

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The hugest wave from Norseland ever yet
Surged on us, and our battle-axes broken
The Raven's wing, and dumb'd his carrion croak
From the gray sea for ever. Many are gone—
Drink to the dead who died for us, the living
Who fought and would have died, but happier lived,
If happier be to live; they both have life
In the large mouth of England, till *her* voice
Die with the world. Hail—hail!

MORCAR. May all invaders perish like Hardrada!
All traitors fail like Tostig! [*All drink but* HAROLD.

ALDWYTH. Thy cup's full!

HAROLD. I saw the hand of Tostig cover it.
Our dear, dead, traitor-brother, Tostig, him
Reverently we buried. Friends, had I been here,
Without too large self-lauding I must hold
The sequel had been other than his league
With Norway, and this battle. Peace be with him!
He was not of the worst. If there be those
At banquet in this hall, and hearing me—
For there be those I fear who prick'd the lion
To make him spring, that sight of Danish blood
Might serve an end not English—peace with them
Likewise, if *they* can be at peace with what
God gave us to divide us from the wolf!

ALDWYTH (*aside to* HAROLD). Make not our Morcar sullen: it is not wise.

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HAROLD. Hail to the living who fought, the dead who fell!

VOICES. Hail, hail!

FIRST THANE. How ran that answer which King Harold gave
To his dead namesake, when he ask'd for England?

LEOFWIN. 'Seven feet of English earth, or something more,
Seeing he is a giant!'

FIRST THANE. Then for the bastard
Six feet and nothing more!

LEOFWIN. Ay, but belike
Thou hast not learnt his measure.

FIRST THANE. By St. Edmund
I over-measure him. Sound sleep to the man
Here by dead Norway without dream or dawn!

SECOND THANE. What is he bragging still that he will come
To thrust our Harold's throne from under him?
My nurse would tell me of a molehill crying
To a mountain 'Stand aside and room for me!'

FIRST THANE. Let him come! let him come. Here's to him, sink or swim! [*Drinks.*

SECOND THANE. God sink him!

FIRST THANE. Cannot hands which had the strength
To shove that stranded iceberg off our shores,

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And send the shatter'd North again to sea,
Scuttle his cockle-shell? What's Brunanburg
To Stamford-bridge? a war-crash, and so hard,
So loud, that, by St. Dunstan, old St. Thor—
By God, we thought him dead—but our old Thor
Heard his own thunder again, and woke and came
Among us again, and mark'd the sons of those
Who made this Britain England, break the North:

Mark'd how the war-axe swang,
Heard how the war-horn sang,
Mark'd how the spear-head sprang,
Heard how the shield-wall rang,
Iron on iron clang,
Anvil on hammer bang—

SECOND THANE. Hammer on anvil, hammer on anvil. Old dog,
Thou art drunk, old dog!

FIRST THANE. Too drunk to fight with thee!

SECOND THANE. Fight thou with thine own double, not with me,
Keep that for Norman William!

FIRST THANE. Down with William!

THIRD THANE. The washerwoman's brat!

FOURTH THANE. The tanner's bastard!

FIFTH THANE. The Falaise byblow!

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Enter a THANE *from Pevensey, spatter'd with mud.*

HAROLD. Ay, but what late guest,
As haggard as a fast of forty days,
And caked and plaster'd with a hundred mires,
Hath stumbled on our cups?

THANE *from Pevensey.* My lord the King!
William the Norman, for the wind had changed—

HAROLD. I felt it in the middle of that fierce fight
At Stamford-bridge. William hath landed, ha?

THANE *from Pevensey.* Landed at Pevensey—I am from Pevensey—
Hath wasted all the land at Pevensey—
Hath harried mine own cattle—God confound him!
I have ridden night and day from Pevensey—
A thousand ships—a hundred thousand men—
Thousands of horses, like as many lions
Neighing and roaring as they leapt to land—

HAROLD. How oft in coming hast thou broken bread?

THANE *from Pevensey.* Some thrice, or so.

HAROLD. Bring not thy hollowness
On our full feast. Famine is fear, were it but
Of being starved. Sit down, sit down, and eat,
And, when again red-blooded, speak again;
(*Aside.*) The men that guarded England to the South

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Were scatter'd to the harvest. . . . No power mine
To hold their force together. . . . Many are fallen
At Stamford-bridge . . . the people stupid-sure
Sleep like their swine . . . in South and North at once
I could not be.
(*Aloud.*) Gurth, Leofwin, Morcar, Edwin!
(*Pointing to the revellers.*) The curse of England!
these are drown'd in wassail,
And cannot see the world but thro' their wines!
Leave them! and thee too, Aldwyth, must I leave—
Harsh is the news! hard is our honeymoon!
Thy pardon. (*Turning round to his* ATTENDANTS.)
Break the banquet up . . . Ye four!
And thou, my carrier-pigeon of black news,
Cram thy crop full, but come when thou art call'd.
[*Exit* HAROLD.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—A TENT ON A MOUND, FROM WHICH CAN BE SEEN THE FIELD OF SENLAC.

HAROLD, *sitting; by him standing* HUGH MARGOT *the* Monk, GURTH, LEOFWIN.

HAROLD. Refer my cause, my crown to Rome!
. . . The wolf
Mudded the brook and predetermined all.
Monk,
Thou hast said thy say, and had my constant 'No'
For all but instant battle. I hear no more.

MARGOT. Hear me again—for the last time. Arise,
Scatter thy people home, descend the hill,
Lay hands of full allegiance in thy Lord's
And crave his mercy, for the Holy Father
Hath given this realm of England to the Norman.

HAROLD. Then for the last time, monk, I ask again
When had the Lateran and the Holy Father
To do with England's choice of her own king?

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MARGOT. Earl, the first Christian Cæsar drew to the East
To leave the Pope dominion in the West.
He gave him all the kingdoms of the West.

HAROLD. So!—did he?—Earl—I have a mind to play
The William with thine eyesight and thy tongue.
Earl—ay—thou art but a messenger of William.
I am weary—go: make me not wroth with thee!

MARGOT. Mock-king, I am the messenger of God,
His Norman Daniel! Mene, Mene, Tekel!
Is thy wrath Hell, that I should spare to cry,
Yon heaven is wroth with *thee?* Hear me again!
Our Saints have moved the Church that moves the world,
And all the Heavens and very God: they heard—
They know King Edward's promise and thine—thine.

HAROLD. Should they not know free England crowns herself?
Not know that he nor I had power to promise?
Not know that Edward cancell'd his own promise?
And for *my* part therein—Back to that juggler,
[*Rising.*
Tell him the Saints are nobler than he dreams,
Tell him that God is nobler than the Saints,
And tell him we stand arm'd on Senlac Hill,
And bide the doom of God.

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MARGOT. Hear it thro' me.
The realm for which thou art forsworn is cursed,
The babe enwomb'd and at the breast is cursed,
The corpse thou whelmest with thine earth is cursed,
The soul who fighteth on thy side is cursed,
The seed thou sowest in thy field is cursed,
The steer wherewith thou plowest thy field is cursed,
The fowl that fleeth o'er thy field is cursed,
And thou, usurper, liar—

HAROLD. Out, beast monk!

[*Lifting his hand to strike him.* GURTH *stops the blow.*
I ever hated monks.

MARGOT. I am but a voice
Among you: murder, martyr me if ye will—

HAROLD. Thanks, Gurth! The simple, silent, selfless man
Is worth a world of tonguesters. (*To* MARGOT.) Get thee gone!
He means the thing he says. See him out safe!

LEOFWIN. He hath blown himself as red as fire with curses.
An honest fool! Follow me, honest fool,
But if thou blurt thy curse among our folk,
I know not—I may give that egg-bald head
The tap that silences.

HAROLD. See him out safe.

[*Exeunt* LEOFWIN *and* MARGOT.

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GURTH. Thou hast lost thine even temper, brother Harold!

HAROLD. Gurth, when I past by Waltham, my foundation
For men who serve the neighbour, not themselves,
I cast me down prone, praying; and, when I rose,
They told me that the Holy Rood had lean'd
And bow'd above me; whether that which held it
Had weaken'd, and the Rood itself were bound
To that necessity which binds us down;
Whether it bow'd at all but in their fancy;
Or if it bow'd, whether it symbol'd ruin
Or glory, who shall tell? but they were sad,
And somewhat sadden'd me.

GURTH. Yet if a fear,
Or shadow of a fear, lest the strange Saints
By whom thou swarest, should have power to balk
Thy puissance in this fight with him, who made
And heard thee swear—brother—*I* have not sworn—
If the king fall, may not the kingdom fall?
But if I fall, I fall, and thou art king;
And, if I win, I win, and thou art king;
Draw thou to London, there make strength to breast
Whatever chance, but leave this day to me.

LEOFWIN (*entering*). And waste the land about thee as thou goest,

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And be thy hand as winter on the field,
To leave the foe no forage.

HAROLD. Noble Gurth!
Best son of Godwin! If I fall, I fall—
The doom of God! How should the people fight
When the king flies? And, Leofwin, art thou mad?
How should the King of England waste the fields
Of England, his own people?—No glance yet
Of the Northumbrian helmet on the heath?

LEOFWIN. No, but a shoal of wives upon the heath,
And someone saw thy willy-nilly nun
Vying a tress against our golden fern.

HAROLD. Vying a tear with our cold dews, a sigh
With these low-moaning heavens. Let her be fetch'd.
We have parted from our wife without reproach,
Tho' we have pierced thro' all her practices;
And that is well.

LEOFWIN. I saw her even now:
She hath not left us.

HAROLD. Nought of Morcar then?

GURTH. Nor seen, nor heard; thine, William's or his own
As wind blows, or tide flows: belike he watches,
If this war-storm in one of its rough rolls
Wash up that old crown of Northumberland.

HAROLD. I married her for Morcar—a sin against

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The truth of love. Evil for good, it seems,
Is oft as childless of the good as evil
For evil.

LEOFWIN. Good for good hath borne at times
A bastard false as William.

HAROLD. Ay, if Wisdom
Pair'd not with Good. But I am somewhat worn,
A snatch of sleep were like the peace of God.
Gurth, Leofwin, go once more about the hill—
What did the dead man call it—Sanguelac,
The lake of blood?

LEOFWIN. A lake that dips in William
As well as Harold.

HAROLD. Like enough. I have seen
The trenches dug, the palisades uprear'd
And wattled thick with ash and willow-wands;
Yea, wrought at them myself. Go round once more;
See all be sound and whole. No Norman horse
Can shatter England, standing shield by shield;
Tell that again to all.

GURTH. I will, good brother.

HAROLD. Our guardsman hath but toil'd his hand and foot,
I hand, foot, heart and head. Some wine! (*One pours wine into a goblet which he hands to* HAROLD.)
Too much!

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What? we must use our battle-axe to-day.
Our guardsmen have slept well, since we came in?

LEOFWIN. Ay, slept and snored. Your second-sighted man
That scared the dying conscience of the king,
Misheard their snores for groans. They are up again
And chanting that old song of Brunanburg
Where England conquer'd.

HAROLD. That is well. The Norman,
What is he doing?

LEOFWIN. Praying for Normandy;
Our scouts have heard the tinkle of their bells.

HAROLD. And our old songs are prayers for England too!
But by all Saints—

LEOFWIN. Barring the Norman!

HAROLD. Nay,
Were the great trumpet blowing doomsday dawn,
I needs must rest. Call when the Norman moves—
[*Exeunt all, but* HAROLD.
No horse—thousands of horses—our shield wall—
Wall—break it not—break not—break— [*Sleeps.*

VISION OF EDWARD. Son Harold, I thy king, who came before
To tell thee thou shouldst win at Stamford-bridge,
Come yet once more, from where I am at peace,
Because I loved thee in my mortal day,

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To tell thee thou shalt die on Senlac hill—
Sanguelac!

VISION OF WULFNOTH. O brother, from my ghastly oubliette
I send my voice across the narrow seas—
No more, no more, dear brother, nevermore—
Sanguelac!

VISION OF TOSTIG. O brother, most unbrotherlike to me,
Thou gavest thy voice against me in my life,
I give my voice against thee from the grave—
Sanguelac!

VISION OF NORMAN SAINTS. O hapless Harold! King but for an hour!
Thou swarest falsely by our blessed bones,
We give our voice against thee out of heaven!
Sanguelac! Sanguelac! The arrow! the arrow!

HAROLD (*starting up, battle-axe in hand*). Away!
My battle-axe against your voices. Peace!
The king's last word—'the arrow!' I shall die—
I die for England then, who lived for England—
What nobler? men must die.
I cannot fall into a falser world—
I have done no man wrong. Tostig, poor brother,
Art *thou* so anger'd?
Fain had I kept thine earldom in thy hands
Save for thy wild and violent will that wrench'd

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All hearts of freemen from thee. I could do
No other than this way advise the king
Against the race of Godwin. Is it possible
That mortal men should bear their earthly heats
Into yon bloodless world, and threaten us thence
Unschool'd of Death? Thus then thou art revenged—
I left our England naked to the South
To meet thee in the North. The Norseman's raid
Hath helpt the Norman, and the race of Godwin
Hath ruin'd Godwin. No—our waking thoughts
Suffer a stormless shipwreck in the pools
Of sullen slumber, and arise again
Disjointed: only dreams—where mine own self
Takes part against myself! Why? for a spark
Of self-disdain born in me when I sware
Falsely to him, the falser Norman, over
His gilded ark of mummy-saints, by whom
I knew not that I sware,—not for myself—
For England—yet not wholly—

Enter EDITH.

Edith, Edith,
Get thou into thy cloister as the king
Will'd it: be safe: the perjury-mongering Count
Hath made too good an use of Holy Church
To break her close! There the great God of truth
Fill all thine hours with peace!—A lying devil

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Hath haunted me—mine oath—my wife—I fain
Had made my marriage not a lie; I could not:
Thou art my bride! and thou in after years
Praying perchance for this poor soul of mine
In cold, white cells beneath an icy moon—
This memory to thee!—and this to England,
My legacy of war against the Pope
From child to child, from Pope to Pope, from age to age,
Till the sea wash her level with her shores,
Or till the Pope be Christ's.

Enter ALDWYTH.

ALDWYTH (*to* EDITH). Away from him!

EDITH. I will . . . I have not spoken to the king
One word; and one I must. Farewell! [*Going.*

HAROLD. Not yet.
Stay.

EDITH. To what use?

HAROLD. The king commands thee, woman!
(*To* ALDWYTH.)
Have thy two brethren sent their forces in?

ALDWYTH. Nay, I fear not.

HAROLD. Then there's no force in thee!
Thou didst possess thyself of Edward's ear
To part me from the woman that I loved!

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Thou didst arouse the fierce Northumbrians!
Thou hast been false to England and to me!—
As . . . in some sort . . . I have been false to thee.
Leave me. No more—Pardon on both sides—Go!

ALDWYTH. Alas, my lord, I loved thee.

HAROLD (*bitterly*). With a love
Passing thy love for Griffyth! wherefore now
Obey my first and last commandment. Go!

ALDWYTH. O Harold! husband! Shall we meet again?

HAROLD. After the battle—after the battle. Go.

ALDWYTH. I go. (*Aside.*) That I could stab her standing there! [*Exit* ALDWYTH.

EDITH. Alas, my lord, she loved thee.

HAROLD. Never! never!

EDITH. I saw it in her eyes!

HAROLD. I see it in thine.
And not on thee—nor England—fall God's doom!

EDITH. On *thee?* on me. And thou art England! Alfred
Was England. Ethelred was nothing. England
Is but her king, and thou art Harold!

HAROLD. Edith,
The sign in heaven—the sudden blast at sea—
My fatal oath—the dead Saints—the dark dreams—
The Pope's Anathema—the Holy Rood

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That bow'd to me at Waltham—Edith, if
I, the last English King of England—
EDITH. No,
First of a line that coming from the people,
And chosen by the people—
HAROLD. And fighting for
And dying for the people—
EDITH. Living! living!
HAROLD. Yea so, good cheer! thou art Harold, I am Edith!
Look not thus wan!
EDITH. What matters how I look?
Have we not broken Wales and Norseland? slain,
Whose life was all one battle, incarnate war,
Their giant-king, a mightier man-in-arms
Than William.
HAROLD. Ay, my girl, no tricks in him—
No bastard he! when all was lost, he yell'd,
And bit his shield, and dash'd it on the ground,
And swaying his two-handed sword about him,
Two deaths at every swing, ran in upon us
And died so, and I loved him as I hate
This liar who made me liar. If Hate can kill,
And Loathing wield a Saxon battle-axe—
EDITH. Waste not thy might before the battle!
HAROLD. No,
And thou must hence. Stigand will see thee safe,

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And so—Farewell. [*He is going, but turns back.*
The ring thou darest not wear,
I have had it fashion'd, see, to meet my hand.
[HAROLD *shows the ring which is on his finger.*
Farewell! [*He is going, but turns back again.*
I am dead as Death this day to ought of earth's
Save William's death or mine.

EDITH. Thy death!—to-day!
Is it not thy birthday?

HAROLD. Ay, that happy day!
A birthday welcome! happy days and many!
One—this! [*They embrace.*
Look, I will bear thy blessing into the battle
And front the doom of God.

NORMAN CRIES (*heard in the distance*). Ha Rou!
Ha Rou!

Enter GURTH.

GURTH. The Norman moves!

HAROLD. Harold and Holy Cross!
[*Exeunt* HAROLD *and* GURTH.

Enter STIGAND.

STIGAND. Our Church in arms—the lamb the lion—not
Spear into pruning-hook—the counter way—

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Cowl, helm; and crozier, battle-axe. Abbot Alfwig,
Leofric, and all the monks of Peterboro'
Strike for the king; but I, old wretch, old Stigand,
With hands too limp to brandish iron—and yet
I have a power—would Harold ask me for it—
I have a power.

EDITH. What power, holy father?

STIGAND. Power now from Harold to command thee hence
And see thee safe from Senlac.

EDITH. I remain!

STIGAND. Yea, so will I, daughter, until I find
Which way the battle balance. I can see it
From where we stand: and, live or die, I would
I were among them!

CANONS *from Waltham* (*singing without*).

Salva patriam
Sancte Pater,
Salva Fili,
Salva Spiritus,
Salva patriam,
Sancta Mater.[1]

EDITH. Are those the blessed angels quiring, father?

[1] The *a* throughout these Latin hymns should be sounded broad, as in 'father.'

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STIGAND. No, daughter, but the canons out of Waltham,
The king's foundation, that have follow'd him.
EDITH. O God of battles, make their wall of shields
Firm as thy cliffs, strengthen their palisades!
What is that whirring sound?
STIGAND. The Norman arrow!
EDITH. Look out upon the battle—is he safe?
STIGAND. The king of England stands between his banners.
He glitters on the crowning of the hill.
God save King Harold!
EDITH. —chosen by his people
And fighting for his people!
STIGAND. There is one
Come as Goliath came of yore—he flings
His brand in air and catches it again,
He is chanting some old warsong.
EDITH. And no David
To meet him?
STIGAND. Ay, there springs a Saxon on him,
Falls—and another falls.
EDITH. Have mercy on us!
STIGAND. Lo! our good Gurth hath smitten him to the death.
EDITH. So perish all the enemies of Harold!

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CANONS (*singing*).

Hostis in Angliam
Ruit prædator,
Illorum, Domine,
Scutum scindatur!
Hostis per Angliae
Plagas bacchatur;
Casa crematur,
Pastor fugatur
Grex trucidatur—

STIGAND. Illos trucida, Domine.
EDITH. Ay, good father.
CANONS (*singing*).

Illorum scelera
Pœna sequatur!

ENGLISH CRIES. Harold and Holy Cross! Out! out!
STIGAND. Our javelins
Answer their arrows. All the Norman foot
Are storming up the hill. The range of knights
Sit, each a statue on his horse, and wait.
ENGLISH CRIES. Harold and God Almighty!
NORMAN CRIES. Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

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CANONS (*singing*).

Eques cum pedite
Præpediatur!
Illorum in lacrymas
Cruor fundatur!
Pereant, pereant,
Anglia precatur.

STIGAND. Look, daughter, look.

EDITH. Nay, father, look for *me!*

STIGAND. Our axes lighten with a single flash
About the summit of the hill, and heads
And arms are sliver'd off and splinter'd by
Their lightning—and they fly—the Norman flies.

EDITH. Stigand, O father, have we won the day?

STIGAND. No, daughter, no—they fall behind the horse—
Their horse are thronging to the barricades;
I see the gonfanon of Holy Peter
Floating above their helmets—ha! he is down!

EDITH. He down! Who down?

STIGAND. The Norman Count is down.

EDITH. So perish all the enemies of England!

STIGAND. No, no, he hath risen again—he bares his face—

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Shouts something—he points onward—all their horse
Swallow the hill locust-like, swarming up.

EDITH. O God of battles, make his battle-axe keen
As thine own sharp-dividing justice, heavy
As thine own bolts that fall on crimeful heads
Charged with the weight of heaven wherefrom they fall!

CANONS (*singing*).

Jacta tonitrua
Deus bellator!
Surgas e tenebris,
Sis vindicator!
Fulmina, fulmina
Deus vastator!

EDITH. O God of battles, they are three to one,
Make thou one man as three to roll them down!

CANONS (*singing*).

Equus cum equite
Dejiciatur!
Acies, Acies
Prona sternatur!
Illorum lanceas
Frange Creator!

STIGAND. Yea, yea, for how their lances snap and shiver

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Against the shifting blaze of Harold's axe!
War-woodman of old Woden, how he fells
The mortal copse of faces! There! And there!
The horse and horseman cannot meet the shield,
The blow that brains the horseman cleaves the horse,
The horse and horseman roll along the hill,
They fly once more, they fly, the Norman flies!

Equus cum equite
Præcipitatur.

EDITH. O God, the God of truth hath heard my cry.
Follow them, follow them, drive them to the sea!

Illorum scelera
Pœna sequatur!

STIGAND. Truth! no; a lie; a trick, a Norman trick!
They turn on the pursuer, horse against foot,
They murder all that follow.
EDITH. Have mercy on us!
STIGAND. Hot-headed fools—to burst the wall of shields!
They have broken the commandment of the king!
EDITH. *His* oath was broken—O holy Norman Saints,

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Ye that are now of heaven, and see beyond
Your Norman shrines, pardon it, pardon it,
That he forsware himself for all he loved,
Me, me and all! Look out upon the battle!

STIGAND. They thunder again upon the barricades.
My sight is eagle, but the strife so thick—
This is the hottest of it: hold, ash! hold, willow!

ENGLISH CRIES. Out, out!

NORMAN CRIES. Ha Rou!

STIGAND. Ha! Gurth hath leapt upon him
And slain him: he hath fallen.

EDITH. And I am heard.
Glory to God in the Highest! fallen, fallen!

STIGAND. No, no, his horse—he mounts another —wields
His war-club, dashes it on Gurth, and Gurth,
Our noble Gurth, is down!

EDITH. Have mercy on us!

STIGAND. And Leofwin is down!

EDITH. Have mercy on us!
O Thou that knowest, let not my strong prayer
Be weaken'd in thy sight, because I love
The husband of another!

NORMAN CRIES. Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

EDITH. I do not hear our English war-cry.

STIGAND. No.

EDITH. Look out upon the battle—is he safe?

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STIGAND. He stands between the banners with the dead
So piled about him he can hardly move.

EDITH (*takes up the war-cry*). Out! out!

NORMAN CRIES. Ha Rou!

EDITH (*cries out*). Harold and Holy Cross!

NORMAN CRIES. Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

EDITH. What is that whirring sound?

STIGAND. The Norman sends his arrows up to Heaven,
They fall on those within the palisade!

EDITH. Look out upon the hill—is Harold there?

STIGAND. Sanguelac—Sanguelac—the arrow—the arrow!—away!

SCENE II.—FIELD OF THE DEAD. NIGHT.

ALDWYTH *and* EDITH.

ALDWYTH. O Edith, art thou here? O Harold, Harold—
Our Harold—we shall never see him more.

EDITH. For there was more than sister in my kiss,
And so the saints were wroth. I cannot love them,
For they are Norman saints—and yet I should—
They are so much holier than their harlot's son
With whom they play'd their game against the king!

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ALDWYTH. The king is slain, the kingdom overthrown!

EDITH. No matter!

ALDWYTH. How no matter, Harold slain?—
I cannot find his body. O help me thou!
O Edith, if I ever wrought against thee,
Forgive me thou, and help me here!

EDITH. No matter!

ALDWYTH. Not help me, nor forgive me?

EDITH. So thou saidest.

ALDWYTH. I say it now, forgive me!

EDITH. Cross me not!
I am seeking one who wedded me in secret.
Whisper! God's angels only know it. Ha!
What art *thou* doing here among the dead?
They are stripping the dead bodies naked yonder,
And thou art come to rob them of their rings!

ALDWYTH. O Edith, Edith, I have lost both crown
And husband.

EDITH. So have I.

ALDWYTH. I tell thee, girl,
I am seeking my dead Harold.

EDITH. And I mine!
The Holy Father strangled him with a hair
Of Peter, and his brother Tostig helpt;
The wicked sister clapt her hands and laugh'd;
Then all the dead fell on him.

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ALDWYTH. Edith, Edith—

EDITH. What was he like, this husband? like to thee?

Call not for help from me. I knew him not.
He lies not here: not close beside the standard.
Here fell the truest, manliest hearts of England.
Go further hence and find him.

ALDWYTH. She is crazed!

EDITH. That doth not matter either. Lower the light.

He must be here.

Enter two CANONS, OSGOD *and* ATHELRIC, *with torches. They turn over the dead bodies and examine them as they pass.*

OSGOD. I think that this is Thurkill.

ATHELRIC. More likely Godric.

OSGOD. I am sure this body
Is Alfwig, the king's uncle.

ATHELRIC. So it is!
No, no — brave Gurth, one gash from brow to knee!

OSGOD. And here is Leofwin.

EDITH. And here is *He!*

ALDWYTH. Harold? Oh no—nay, if it were—my God,

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They have so maim'd and murder'd all his face
There is no man can swear to him.

EDITH. But one woman!
Look you, we never mean to part again.
I have found him, I am happy.
Was there not someone ask'd me for forgiveness?
I yield it freely, being the true wife
Of this dead King, who never bore revenge.

Enter COUNT WILLIAM *and* WILLIAM MALET.

WILLIAM. Who be these women? And what body is this?

EDITH. Harold, thy better!

WILLIAM. Ay, and what art thou?

EDITH. His wife!

MALET. Not true, my girl, here is the Queen!
[*Pointing out* ALDWYTH.

WILLIAM (*to* ALDWYTH). Wast thou his Queen?

ALDWYTH. I was the Queen of Wales.

WILLIAM. Why then of England. Madam, fear us not.
(*To* MALET.) Knowest thou this other?

MALET. When I visited England,
Some held she was his wife in secret—some—
Well—some believed she was his paramour.

EDITH. Norman, thou liest! liars all of you,

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Your Saints and all! *I* am his wife! and she—
For look, our marriage ring!
[*She draws it off the finger of* HAROLD.
I lost it somehow—
I lost it, playing with it when I was wild.
That bred the doubt! but I am wiser now . . .
I am too wise . . . Will none among you all
Bear me true witness—only for this once—
That I have found it here again? [*She puts it on.*
And thou,
Thy wife am I for ever and evermore.
[*Falls on the body and dies.*

WILLIAM. Death!—and enough of death for this one day,
The day of St. Calixtus, and the day,
My day when I was born.

MALET. And this dead king's
Who, king or not, hath kinglike fought and fallen,
His birthday, too. It seems but yestereven
I held it with him in his English halls,
His day, with all his rooftree ringing 'Harold,'
Before he fell into the snare of Guy;
When all men counted Harold would be king,
And Harold was most happy.

WILLIAM. Thou art half English.
Take them away!
Malet, I vow to build a church to God

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Here on the hill of battle; let our high altar
Stand where their standard fell . . . where these two lie.
Take them away, I do not love to see them.
Pluck the dead woman off the dead man, Malet!

MALET. Faster than ivy. Must I hack her arms off?

How shall I part them?

WILLIAM. Leave them. Let them be!
Bury him and his paramour together.
He that was false in oath to me, it seems
Was false to his own wife. We will not give him
A Christian burial: yet he was a warrior,
And wise, yea truthful, till that blighted vow
Which God avenged to-day.
Wrap them together in a purple cloak
And lay them both upon the waste sea-shore
At Hastings, there to guard the land for which
He did forswear himself—a warrior—ay,
And but that Holy Peter fought for us,
And that the false Northumbrian held aloof,
And save for that chance arrow which the Saints
Sharpen'd and sent against him—who can tell?—
Three horses had I slain beneath me: twice
I thought that all was lost. Since I knew battle,
And that was from my boyhood, never yet—
No, by the splendour of God—have I fought men

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Like Harold and his brethren, and his guard
Of English. Every man about his king
Fell where he stood. They loved him: and, pray God
My Normans may but move as true with me
To the door of death. Of one self-stock at first,
Make them again one people—Norman, English;
And English, Norman; we should have a hand
To grasp the world with, and a foot to stamp it . . .
Flat. Praise the saints. It is over. No more blood!
I am king of England, so they thwart me not,
And I will rule according to their laws.
(*To* ALDWYTH.) Madam, we will entreat thee with all honour.

ALDWYTH. My punishment is more than I can bear.

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NOTES

TO THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

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NOTES

p. 3. *June Bracken and Heather.* [First published in 1892 and written on Blackdown to my mother. See Note, vol. i. p. 763, and compare with this the poem my father addressed on his wedding-day to his old friend Drummond Rawnsley, the Vicar of Shiplake (June 13, 1850), by whom they were married:

TO THE VICAR OF SHIPLAKE

Vicar of that pleasant spot,
  Where it was my chance to marry,
Happy, happy be your lot
  In the Vicarage by the quarry:
You were he that knit the knot.

Sweetly, smoothly flow your life.
  Never parish feud perplex you,
Tithe unpaid, or party strife.
  All things please you, nothing vex you;
You have given me such a wife.

Have I seen in one so near
  Aught but sweetness aye prevailing?
Or, thro' more than half a year,
  Half the fraction of a failing?
Therefore bless you, Drummond dear.

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Good she is, and pure and just.
Being conquer'd by her sweetness
I shall come thro' her, I trust,
Into fuller-orb'd completeness;
Tho' but made of erring dust.

You, meanwhile, shall day by day
Watch your standard roses blowing,
And your three young things at play
And your triple terrace growing
Green and greener every May.

Smoothly flow your life with Kate's,[1]
Glancing off from all things evil,
Smooth as Thames below your gates,
Thames along the silent level
Streaming thro' his osier'd aits. ED.]

p. 3. line 1. *the down.* Blackdown, on which Aldworth stands.

p. 7. THE DEATH OF ŒNONE. [With Dedication to the Master of Balliol (Professor Jowett). First published in 1892. Sir Richard Jebb wrote to me for my father's information:

Aug. 8, 1889.

I had meant to write yesterday, but was interrupted.

The principal extant source for the story of Paris and Œnone is an epic poem called Τὰ μεθ' Ὅμηρον ("Posthomerica"), by Quintus "Smyrnaeus," so called because he seems to have lived

[1] Mrs. Drummond Rawnsley.

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in or near Smyrna. (In old books you will find him called Quintus "Calaber," for no other reason than that the MS. by which his work first became known in modern times was found at Otranto in Calabria.) The idea of his epic is to continue the *Iliad*, from the death of Achilles to the fall of Troy, —just as some of the older "Cyclic" poets had done. He wrote perhaps about 350–400 A.D., though some have assigned him to the fifth century.

His epic is in fourteen books. The episode of Œnone occurs in Book X. Paris having been wounded by a poisoned arrow from the bow of Philoctetes, comes to Œnone, and makes a speech to her, to the effect that he hopes she will forget his odious behaviour, and nurse him (284–305). She replies that she will see him somewhere first (308–327). He goes away lamenting, and dies in the wilds of Ida. She hears of his death, and comes to his funeral pyre. When she sees the corpse, she utters no cry, but hides her face in her robe, and throws herself on the flames (467). Thus the whole story, in Quintus, occupies a little less than 200 lines. He is an exceedingly feeble and frigid writer. ED.]

p. 14. *ST. TELEMACHUS.* [First published in 1892. My father thought of also writing the story of St. Perpetua in verse as a companion poem. —ED.]

p. 14. line 1. *some fiery peak.* These lines were suggested by the memory of the eruption of Krakatoa, between Java and Sumatra, when the

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volcanic dust was whirled round the earth and made the sunsets extraordinarily brilliant.

p. 15. line 4. *Vicisti Galilæe.* [Julian, who restored the heathen worship and persecuted the Christians, is reported to have said these words when dying.—ED.]

p. 17. line 8. *blood-red awning.* [The velarium, which shaded the spectators from the sun.—ED.]

p. 20. *AKBAR'S DREAM.* [First published in 1892. Sir Alfred Lyall writes: "The general conception of his (Akbar's) character and position is drawn in grand outline."—ED.]

p. 27. lines 1–6.

[*when creed and race*
Shall bear false witness, each of each, no more,
But find their limits by that larger light,
And overstep them, moving easily
Thro' after-ages in the love of Truth,
The truth of Love

give my father's strong and deep feeling, that in the end Christianity without bigotry will triumph, when the controversies of creeds shall have vanished, and that "in the roll of the ages" the spirit of Christ will still grow from more to more.—ED.]

p. 29 line 2, to *p.* 37, line 6.

And what are forms?

. . . . .

Make but one music, harmonising "Pray."

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[My father said: "I dread the losing hold of forms. I have expressed this in my *Akbar*. There must be forms, yet I hate the need for so many sects and separate services."—ED.]

pp. 33–34. *Hymn.* [My father began this hymn to the sun in a new metre at Dulverton, and finished it on board Colonel Crozier's yacht, the *Assegai*, on his return voyage to the Isle of Wight. "A magnificent metre," he said; "I should like to write a long poem in it." The philosophies of the East had a great fascination for him, and he felt that the Western religion might learn from them much of spirituality.

During one of the Bishop of Ripon's last visits my father said to him: "Looked at from one point of view, I can understand the Persian dualism; there is much which looks like the conflict of the powers of light and darkness."

About that time he wrote the following sketch of an unpublished poem, *Ormuzd and Ahriman*:

"In the eternal day before the days were, the Almighty created Freewill in the two great spirits Ormuzd and Ahriman.

"And these two came before the throne of the Almighty, and spoke to Him, saying, 'Thou hast shown thyself of Almightiness to make us free; now therefore to be free is to act, how should we be idle?'

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"And the Lord said to them, 'The elements are in your hands.'

And they answered and said, 'We will make the world.'

And the Lord said, 'One of you is dark, and one is bright, and ye will contend each against each, and your work will be evil. Ormuzd will put pleasure into that which he does, and Ahriman will put pain.'

"And Ormuzd said, 'The pleasure will overbear the pain.' And Ahriman said, 'The pain will overbear the pleasure.' And the Lord said to Ahriman, 'Why wilt thou work against Ormuzd?' And Ahriman said, 'I know not, Thou hast made me.' And the Lord said, 'I know why I have made thee, but thou knowest not.' And the two went forth from before the Lord, and made the world."—ED.]

p. 42. *THE BANDIT'S DEATH.* [First published in 1892. This story is taken from Sir Walter Scott's last Journal. My father said of him: "Scott is the most chivalrous literary figure of this century, and the author with the widest range since Shakespeare." He would read two or three of his novels every year. *Old Mortality* he thought "his greatest novel." In his boyhood he wrote the following poem after reading *The Bride of Lammermoor*, which he also ranked high:—

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THE BRIDAL

The lamps were bright and gay
  On the merry bridal-day,
When the merry bridegroom
  Bore the bride away!
A merry, merry bridal,
  A merry bridal-day!
And the chapel's vaulted gloom
  Was misted with perfume.
"Now, tell me, mother, pray,
  Why the bride is white as clay,
Although the merry bridegroom
  Bears the bride away,
On a merry, merry bridal,
  A merry bridal-day?
And why her black eyes burn
  With a light so wild and stern?"
"They revel as they may,"
  That skinny witch did say,
"For—now the merry bridegroom
  Hath borne the bride away—
Her thoughts have found their wings
  In the dreaming of past things:
And though girt in glad array,
  Yet her own deep soul says nay:
For tho' the merry bridegroom
  Hath borne the bride away,
A dark form glances quick
  Thro' her worn brain, hot and sick."
And so she said her say—
  This was her roundelay—

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That tho' the merry bridegroom
  Might lead the bride away,
Dim grief did wait upon her,
  In glory and in honour.

. . . . .

In the hall, at close of day,
  Did the people dance and play,
For now the merry bridegroom
  Hath borne the bride away.
He from the dance hath gone
  But the revel still goes on.
Then a scream of wild dismay
  Thro' the deep hall forced its way,
Altho' the merry bridegroom
  Hath borne the bride away;
And, staring as in a trance,
  They were shaken from the dance.—
Then they found him where he lay
  Whom the wedded wife did slay,
Tho' he a merry bridegroom
  Had borne the bride away,
And they saw *her* standing by,
  With a laughing crazed eye,
On the bitter, bitter bridal,
  The bitter bridal-day.

ED.]

p. 48. *THE CHURCH-WARDEN AND THE CURATE.* [First published in 1892. On June 23rd, 1890, I have an entry in my diary: "Walked on the Common (Blackdown). My father is working at his Lincolnshire poem, *The Church-*

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warden, and laughed heartily at the humorous passages as he made them." It was founded on two sayings which Canon Rawnsley told him. One of a "Lincolnshire Church-warden," who addressed him: "There's no daub (sham) about you, I know. Thou'lt be maäin and plaäin and straäight, I know, but hooïver, tek my advice, doänt thou saäy nowt to nobody for a year or more, but crip and crawl and git along under the hedge-bottoms for a bit, and they'll maäke a bishop on ye yit." The other, that of a Lincolnshire farmer who had lost a cow: "The poor thing was bound to die, drat it. I blaäm them howry owd Baptises fur it all, coming and pizening my pond by leavin' their nasty owd sins behint them. It's nowt nobbut their dippin' as did it, we may be very sartain sewer."— ED.]

p. 48. Verse i. *casselty*, casualty, chance weather.

p. 48. Verse i. *haäfe down wi' my haäy!* while my grass is only half-mown.

p. 49. Verse ii. *fingers an' toäs*, a disease in turnips.

p. 49. Verse ii. *fall*, autumn.

p. 50. Verse iii. *if t'ōne stick alongside t'uther*, if the one hold by the other. "Ōne" is pronounced like "own."

p. 50. Verse iv. *fun*, found.

p. 50. Verse iv. *gaäinist*, nearest.

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p. 50. Verse iv. *ta-year*, this year.

p. 50. Verse iv. *ivin*, ivy.

p. 52. Verse vi. *obstropulous*, obstreperous—here the Curate makes a sign of deprecation.

p. 52. Verse vi. "*hopple*," or "hobble," to tie the legs of a skittish cow when she is being milked.

p. 52. Verse vii. *beal'd*, bellowed.

p. 53. Verse vii. In such words as *torned* (turned), *hurled*, the *r* is hardly audible.

p. 53. Verse vii. *stag-tuckey*, turkey-cock.

p. 53. Verse viii. *height-year-howd*, eight-year-old.

p. 53. Verse viii. *'owd*, hold.

p. 53. Verse viii. *peärky*, pert.

p. 55. Verse x. *Wo'ld*, the world. Short *o*.

p. 55. Verse x. *Wowd*, wold.

p. 57. CHARITY. [Founded on a true story. First published in 1892.—ED.]

p. 65. KAPIOLANI. [First published in 1892. My father read the story in Miss Yonge's *Golden Deeds*.—ED.]

pp. 69 ff. [THE DAWN, THE MAKING OF MAN, THE DREAMER, FAITH, THE SILENT VOICES, GOD AND THE UNIVERSE. [This group of poems was written at the end of his life, and first published in 1892.—ED.]

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p. 78. *MECHANOPHILUS.* [Written at the time of the first railways, and first published in 1892.—ED.]

p. 81. *RIFLEMEN FORM!* [First published in *The Times*, May 9th, 1859, when it rang like a trumpet-call through the land.—ED.]

p. 83. *THE TOURNEY.* [One of the poems rejected from the songs of *The Princess*, and first published in 1892.—ED.]

p. 87. *POETS AND CRITICS.* [First published in 1892.—ED.]

p. 89. *A VOICE SPAKE OUT OF THE SKIES.* [First published in 1892.—ED.]

p. 90. *DOUBT AND PRAYER.* [An early sonnet, altered and first published in 1892.—ED.]

p. 90. line 8.

My Father, and my Brother, and my God!

[My father's view of the Trinity of Love.—ED.]

p. 92. *FAITH.* [My father said: "It is hard to believe in God; but it is harder not to believe in God. My most passionate desire is to have a clearer and fuller vision of God."—ED.]

p. 94. *THE SILENT VOICES.* [A melody in F minor, written by my mother at my father's express desire, and arranged for four voices by Sir Frederick Bridge, was sung at his funeral in the Abbey.—ED.]

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p. 98. *GOD AND THE UNIVERSE.* [As he was dying on Oct. 5th, 1892, he exclaimed: "I have opened it." Whether this referred to the *Cymbeline* opened by him at

> "Hang there like fruit, my soul,
> Till the tree die,"

which he always called among the tenderest lines in Shakespeare, or to the dirge in *Cymbeline*; or whether these lines, which he often repeated, were running through his head, I cannot tell:

> Thro' the gates that bar the distance comes a gleam of what is higher,
> Wait till Death has flung them open;

and

> Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone is great,
> Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent Opener of the Gate. ED.]

p. 100. *THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.* [First published in *The Nineteenth Century*, February 1892. This poem began to bring on my father's final illness, as he worked feeling tired. He wrote it at that time, wishing to speak some words of comfort to the poor mother. The great picture —

> The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,
> His shadow darkens earth,

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he wanted G. F. Watts, R.A., to paint. He sent the poem, with the following letter, to the Queen :

MADAM—I venture to write, but I do not know how to express the profound sympathy of myself and my family with the great sorrow which has befallen your Majesty and your children. I know that your Majesty has a perfect trust in the Love and Wisdom which order the circumstances of our life, and in this alone is there comfort.—I am always your Majesty's affectionate servant, TENNYSON.

ED.]

p. 102. *CROSSING THE BAR.* [Made in my father's eighty-first year, after his serious illness in 1888–9, on a day in October 1889, while crossing the Solent, as we came from Aldworth to Farringford. When he repeated it to me in the evening, I said, "That is the crown of your life's work." He answered, "It came in a moment."—ED.]

p. 102. Verse iv.

I hope to see my Pilot face to face.

He has been on board all the while, but in the dark I have not seen him.

[He had often watched the pilots from Southampton Water climb down from the great mail-ships into their cutters off Headon Hill, near the Needles.

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He explained the Pilot as "that Divine and Unseen Who is always guiding us." A few days before his death he said to me, "Mind you put my *Crossing the Bar* at the end of all editions of my poems." This poem, *The Death of the Duke of Clarence*, *The Dawn*, *The Making of Man*, *The Dreamer* (the last poem he wrote out expressive of Hope in the Light that leads us), *The Wanderer*, *A Voice spake out of the Skies*, *Doubt and Prayer*, *Faith*, *God and the Universe*, and *The Silent Voices*, breathing peace and courage and hope and faith, were felt by my father, when he wrote them, to be his last testament to the world. —ED.]

"Poetry," my father wrote, "should be the flower and fruit of a man's life, in whatever stage of it, to be a worthy offering to the world."

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p. 103. *THE CUP.* Founded on a story in Plutarch. The story was first read by me in Lecky:

A powerful noble once solicited the hand of a Galatian lady named Camma, who, faithful to her husband, resisted all his entreaties. Resolved at any hazard to succeed, he caused her husband to be assassinated, and when she took refuge in the temple of Diana, and enrolled herself among the priestesses, he sent noble after noble to induce her to relent. After a time he ventured himself into her presence. She feigned a willingness to yield, but told him it was first

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necessary to make a libation to the goddess. She appeared as a priestess before the altar bearing in her hand a cup of wine, which she had poisoned. She drank half of it herself, handed the remainder to her guilty lover, and when he had drained the cup to the dregs, burst into a fierce thanksgiving that she had been permitted to avenge, and was soon to rejoin, her murdered husband. (Plutarch, *De Mulier. Virt.*)

[First published with *The Falcon* in 1884; planned in March 1879, begun in November 1879, and printed late in 1880. Produced at the Lyceum, Jan. 3, 1881, and ran for one hundred and twenty-eight nights.—Sir Charles Newton helped my father in the archæology of the play. He wrote:

March 6th, 1879.

I see no reason for doubting Plutarch's statement that Artemis was worshipped in Galatia, tho' it is not corroborated as yet by coins or inscriptions, and the particular Artemis so worshipped would most probably be closely allied in attributes to the Tauric Artemis, and would thus correspond with your conception of the Galatian Artemis (the goddess of Nature). The epithet πατρῷος in the *Amatorius* applied to the priesthood shows that the priesthood was hereditary. It may be inferred therefore that Camma was of noble birth. The story as told by Plutarch is most dramatic. If I find anything more you shall have it. In the meantime you may rely on my silence.

Mr. Knowles writes, Dec. 4th, 1880:

Irving is in a great state of enthusiasm and excitement, and he is most anxious that you should read over

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the Play, not only to himself and Ellen Terry but to all the Company which is to enact it. This is a most admirable suggestion, and I hope extremely that you will see your way to say "yes" to it. He would like it to be on next Thursday week, the 25th inst., when Ellen Terry will be back in town and everything advanced enough to make such a reading of the greatest and most opportune value.

My father accepted the invitation, and happily but few alterations from the first manuscript copy were found necessary for the stage-edition. Three short speeches for Synorix were added, Act I. Sc. iii.; and at the end of Act I. Sc. ii., pp. 129–130, the quarrel between Sinnatus and Synorix was lengthened by two lines, and Camma was made to interrogate Sinnatus as to what Synorix had said, and three or four entrances were made less abrupt. Irving inserted most of the stage-directions, and devised the magnificent scenery,[1] and the drama was produced by him with signal success at the Lyceum, and played to crowded houses. He wrote to my father: "I hope that the splendid success of your grand Tragedy will be followed by other triumphs equally great."[2]

Ellen Terry, who played the noble part of "Camma" magnificently, thanked him for his "great little play."

While Miss Mary Anderson was acting in *The Winter's*

[1] I understood from Sir James Knowles that he helped Irving to design the Temple scene.

[2] My father said, "Irving has not hit off my Synorix, who is a subtle blend of Roman refinement and intellectuality and barbarian self-satisfied sensuality."

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Tale in London she signed an agreement to revive *The Cup*. My father reinserted from his first MS. four lines for her, to be sung by the priestesses as they enter the Temple:

Artemis, Artemis, hear us, O mother, hear us and bless us!
Artemis, thou that art life to the wind, to the wave, to the glebe, to the fire,
Hear thy people who praise thee! O help us from all that oppress us.
Hear thy priestesses hymn thy glory! O yield them all their desire.

ED.]

p. 111. line 6. (Act I. Sc. i.)

I here return like Tarquin—for a crown.

[This refers to Tarquinius Superbus, the last king of Rome, who was expelled 510 B.C. in consequence of the outrage by his son on Lucretia, the wife of his cousin, Tarquinius Collatinus. The last effort of Tarquin to recover his crown was exhausted by the decisive victory gained by the Romans over him at Lake Regillus, 490 B.C. It is related that Tarquin died miserably at Cumae.—ED.]

p. 112. line 8. (Act I. Sc. i.) *the net—the net.* [Cf. Horace, *Ode* i. 1. 28 *et passim*.—ED.]

p. 122. line 3. (Act I. Sc. ii.) ["Some friends of mind" in first edition misprint for "Some friends of mine."—ED.]

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p. 161. line 4. (Act II.) *some old Greek.* [See Plato's *Apology*, Church's translation: "And if we reflect in another way, we shall see that we may well hope that death is a good. For the state of death is one of two things: either the dead wholly cease to be and lose all sensation, or death (as is commonly believed) a change and a migration of the soul into another place. Now if death is the absence of all sensation, and life a dreamless sleep, it will be a wonderful gain. . . . But if it is a passing to another place, and the common belief be true, that all who have died are there, what could be greater than this? . . . What one would not give to converse with Orpheus and Musaeus and Hesiod and Homer! I am willing to die many times if this be true."—ED.]

p. 161. line 17. (Act II.)

'Camma, Camma!' Sinnatus, Sinnatus!

[The blank verse ending the play, with only four beats, gives the passion of Camma's death-cry.—ED.]

p. 163. THE PROMISE OF MAY.

[First prose version printed in 1882, and revised and published in 1886 with *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After.* It was produced by Mrs. Bernard Beere at the Globe Theatre on Nov. 11th, 1882, and ran until Dec. 15th. The first printed copies in prose, which were used for

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stage purposes, were not published in 1882, as my father wished to write part of the drama in poetry for the reading public.

Edgar is "a surface man of theories true to none." I subjoin the analysis of the hero's character by my brother, as it best gives my father's conception.

Edgar is not, as the critics will have it, a freethinker, drawn into crime by his Communistic theories; Edgar is not even an honest Radical, nor a sincere follower of Schopenhauer; he is nothing thorough and nothing sincere. He has no conscience until he is brought face to face with the consequences of his crime, and in the awakening of that conscience the poet has manifested his fullest and subtlest strength. At our first introduction to Edgar, we see him perplexed with the haunting of a pleasure that has sated him. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die" has been his motto; but we can detect that his appetite for all pleasure has begun to pall. He repeats wearily the formulæ of a philosophy which he has followed because it suits his mode of life. He plays with these formulæ, but they do not satisfy him. So long as he had on him the zest of libertinism he did not, in all probability, trouble himself with philosophy. But now his selfishness compels him to take a step of which he feels the wickedness and repugnancy. He must endeavour to justify himself to himself. The companionship of the girl he has betrayed no longer gives him pleasure; he hates her tears because they remind him of himself—his proper self. He abandons her with a pretence of satisfaction; but the philosophical formulæ he repeats no more satisfy him than they satisfy the poor girl whom he deserts. Her innocence has not,

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however, been wantonly sacrificed by the dramatist. She has sown the seed of repentance in her seducer, though the fruit is slow in ripening. Years after he returns, like the ghost of a murderer, to the scene of his crime. He feels remorse. He is ashamed of it; he battles against it; he hurls the old formulæ at it; he acts the cynic more thoroughly than ever. But he is changed. He feels a desire to "make amends." Yet that desire is still only a form of selfishness. He has abandoned the "Utopian idiocy" of Communism. Perhaps, as he says, with a self-mockery that makes the character so individual and remarkable, "because he has inherited estates." His position of gentleman is forced on his notice; he would qualify himself for it, selfishly and without doing excessive penance. To marry the surviving sister and rescue the old father from ruin would be a meritorious act. He sets himself to perform it. At first everything goes well for him; the old weapons of fascination, that had worked the younger sister's ruin, now conquer the heart of the elder. He is comfortable in his scheme of reparation, and lays that flattering "unction to his soul."

Suddenly, however, the girl whom he has betrayed, and whom he thought dead, returns; she hears him repeating to another the words of love she herself had heard from him and believed. "Edgar!" she cries, and staggers forth from her concealment, as she forgives him with her last breath.

Then, and not till then, the true soul of the man rushes to his lips; he recognizes his wickedness, he knows the blankness of his life. That is his punishment.

He feels then, and will always feel, aspirations after good which he can never or only imperfectly fulfil. The position of independence, on which he prided himself, is

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wrested from him, he is humiliated. The instrument of his selfish repentance turns on him with a forgiveness that annihilates him; the bluff and honest farmer whom he despises triumphs over him, not with the brute force of an avenging hand, but with the pre-eminence of superior morality. Edgar quits the scene, never again, we can believe, to renew his libertine existence, but to expiate with lifelong contrition the monstrous wickedness of the past.

My father drew his characters from the Lincolnshire country life of his boyhood carefully, and wrote, when the play was violently attacked: "I had a feeling that I would at least strive in my plays to bring the true drama of life and character back again. I gave them one leaf out of the great book of Truth and Nature."—ED.]

p. 180. line 6. (Act I.)

What are we, says the blind old man in Lear?

[Cf. *King Lear*, IV. i. 38:

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

ED.]

p. 217. line 22. (Act II.) *Scizzars an' Pumpy.* [Cæsar and Pompey.—ED.]

p. 235. line 5. (Act III.)

O man, forgive thy mortal foe.

[This is the only hymn my father has written, except "The Human Cry" at the end of *De Profundis* (vol. iv. p. 227), which he wrote at Jowett's request.

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In 1891 he said to the present Vice-Chancellor of Oxford: "A good hymn is the most difficult thing in the world to write. In a good hymn you have to be commonplace and poetical. The moment you cease to be commonplace and put in any expression at all out of the common, it ceases to be a hymn. Of hymns I like Heber's 'Holy, Holy, Holy' better than most—it is a fine metre too." He said that Jowett had liked the simple hymn for children in *The Promise of May*. He would often quote this passage from the version of the Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins:

"And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad."

ED.]

p. 240. lines 10, 11. (Act III.) *the Queen's Real Hard Tillery.* [The Royal Artillery.—ED.]

p. 275. *QUEEN MARY.* [First published in 1875. Played at the Lyceum in 1876, April 18th to May 13th, Henry Irving as Philip and Mrs. Crowe as Mary, with incidental music by Sir Charles Stanford.—ED.]

"Philip" was one of Irving's best characters.

This trilogy of plays—*Harold*, *Becket*, and *Queen Mary*—portray the making of England. In *Harold* we have the great conflict between Danes, Saxons, and Normans for supremacy, the awakening of the English people and

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clergy from the slumber into which they had for the most part fallen, and the forecast of the greatness of our composite race.

In *Becket* the struggle is between the Crown and the Church for predominance, a struggle which continued for many centuries.

In *Mary* are described the final downfall of Roman Catholicism in England, and the dawning of a new age: for after the era of priestly domination comes the era of the freedom of the individual.

In *The Foresters* (founded on the old ballads) I have sketched the state of the people in another great transition period of the making of England, when the barons sided with the people and eventually won for them the Magna Charta.

[During 1874 and 1875 my father worked hard and unceasingly at his *Queen Mary*, "more of a chronicle-play" he called it. The first list of books which he read on the subject is written down in his note-book: "Collier's *Ecclesiastical History*, Fuller's *Church History*, Burnet's *Reformation*, Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, Hayward's *Edward*, Cave's *P. X. Y.*, Hooker, Neale's *History of the Puritans*, Strype's *Ecclesiastical Memorials*, Strype's *Cranmer*, Strype's *Parker*, Phillips' *Pole*, *Primitive Fathers No Papists*, Lingard's *History of England*, *Church Historians of England*, *Zürich Letters*, and *Original Letters and Correspond-*

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ence of Archbishop Parker (published by the Parker Society)," in addition to Froude, Holinshed, and Camden.

With respect to character-painting my father considered *Queen Mary* the most successful of his plays, but with his keen sense of truth always regretted that he had not, through lack of knowledge, done justice, as he thought, to Sir Thomas White, Lord Mayor of London.

In few ages of the Christian era can the words "I came not to send peace but a sword" have been more sorrowfully verified than in the life of Mary Tudor. The wrong, done by her father to her mother and herself, was a sword that early pierced through Mary's own soul. She had, my father thought, been harshly judged by the popular verdict of tradition, therefore he had a desire to let her be seen as he pictured her in his imagination. Hence he was attracted toward the subject. He pitied the poor girl, who not only was cast down by her father from her high estate, but treated with shameless contumely by the familiar friends of her childhood. What wonder that a nature originally bright should thus have been clouded! He sympathised with her queenly courage, dramatically expressed by him, when, after her accession, triumphant over revolt, she flashes out with:

My foes are at my feet and Philip King.

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He held that all allowance ought to be made for her, when, her high hopes for the Church and for the kingdom having been rekindled and quenched, the clouds of youth gathered again into a settled gloom. Throughout all history, he said, there was nothing more mournful than the final tragedy of this woman, who, with her deep longing for love, found herself hated by her people, abandoned by her husband: and harassed in the hour of death by the restlessness of despair.[1]

The real difficulty of the drama, as my father was aware, is to give sufficient relief to its intense sadness, especially to the scenes in which Mary's devotion is repelled by Philip's coldness, consummated in that last scene, where she sits upon the ground, rocking herself to and fro, making her lament.

The high-spirited Elizabeth, whose star rises as Mary's declines, the humour of the citizens and of the country-people, and the holy calm of the meek and penitent Cranmer, provide the only artistic relief possible.

[1] The well-known critic Mons. Augustin Filon writes in *Le Théâtre contemporain* (1895): "Vienne une main pieuse qui dégage ces deux drames (*Queen Mary* and *Harold*), fasse circuler l'air et la lumièr eautour de leurs lignes essentielles: vienne un grand acteur qui compresse et incarne Harold, une grande actrice qui se passionne pour le caractère de Marie, et, sans effort, Tennyson prendra sa place parmi les dramaturges.

The plays also seem to have appealed to no less an authority than Mons. Jules Claretie, who has described them as "beaux drames, et nobles inventions théâtrales."

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He pass'd out smiling, and he walk'd upright;
His eye was like a soldier's, whom the general
He looks to and he leans on as his God
Hath rated for some backwardness and bidd'n him
Charge one against a thousand, and the man
Hurls his soil'd life against the pikes and dies.
ED.]

p. 295. line 4. (Act I. Sc. iv.)

ELIZABETH. Why do you go so gay then?
COURTENAY. Velvet and gold.

[The Queen treated Courtenay as a child, and forbade him to dine abroad without permission, or to wear his velvet and gold dress which he had had made to take his seat in. Renard feared him as a rival to Philip. (Renard to Charles V., Sept. 19, 1553; Rolls House MSS., and Froude's *History of England*, vol. vi. p. 97.—ED.]

p. 301. line 14. (Act I. Sc. iv.)

To the Pleiads, uncle; they have lost a sister.

[The Pleiads were daughters of Atlas, and were placed among the stars by Zeus. One of them, Electra, left her place in the heavens that she might not witness the fall of Troy, which her son Dardanus had founded.—ED.]

p. 315. line 12. (Act I. Sc. v.)

I am English Queen, not Roman Emperor

was much cheered by the people. The play came out when the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India.

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p. 327. line 10. (Act II. Sc. i.) [Alington Castle, on the Medway. My father often visited this castle (built by the father of the poet Sir Thomas Wyatt, Sir Henry Wyatt) when he was staying with his brother-in-law, Edmund Lushington, at Park House. Thomas Wyatt, the poet, was born here in 1503, and died in 1542, and left it to his son, who is the Wyatt of the play. —ED.]

p. 331. line 16. (Act II. Sc. ii.) For Queen Mary's speech, *In mine own person*, see Holinshed. [She spoke in a deep voice like a man.

La voce grossa et quasi de huomo.

Giovanni Michele, Ellis, vol. ii. series 2. ED.]

p. 349. (Act III. Sc. i.) [*Nine Worthies*, Joshua, David, Judas Maccabæus, Hector, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, King Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon.—ED.]

p. 350. line 4. (Act III. Sc. i.) *the tree in Virgil.* See *Æneid*, vi. 206.

p. 364. line 10. (Act III. Sc. ii.) *the heathen giant.* [Antæus.—ED.]

p. 376. line 17. (Act III. Sc. iii.) *For ourselves we do protest.* [For Pole's speech see Froude's *History of England*, vol. vi. pp. 276–281 :

"I confess to you that I have the keys — not as mine own keys, but as the keys of him

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that sent me: and yet I cannot open, not for want of power in me to give, but for certain impediments in you to receive, which must be taken away before my commission can take effect. This I protest before you, my commission is not of prejudice to any person. I am come not to destroy but to build; I come to reconcile, not to condemn; I am not come to compel but to call again; I am not come to call anything in question already done; but my commission is of grace and clemency to such as will receive it—for, touching all matters that be past, they shall be as things cast into the sea of forgetfulness. But the mean whereby you shall receive this benefit is to revoke and repeal those laws and statutes which be impediments, blocks, and bars to the execution of my commission. For, like as I myself had neither place nor voice to speak here amongst you, but was in all respects a banished man, till such time as ye had repealed those laws that lay in my way, even so cannot you receive the benefit and grace offered from the Apostolic See until the abrogation of such laws whereby you had disjoined and dissevered yourselves from the unity of Christ's Church."—ED.]

p. 381. lines 7, 8. (Act III. Sc. iv.)

an amphisbæna,
Each end a sting.

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[Cf.

"Scorpion and asp and amphisbæna dire."

Par. Lost, x. 524.

ED.]

p. 400. lines 8, 9. (Act III. Sc. vi.)

like the wild hedge-rose
Of a soft winter, possible, not probable.

[My father made this simile from a wild-rose bush at Freshwater which was in full blossom in January.—ED.]

p. 404. line 5. (Act III. Sc. vi.) *what Virgil sings.* Cf. Virgil's *Æneid*, iv. 569.

p. 406. (Act III. Sc. vi.) [Philip was weary of England and of his childless queen. "He told her that his father wanted to see him, but that his absence would not be extended beyond a fortnight or three weeks; she should go with him to Dover; and if she desired she could wait there for his return" (Noailles, vol. v. pp. 77–82; Froude's *History of England*, vol. vi. p. 362).—ED.]

p. 426. line 9. (Act IV. Sc. iii.) *What saith St. John?* 1 John ii. 15.

p. 427. line 13. (Act IV. Sc. iii.)

And now, and forasmuch as I have come.

["And now, forasmuch as I am come to the last end of my life, whereupon hangeth all my life past and all my life to come, either to

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live with my Saviour Christ in joy, or else to be ever in pain with wicked devils in hell; and I see before mine eyes presently either heaven" (*pointing upwards*) "or hell" (*pointing downwards*) "ready to swallow me. I shall therefore declare unto you my very faith, without colour or dissimulation; for now it is no time to dissemble. I believe in God the Father almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; in every article of the Catholic faith; every word and sentence taught by our Saviour Christ, his apostles and prophets, in the Old and New Testament. And now I come to the great thing that troubleth my conscience more than any other thing that ever I said or did in my life, and that is the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truth, which here I now renounce and refuse, as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death to save my life, if it might be; and that is, all such bills and papers as I have written and signed with my hand since my degradation, wherein I have written many things untrue; and forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, my hand therefore shall first be punished; for if I may come to the fire, it shall be the first burnt" (See Harleian MSS. 417 and 422, and Froude's *History of England*, vol. vi. pp. 426–428).—ED.]

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p. 432. lines 3, 4. (Act IV. Sc. iii.)

And Ignorance crying in the streets, and all men Regarding her.

[Cf. Proverbs i. 20.—ED.]

pp. 434–436. (Act IV. Sc. iii.) [The Berkshire dialect of Joan and Tib was corrected for my father by Tom Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's School-days*.—ED.]

p. 441. line 23. (Act V. Sc. i.) *lower our kingly flag.* See Prescott's *History of Philip the Second*, vol. i. p. 113: "Lord Howard is said to have fired a gun, as he approached Philip's squadron, in order to compel it to lower its topsails in acknowledgment of the supremacy of the English on the narrow seas."

p. 475. line 23. (Act V. Sc. v.)

Thou light a torch that never will go out!

[She refers to Latimer's words to Ridley when they were burnt at the stake: "We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, as I trust shall never be put out."—ED.]

p. 477. line 18. (Act V. Sc. v.) After Mary's speech, ending "Help me hence," the end of the last Act of the Acting Edition[1] ran thus:

[1] As produced at the Lyceum Theatre with Irving as Philip, and Miss Kate Bateman as Queen Mary.

On the Australian stage Miss Dargon won a triumph in *Queen Mary*. It was very popular when produced at the Melbourne Theatre-Royal, and had a long run; and when reproduced at the Bijou Theatre in the same city had a second long run.

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[*Falls into the arms of* LADY CLARENCE.

ALICE. The hand of God hath help'd her hence.

LADY CLARENCE. Not yet.

[*To* ELIZABETH *as she enters.*

Speak, speak, a word of yours may wake her.

ELIZABETH (*kneeling at her sister's knee*).

Mary!

MARY. Mary! who calls? 'tis long since any one

Has called me Mary—she—

There in the dark she sits and calls for me—

She that should wear her state before the world.

My Father's own true wife. Ay, madam. Hark!

For she will call again.

ELIZABETH. Mary, my sister!

MARY. That's not the voice!

Who is it steps between me and the light?

[*Puts her arm around* ELIZABETH'S *neck.*

I held her in my arms a guileless babe,

And mourn'd her orphan doom along with mine.

The crown! she comes for that! take it and feel it!

It stings the touch! It is not gold but thorns!

[MARY *starts up.*

The crown of crowns! Play not with holy things! [*Clasps her hands and kneels.*

Keep you the faith! . . . yea, mother, yea I come! [*Dies.*

LADY CLARENCE. She is dead.

ELIZABETH (*kneeling by the body*). Poor sister! Peace be with the dead. [*Curtain.*

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APPENDIX TO NOTES ON QUEEN MARY.

Letters from Robert Browning.

19 WARWICK CRESCENT, W.,
June 30th, 1875.

MY DEAR TENNYSON—Thank you very much for *Queen Mary*, the gift, and even more for *Queen Mary*, the poem: it is astonishingly fine. Conception, execution, the whole and the parts, I see nowhere the shade of a fault, thank you once again! I am going to begin it afresh now. What a joy it is that such a poem should be, and be yours!

All affectionate regards to Mrs. Tennyson from yours ever,
ROBERT BROWNING.

19 WARWICK CRESCENT, W.,
April 19th, 1876.

MY DEAR TENNYSON—I want to be among the earliest who assure you of the complete success of your *Queen Mary* last night. I have more than once seen a more satisfactory performance of it, to be sure, in what Carlyle calls "the Private Theatre under my own hat," because there and then not a line nor a word was left out; nay, there were abundant "encores" of half the speeches; still whatever was left by the stage scissors suggested what a quantity of "cuttings" would furnish one with an after-feast.

Irving was very good indeed, and the others did their best, nor so badly.

The love as well as admiration for the author was conspicuous, indeed, I don't know whether you ought to have been present to enjoy it, or were not safer in absence from a smothering of flowers and deafening "tumult of acclaim," but Hallam was there to report, and Mrs. Tennyson is with you to

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believe. All congratulations to you both from yours affectionately ever,

ROBERT BROWNING.

QUEEN MARY.[1]

BY THE LATE SIR RICHARD JEBB.

The appearance of Tennyson in the field of drama is an event of interest both for English poetry and for the English stage. To say that the experiment was regarded with some anxiety by those who most appreciate the subtlety of his artistic power is only to say that a fine poem in the dramatic form is not necessarily a fine drama; but, unless we are deceived, it will be generally allowed that *Queen Mary* is not only a fine poem but a fine drama, and that though each of the several powers which go to make it so has already been proved by the author, the masterly harmony in which they work together here entitles *Queen Mary* to be considered something more than merely a success in a new kind. The dramatic glow and impetus which are proper to a poem of action may be imitated but cannot be replaced by epic splendour or lyrical passion. In our own days we have seen these or feebler substitutes essaying to do duty for it, but it is long since the genuine inspiration, at least of tragedy, has been among us. The ingenuity of the apologies which have been suggested by the fact is characteristic of the age which required them, but the fact is generally allowed.

[1] From *The Times*, June 19, 1875.

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If we welcome Tennyson's drama for one reason more than another, it is for this, because here we seem to recognize the presence of that rare and precious virtue which has so long seemed dead even in those works of English poetry which are most distinctly products of genius—dramatic fire; and if we had to say when last this great quality found a comparably vivid embodiment in the treatment of an English historical subject, we should not know when to stay our search until it had carried us back to the year when the series of Shakespeare's English Histories was completed and crowned with *Henry VIII.*

The action of the drama covers the five years from Mary's accession in 1553 to her death in 1558. As a study of the time at once truthful in its broad aspects and accurate in detail, we believe that it would bear the scrutiny of Mr. Froude[1] and Mr. Spedding. As a vivid picture of the whole reign[2]—of the feeling in England towards the Spanish marriage, of Mary's effort to cancel not merely the Protestant Reformation, but the more moderate reforms of the New Learning, of the temper in which the Parliament and the nation, after the submission to the Papacy, refused to accept the purely Catholic policy of Spain, and lastly, of that profound tragedy which centres in the blasted hopes and blighted love of the Queen—the drama merely as a chapter of English his-

[1] Froude wrote to my father: "I cannot trust myself to say how greatly I admire the play. . . . You have reclaimed one more section of English history from the wilderness and given it a form in which it will be fixed for ever. No one since Shakespeare has done that. When we were beginning to think that we were to have no more from you, you have given us the greatest of your works."

[2] For the characterization, see *Memoir*, vol. ii. p. 177: "In few ages," etc.

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tory can be appreciated by all. The First Act opens in "Aldgate, richly decorated." Edward VI.'s plan and Northumberland's plot have been defeated; Lady Jane Grey is in the Tower, and the Marshalman is shouting, "Long live Queen Mary, the lawful and legitimate daughter of Harry the Eighth." There is a good touch in the dialogue between the citizens as they are waiting for the Royal procession to go by:

> OLD NOKES (*dreamily*). Who's a-passing? King Edward or King Richard?
>
> THIRD CITIZEN. No, old Nokes.
>
> OLD NOKES. It's Harry!
>
> THIRD CITIZEN. It's Queen Mary.
>
> OLD NOKES. The blessed Mary's a-passing!
>
> [*Falls on his knees.*

Successive scenes then show us Cranmer in Lambeth Palace, urged by Peter Martyr to fly from the vengeance sure to come upon him from the daughter of Katharine of Aragon, but refusing; Noailles, the French Ambassador, busy in sowing dissensions, Elizabeth hearing from Courtenay, Earl of Devon, the scheme afoot to thwart the Spanish marriage; and lastly, Mary, overcome with the joy following on anxiety, as she sinks into a chair, half fainting, and Simon Renard hears from her pale lips that the Council has sanctioned her union with his master, Philip of Spain. Act II. is the stirring episode of Wyatt's rebellion, illustrated by Mary's heroic courage, and closed by the overthrow of the rebels, when, with Wyatt, Courtenay, and the Princess Elizabeth safe in the Tower, the Queen can at last say, "My foes are at my feet, and

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Philip King." Act III. has for its central interest the formal return of England to the Roman obedience, when Reginald Pole, Cardinal-Deacon and Legate of Julius III., in the great hall at Whitehall, hears Gardiner read the formal supplication of the Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled, and by authority Apostolic absolves the realm from heresy. But close upon the stately ceremony of the reconciliation follow signs that the further course of Mary's policy will not run smooth. Pole, in a stormy scene with Gardiner, himself rebukes that "overmuch severeness" with which the Faith is being vindicated, and Philip has already wearied of his childless bride:

MARY. The sunshine sweeps across my life again.
O if I knew you felt this parting, Philip,
As I do!
PHILIP. By St. James I do protest,
Upon the faith and honour of a Spaniard,
I am vastly grieved to leave your Majesty.
Simon, is supper ready?

ACT IV. deepens the gloom which is closing upon Mary's hopes. In St. Mary's Church at Oxford, Cranmer on his way to the fire retracts his recantation, and dies at the stake—not the shame, but the martyr of Protestantism. It has been well said "that among a crowd of far more heroic sufferers, the Protestants fixed, in spite of his recantations, on the martyrdom of Cranmer as the deathblow to Catholicism in England"; and it is with an historical as well as with a dramatic propriety that this martyrdom gives the keynote to the Fourth Act of Tennyson's drama. The Fifth Act opens with the parting between

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Mary and Philip—Philip who is already weighing the chances that he may take Philibert of Savoy's place as a suitor for Elizabeth's hand:

PHILIP. Is this a place
To wail in, Madam? what! a public hall.
Go in, I pray you.
MARY. Do not seem so changed.
Say go; but only say it lovingly.
PHILIP. You do mistake. I am not one to change.
I never loved you more.

Caraffa, Paul IV., has succeeded Julius III. as Pope, and, moved chiefly by hatred of Spain, has cited Cardinal Pole to Rome, reviving against him the old charge of Lutheranism. Mary now stands alone among an execrating people. At a house near London Elizabeth receives a visit from an envoy of Philip, the Count of Feria, who comes to sound her, who is loftily repulsed, and who finally divulges that at that very moment Mary is dying. Elizabeth hastens to her sister, and finds her yet breathing:

ELIZABETH. She knew me, and acknowledged me her heir,
Pray'd me to pay her debts, and keep the Faith;
Then clasped the cross, and pass'd away in peace.
I left her lying still and beautiful,
More beautiful than in life. Why would you vex yourself,
Poor sister? Sir, I swear I have no heart
To be your Queen. To reign is restless fence,
Tierce, quart, and trickery. Peace is with the dead.

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Her life was winter, for her spring was nipt:
And she loved much: pray God she be forgiven.

CECIL. Peace with the dead, who never were at peace!

Yet she loved one so much—I needs must say—
That never English monarch dying left
England so little.

ELIZABETH. But with Cecil's aid
And others, if our person be secured
From traitor stabs—we will make England great.

Enter PAGET, *and other* LORDS OF THE COUNCIL, SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, *etc.*

LORDS. God save Elizabeth, the Queen of England!

BAGENHALL. God save the Crown! the Papacy is no more.

PAGET (*aside*). Are we so sure of that?

ACCLAMATION. God save the Queen!

The paramount merit of the poem as a work of art consists in the skill with which the dramatist has held the balance between the horror excited by Mary, the persecutor, and the compassion felt for Mary, the sufferer. Howard tells Paget how he has seen heretics of the poorer sort, in daily expectation of the rack, lying chained in stifling dungeons over steaming sewers, fed with bread that crawled upon the tongue, drinking water of which every drop was a worm, until they died of rotted limbs. Among those voices of the night which pass the palace in which Mary is dying, there is one of a citizen who had seen a woman burnt in Guernsey:

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and in her agony
The mother came upon her—a child was born—
And, sir, they hurl'd it back into the fire,
That, being but baptized in fire, the babe
Might be in fire for ever.

The impression made by the entire drama deepens that red brand which rests on the memory of Mary's reign. Yet, while the awful cruelties of a more than Spanish bigotry are thus made to live before the imagination, we are at the same time irresistibly drawn to sympathise with whatever is womanly, whatever is heroic, whatever is of tragic intensity in the miserable story of Mary's personal life:

My hard father hated me;
My brother rather hated me than loved;
My sister cowers and hates me. Holy Virgin,
Plead with thy blessed Son; grant me my prayer:
Give me my Philip; and we two will lead
The living waters of the Faith again
Back thro' their widow'd channel here, and watch
The parch'd banks rolling incense, as of old,
To heaven, and kindled with the palms of Christ!

When some months after her marriage Mary for a moment anticipates the realization of a great hope, her joy finds utterance in what is, perhaps, the greatest, as it is certainly the most pathetic passage of the whole poem:

MARY. He hath awaked! he hath awaked!
He stirs within the darkness!
Oh, Philip, husband! now thy love to mine

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Will cling more close, and those bleak manners thaw,
That make me shamed and tongue-tied in my love.
The second Prince of Peace—
The great unborn defender of the Faith,
Who will avenge me of mine enemies—
He comes, and my star rises.
The stormy Wyatts and Northumberlands,
The proud ambitions of Elizabeth,
And all her fieriest partisans—are pale
Before my star!
The light of this new learning wanes and dies:
The ghosts of Luther and Zuinglius fade
Into the deathless hell which is their doom
Before my star!
His sceptre shall go forth from Ind to Ind!
His sword shall hew the heretic peoples down!
His faith shall clothe the world that will be his,
Like universal air and sunshine! Open,
Ye everlasting gates! The King is here!—
My star, my son!

And when the end is near, and Mary, on her death-bed, has passed into delirium, the anguish brought by the failure of that hope is interpreted in a scene of wonderful power, from which we quote only a few lines:

MARY. This Philip shall not
Stare in upon me in my haggardness;
Old, miserable, diseased,
Incapable of children. Come thou down.
[*Cuts out the picture and throws it down.*
Lie there. (*Wails*) O God, I have kill'd my Philip!
ALICE. No,

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Madam, you have but cut the canvas out;
We can replace it.
MARY. All is well then; rest—
I will to rest; he said, I must have rest.

The narrative passages of the drama—especially the description of Lady Jane Grey's death and of Cranmer's death—are worthy of Tennyson, and, for descriptive passages, there could not well be higher praise. The two or three songs again, are, as might have been expected, perfect in their way. The prose passages—dialogues between citizens, etc.—are in one sense the most difficult for a nineteenth-century dramatist treating a sixteenth-century subject, since it is precisely in homely talk that the artist runs most risk of seeming an antiquarian. It is Tennyson's humour which has enabled him to succeed so well here. The conversation between the two "garrulous country wives" in Act IV. Scene iii. could hardly have been written save by the author of *The Northern Farmer.* But space forbids us to dwell longer on details. We can but end as we began, by saying that we do not know where to look in post-Shakespearian English poetry for a poem in which the true fire of drama so burns as in Tennyson's *Queen Mary.*

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p. 481. *HAROLD.* [First published in 1876, dated 1877. "A tragedy of Doom" my father called it. After the publication of *Queen Mary*, Irving, George Eliot, George Lewes, Browning, Spedding, and others urged him to continue writing more dramas. To meet the conditions of the

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modern drama, before writing *Harold* my father studied many recent plays. He had also refreshed his mind with the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles, which always seemed to him "full of noble reality, and moral beauty." —ED.]

p. 489. lines 3, 4. (Act I. Sc. i.)

Look you, there's a star
That dances in it as mad with agony!

[My mother writes, October 4th, 1858, of my father: "He went to meet Mr. and Mrs. Roebuck at dinner at Swainston; and the comet was grand, with Arcturus shining brightly over the nucleus. At dinner he said he must leave the table to look at it, and they all followed. They saw *Arcturus seemingly dance as if mad* when it passed out of the comet's tail. He said of the comet's tail, 'It is like a besom of destruction sweeping the sky.'"—ED.]

p. 491. line 8. (Act I. Sc. i.)

Did ye not outlaw your archbishop Robert?

Robert, a monk of Jumiéges in Normandy, was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury by Edward the Confessor. He was the head of the Norman as Earl Godwin was of the national party in England; and he so far wrought upon the Norman predilections of the king that in the end he procured the banishment of Godwin and all his sons. After

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a while, however, these returned with a formidable force, but the English would not fight for King Edward against them. It was then settled that the matters of quarrel between Edward and Godwin should be referred to a Gemót or Great National Council. The Normans throughout the kingdom knew well what would be the vote of this Council, and, not daring to abide by the result, fled, and among the rest Robert of Jumiéges. He, it is said, escaped by the east gate of London, and killing or wounding all that stayed him, reached Walton-on-the-Naze, whence he took ship, and past overseas never to come back.

Of all the Norman bishops, William, the Bishop of London, alone retained his bishopric.

p. 492. line 7. (Act I. Sc. i.)

Who had my pallium from an Antipope!

On the death of Stephen IX. in 1058, the Imperial party at Rome sent a humble message to the Empress Agnes, asking her to nominate a new Pope. Meanwhile the old Roman feudatory barons elected an anti-Pope of their own, the Cardinal Bishop of Velletri (Benedict X.), whom they hastily inaugurated, and enthroned by night. This was resented by the Empress as an act of usurpation, whereupon she empowered Hildebrand to take measures for a fresh election. Accord-

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ingly Gerard, Archbishop of Florence, was chosen, who is known by the name of Nicholas II. I quote from Milman's *Latin Christianity* the pathetic history of Benedict's subsequent degradation:

"Hildebrand the archdeacon seized him (Benedict) by force, and placed him before Nicholas and a council in the Lateran Church. They stripped him before the altar of his pontifical robes (in which he had been again invested), set him thus despoiled before the synod, put a writing in his hand, containing a long confession of every kind of wickedness. He resisted a long time, knowing himself perfectly innocent of such crimes: he was compelled to read it with very many tears and groans. His mother stood by, her hair dishevelled, and her bosom bare, with many sobs and lamentations. His kindred stood weeping around. Hildebrand then cried aloud to the people: 'These are the deeds of the Pope whom ye have chosen!' They re-arrayed him in the pontifical robes, and formally deposed him. He was allowed to retire to the monastery of St. Agnes, where he lived in the utmost wretchedness. They prohibited him from all holy functions, would not allow him to enter the choir. By the intercession of the Archpresbyter of St. Anastasia he was permitted at length to read the Epistle; a short time after, the Gospel;

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but never suffered to read mass. He lived to the Pontificate of Hildebrand, who, when informed of his death, said, 'In an evil hour did I behold him; I have committed great sin.' Hildebrand commanded that he should be buried with Pontifical honours" (Milman, viii. p. 48).

It was from this Benedict that Stigand received the pallium, or sacred badge of the archiepiscopate.

p. 496. line 14. (Act I. Sc. i.)

Is not my brother Wulfnoth hostage there?

One version of the story relates that Godwin, after his reconciliation with Edward, gave hostages for his good conduct, and among them his son Wulfnoth, and that these were handed over by the king to Count William for their better custody.

p. 515. line 1. (Act II. Sc. ii.)

He was thine host in England when I went.

Malet was half-Norman, half-English.

p. 516. line 8. (Act II. Sc. ii.)

Haled thy shore-swallow'd, armour'd Normans up.

In that section of the Bayeux tapestry which depicts William's war against Conan of Brittany, Harold is seen plucking the Norman soldiers two at a time from the quicksands

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below Mont St. Michel where the river Coesnon flows into the sea.

p. 518. lines 11, 12. (Act II. Sc. i.)

The voice of any people is the sword
That guards them, or the sword that beats them down.

[Two favourite lines of Mr. Gladstone's.—ED.]

p. 529. line 14. (Act II. Sc. ii.)

Some said it was thy father's deed.

Alfred, the son of Emma (who was also mother of Edward the Confessor, and great-aunt of William the Conqueror), coming into England during the reign of Harold the Dane, the son of Cnut, was seized and blinded. This crime was imputed to Godwin; but the Witan acquitted him of the charge.

p. 531. line 7. (Act II. Sc. ii.)

The Atheling is nearest to the throne.

Edgar the Atheling was grandson of Edmund Ironside, and the last male representative of the House of Cerdic.

p. 535. line 11. (Act II. Sc. ii.)

Behold the jewel of St. Pancratius.

Concerning this jewel of Saint Pancratius, "gemma tan speciosa quam spatiosa," see Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, vol. iii. p. 686.

p. 554. line 16. (Act III. Sc. ii.)

The Pope and that Archdeacon Hildebrand.

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[Alexander II., and Hildebrand, afterwards Gregory VII. (1073).—ED.]

p. 571. line 14. (Act IV. Sc. iii.) *Let him come! Let him come!*

Bublie crient è weissel
E laticome è drincheheil,
Drinc Hindrewart è Drintome
Drinc Helf è drinc tome.
Roman de Rou, 12473.

p. 578. lines 2, 3. (Act v. Sc. i.)

Waltham, my foundation
For men who serve the neighbour, not themselves.

"Of his liberality his great foundation at Waltham is an everlasting monument, and it is a monument not more of his liberality than of his wisdom. To the monastic orders Harold seems not to have been specially liberal; his bounty took another and a better chosen direction. The foundation of a great secular college, in days when all the world seemed mad after monks, when King Eadward and Earl Leofric vied with each other in lavish gifts to religious houses at home and abroad, was in itself an act displaying no small vigour and independence of mind. The details, too, of the foundation were such as showed that the creation of Waltham was not the act of a moment of superstitious dread or of reckless bounty, but the deliberate deed

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of a man who felt the responsibilities of lofty rank and boundless wealth, and who earnestly sought the welfare of his Church and nation in all things" (Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, vol. ii. p. 41).

p. 581. lines 6, 7. (Act v. Sc. i.)

that old song of Brunanburg
Where England conquer'd.

Constantinus, King of the Scots, after having sworn allegiance to Athelstan, allied himself with the Danes of Ireland under Anlaf, and invading England, was defeated by Athelstan and his brother Edmund with great slaughter at Brunanburh in the year 937.

See my translation of the Song of Brunanburh (entitled "Battle of Brunanburh," vol. iv. p. 235). In rendering this Old English war-song into modern language and alliterative rhythm I have made free use of the dactylic beat. I suppose that the original was chanted to a slow, swinging recitative.

p. 589. line 11. (Act v. Sc. i.) *Come as Goliath came of yore.* Taillefer the minstrel, a man of gigantic stature, who rode out alone in front of the Norman army chanting:

Taillefer, ki mult ben cantout,
Sor un cheval ki tost alout,
Devant li Dus alout cantant
De Karlemaine è de Rollant

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E d' Oliver è des vassals
Ki morurent en Renchevals.
Roman de Rou, 13149.

p. 596. line 19. (Act v. Sc. ii.)

Then all the dead fell on him.

Alluding to her dream in Act i. Sc. ii.:

and all
The dead men made at thee to murder thee.

APPENDIX TO NOTES ON HAROLD.

Letter from Robert Browning.

19 WARWICK CRESCENT,
Dec. 21st, 1876.

MY DEAR TENNYSON—True thanks again, this time for the best of Christmas presents, another great work, wise, good and beautiful. The scene where Harold is overborne to take the oath is perfect, for one instance. What a fine new ray of light you are entwining with your many coloured wreath!

I know the Conqueror's country pretty well: stood last year in his Castle of Bonneville, on the spot where tradition is that Harold took the oath; and I have passed through Dives, the place of William's embarcation, perhaps twenty times: and more than once visited the church there, built by him, where still are inscribed the names of the Norman knights who accompanied him in his expedition. You light this up again for me. All happiness befall you and yours this good season and ever.—Yours affectionately,

R. BROWNING.

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HAROLD.[1]

BY THE LATE SIR RICHARD JEBB.

Lord Tennyson has chosen a noble subject. The last English King of England, the hero and martyr of English freedom, is worthy to be celebrated by an English Laureate. Nor could any form of celebration have been more appropriate. Tennyson has added a new charm to the chivalrous legends which float around the British Arthur. He now proves that he can do justice to the great historical events which group themselves with a tragic distinctness around the English Harold. No historical character unites more completely than Harold all the elements of dramatic effect. His military genius, his civil virtues, his loyal and fearless championship of England against the dominion of strangers; his liberality, which has for its perpetual monument his secular foundation of Waltham; his frank and open bearing, in which prudent contemporaries blamed too slight a regard for self-interest; his generous courage, which panegyrists could not wholly vindicate from the charge of rashness; his tall stature, his comely countenance, that mighty physical strength to which the pictures of the Bayeux tapestry bear witness—all these things make Harold a man fit to stand as the central figure of a drama. But when we consider the days on which his life was cast, when we estimate the cause in which he strove and died, this fitness is seen to be enhanced tenfold by the dramatic grandeur of his surroundings. The England of Harold's

[1] From *The Times*, Dec. 18, 1876.

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youth had just been restored from the rule of Danish Kings to the rule of the native House of Cerdic. Harold's father, the great Earl Godwin, had been the true ruler of England during the earlier years of Edward the Confessor. And when Godwin was gone Harold stepped into his place. Father and son had the same task. Each in his turn had to uphold the English cause in England against the Norman cause on both sides of the water. Edward, though of the old English stock, had deeply felt the Norman influence during the exile of his youth. But even if Edward had been purely English at heart, he was not a Godwin or a Harold. He was not a born ruler of men. Tennyson was right in calling his first drama, not *Mary Tudor*, but *Queen Mary;* and he has been right in calling his present drama, not *King Harold*, but *Harold.* Tennyson brings Harold before us, not at the moment when his formal reign begins, but in those latter days of Edward the Confessor's reign, when Harold, though not King, was already ruler, already the mainstay of England, already the pillar of the English people's hope. The great champion of England has opposed to him the great champion of Normandy. Harold has every quality which can ennoble a national defence. William has every quality which can lend terrible force to a foreign attack. If the old Norse speech hardly survived save at Bayeux, if the old Norse freedom had vanished from the settlement on the Seine, if the children of the pirates had become feudal nobles, yet at least there was one man in whom the spirit of the sea-wolves lived on. In William the desperate fierceness of the Northern race was the wonder and the fear of mankind. His vast

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strength and his brilliant daring were qualities which he shared with his English foe. But the gigantic frame, the savage countenance, the irresistible fury of wrath, the pitiless cruelty of revenge, declared William a genuine Norseman. Such a Norseman, had he been nothing more, though he might have been a triumphant invader, could not have become a true conqueror. But to the passionate impetuosity which storms a town or turns the tide of a fight William joined the military and the political genius which can found a government and temper a civilization. Harold had a great antagonist. The day on which Harold and William met at Senlac was the most momentous in the history of England.

Tennyson's First Act opens in the latter days of Edward the Confessor's reign. The first scene is laid in London, at the King's Palace. A comet is blazing in the sky, and troubling the minds of men with the fear of change. While each personal ambition reads its own encouragement or its own danger in that sign, the devout King, whose work is nearly done, recognizes in it a threat of God's judgment of the "narrowness and coldness" of the realm:

EDWARD. In heaven signs!
Signs upon earth! signs everywhere! your Priests
Gross, worldly, simoniacal, unlearn'd!
They scarce can read their Psalter; and your churches
Uncouth, unhandsome, while in Normanland
God speaks thro' abler voices, as He dwells
In statelier shrines. I say not this, as being
Half Norman-blooded, nor as some have held,
Because I love the Norman better—no,

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But dreading God's revenge upon this realm
For narrowness and coldness: and I say it
For the last time perchance, before I go
To find the sweet refreshment of the Saints.
I have lived a life of utter purity:
I have builded the great church of Holy Peter:
I have wrought miracles—to God the glory—
And miracles will in my name be wrought
Hereafter.—I have fought the fight and go—
I see the flashing of the gates of pearl—
And it is well with me, tho' some of you
Have scorn'd me—ay—but after I am gone
Woe, woe to England! I have had a vision;
The seven sleepers in the cave at Ephesus
Have turn'd from right to left.

Harold is brought before us at the outset as the man who for twelve years has been the mainstay of England, as Edward himself declares:

I know it, son; I am not thankless: thou
Hast broken all my foes, lighten'd for me
The weight of this poor crown, and left me time
And peace for prayer to gain a better one.
Twelve years of service! England loves thee for it.
Thou art the man to rule her!

Harold himself, in the dialogue which follows between himself and his brothers, tells the same truth more bluntly:

The king? the king is ever at his prayers;
In all that handles matter of the state
I am the king.

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Harold now craves from Edward a boon which has been well deserved. He wants a holiday. He asks permission to leave England for a while, "to hunt and hawk beyond the seas." Harold wishes to go to Normandy, where his younger brother Wulfnoth has long been a hostage in Norman hands for the loyalty of the English Godwin's house to Edward. But on this point Edward is decided. In vain does Harold plead, "Is not the Norman Count thy friend and mine?" Edward answers merely, "I pray thee, do not go to Normandy"; and then, more peremptorily, "Harold, I will not yield thee leave to go." It is agreed that Harold shall take his holiday in Flanders. The second scene—in the garden of the King's house near London—passes shortly before Harold sets out on his voyage. Edith, the ward of Edward, loves Harold, and is loved by him:

> Love is come with a song and a smile,
> Welcome Love with a smile and a song:
> Love can stay but a little while.
> Why cannot he stay? They call him away:
> Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong;
> Love will stay for a whole life long.

The parting between the lovers in the moonlit garden discovers the hope which has already shaped itself clearly before them:

> Mine amulet . . .
> This last . . . upon thine eyelids, to shut in
> A happier dream. Sleep, sleep, and thou shalt see
> My grayhounds fleeting like a beam of light,

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And hear my peregrine and her bells in heaven;
And other bells on earth, which yet are heaven's;
Guess what they be.

EDITH. He cannot guess who knows.
Farewell, my king.

HAROLD. Not yet, but then — my queen.

Their talk has been overheard by Aldwyth, widow of Griffyth, King of Wales, and daughter of Alfgar. There had long been fierce jealousy between the House of Alfgar and the house of Godwin. But now the daughter of Alfgar is drawn to the son of Godwin, the conqueror of her first lord, by the spell of a noble nature whose strength is utterly unlike her strength. She knows that his first love, at least, cannot be hers—it is Edith's. But she is resolute, politic, and patient. She sees already how the stormy days that are at hand may serve her passion as well as her ambition. She will win Harold yet. But it shall be when his crown is at stake. And her triumph shall be at the same time a triumph for the house of Alfgar.

The second act contains the adventures of Harold beyond seas. On his voyage to Flanders he is wrecked on the coast of Ponthieu. A fisherman, who in visiting the English coast had once seen the great Earl of Wessex, takes the news to Guy, Count of Ponthieu. For a small reward he will show the Count a captive who can pay a great ransom. The Count rides down to the coast, seizes Harold, and carries him off to be racked or ransomed in the fortress of Beaurain. The second scene is laid at Bayeux, in the Palace of William, Duke—or, as Tennyson prefers to call him,

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Count—of Normandy, the future Conqueror of England. Much has happened since Harold's shipwreck. William has used his authority over his former prisoner, and actual vassal, Count Guy, to procure Harold's release. Harold has since accompanied William on an expedition against Conan, Count of the Bretons, and has done good service therein. He is now William's guest at Bayeux, where his brother Wulfnoth is still a hostage. Harold's real plight is best described in the words of his Norman entertainer:

> our friend Guy
> Had wrung his ransom from him by the rack,
> But that I stept between and purchased him,
> Translating his captivity from Guy
> To mine own hearth at Bayeux, where he sits
> My ransom'd prisoner.

William has resolved that Harold shall not leave him yet:

> MALET. But I should let him home again, my lord.
> WILLIAM. Simple! let fly the bird within the hand,
> To catch the bird again within the bush!
> No.
> Smooth thou my way, before he clash with me;
> I want his voice in England for the crown,
> I want thy voice with him to bring him round;
> And being brave he must be subtly cow'd,
> And being truthful wrought upon to swear
> Vows that he dare not break.

By degrees it is made more and more evident to Harold that he is not to go home "save on conditions."

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And presently tidings reach Harold from England which make his scarcely veiled captivity yet more insupportable. Morcar and Edwin, the sons of Alfgar, have stirred up the Thanes of Northumbria against Earl Tostig, Harold's brother, and the whole country north of Humber "is one storm." Harold's mind is wrought on still more powerfully by the fears, the entreaties, and the forebodings of his younger and weaker brother Wulfnoth, who had already been so long the hostage of the Normans. Let Harold pause before he angers a man who tears out the eyes and slices off the hands of his prisoners. Let him think of the *oubliette*, thirty feet below the ground, and of the dogs' food thrown down through the blackness on his head. Let him think of his unhappy brother Wulfnoth. Let him think of England. Let him think of Norman licence threatening English women. Let him think of Edith. Wulfnoth's pleading, helped by time and by the news from oversea, at last does its work. William alleges a promise made to him by his cousin, Edward the Confessor. Edward had promised that, if he ever became King, he would support William's claim to be his successor. Edward's son, Edgar the Atheling—the last male of the house of Cerdic—is "sickly, slight, half-witted and a child." Then William asks Harold, "Wilt *thou* uphold my claim?" Harold says, "Ay"—if Edward has not revoked his promise—if the Witan consents. "Thine 'ifs,' says his friendly prompter, Malet, "will sear thine eyes out." Harold promises unconditionally.

But a promise is not enough. William must have an oath. In the presence of the Norman Court, Harold

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takes the oath. This scene, which gives the keynote to the tragedy of Harold's personal fate, is also one of the most dramatically powerful in the play:

WILLIAM. We have heard
Of thy just, mild, and equal governance;
Honour to thee! thou art perfect in all honour!
Thy naked word thy bond! confirm it now
Before our gather'd Norman baronage,
For they will not believe thee—as I believe.
[*Descends from his throne and stands by the ark.*
Let all men here bear witness of our bond!
[*Beckons to* HAROLD, *who advances.*

Enter MALET *behind him.*

Lay thou thy hand upon this golden pall!
Behold the jewel of St. Pancratius!
Woven into the gold. Swear thou on this!

HAROLD. What should I swear? Why should I swear on this?

WILLIAM (*savagely*). Swear thou to help me to the crown of England.

MALET (*whispering* HAROLD). My friend, thou hast gone too far to palter now.

WULFNOTH (*whispering* HAROLD). Swear thou to-day, to-morrow is thine own.

HAROLD. I swear to help thee to the crown of England . . .

According as King Edward promises.

WILLIAM. Thou must swear absolutely, noble Earl.

MALET (*whispering*). Delay is death to thee, ruin to England.

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WULFNOTH (*whispering*). Swear, dearest brother, I beseech thee, swear!

HAROLD (*putting his hand on the jewel*). I swear to help thee to the crown of England.

WILLIAM. Thanks, truthful Earl; I did not doubt thy word,
But that my barons might believe thy word,
And that the Holy Saints of Normandy
When thou art home in England, with thine own,
Might strengthen thee in keeping of thy word,
I made thee swear.—Show him by whom he hath sworn.

[*The two* BISHOPS *advance, and raise the cloth of gold. The bodies and bones of Saints are seen lying in the ark.*

The holy bones of all the Canonised
From all the holiest shrines in Normandy!

HAROLD. Horrible! [*They let the cloth fall again.*

WILLIAM. Ay, for thou hast sworn an oath
Which, if not kept, would make the hard earth rive
To the very Devil's horns, the bright sky cleave
To the very feet of God, and send her hosts
Of injured Saints to scatter sparks of plague
Thro' all your cities, blast your infants, dash
The torch of war among your standing corn,
Dabble your hearts with your own blood.—Enough!
Thou wilt not break it! I, the Count—the King—
Thy friend—am grateful for thine honest oath,
Not coming fiercely like a conqueror, now,
But softly as a bridegroom to his own.
For I shall rule according to your laws,
And make your ever-jarring Earldoms move
To music and in order—Angle, Jute,

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Dane, Saxon, Norman, help to build a throne
Out-towering hers of France . . . The wind is fair
For England now . . . To night we will be merry.
To-morrow will I ride with thee to Harfleur.

The Third Act opens at the death-bed of Edward the Confessor. Harold and the rest gaze almost with awe on his calm rest—

The rosy face, and long down-silvering beard,
The brows unwrinkled as a summer mere

—until the King awakes to tell them of a vision which he has seen in sleep, as of an angel crying "the doom of England." Harold has told Edward of his oath to William. Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, has formally absolved Harold from the oath. But the validity of the absolution is doubtful, since Stigand had his pallium from the Anti-Pope Benedict. And now King Edward has resolved, as his last act, to make atonement for his own "random promise" to William by consecrating his ward, Edith, to the cloister. Harold must swear to see this vow performed:

HAROLD. Nay, dear lord, for I have sworn
Not to swear falsely twice.
EDWARD. Thou wilt not swear?
HAROLD. I cannot.
EDWARD. Then on thee remains the curse,
Harold, if thou embrace her: and on thee,
Edith, if thou abide it,—

[*The* KING *swoons;* EDITH *falls and kneels by the couch.*

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STIGAND. He hath swoon'd!
Death? . . . no, as yet a breath.
HAROLD. Look up! look up!
Edith!
ALDRED. Confuse her not; she hath begun
Her life-long prayer for thee.

Edward wakes from the swoon in delirium, and expires with a terrible prophecy on his lips:

God
Has fill'd the quiver, and Death has drawn the bow—
Sanguelac! Sanguelac! the arrow! the arrow! [*Dies.*

The second scene of the Third Act is the shadow to the light of Act I. Scene ii. Harold is now King. Harold and Edith are talking in the same garden, but Edith feels that the dead King's vow has put an everlasting barrier between herself and Harold:

They say thou art to wed the Lady Aldwyth.

While they are yet speaking, tidings come that Tostig, Harold's brother—the banished Earl of Northumbria—has landed in that country with the King of Norway, Harold Hardrada, and has routed Morcar and Edwin, the sons of Alfgar. Nor are these the worst tidings. William of Normandy has denounced King Harold to the Pope —"and that Archdeacon Hildebrand, his master"—as having sworn falsely by the Norman Saints. All France, all Burgundy, all Christendom is raised against Harold.

The Fourth Act brings the beginning of the end. King Harold has hastened to the war in Northumbria. Edwin, Earl of Mercia, and Morcar, the new Earl of Northumbria, have been beaten back by Tostig and

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the King of Norway. The people are sullen. When King Harold comes no acclaim greets his standard, the golden Dragon of Wessex. But voices rise from the crowd which tell of pride in their old Danish blood, which betray the wish to see the old Northumbrian crown worn by a King of their own choice, and which, lastly, join Harold's name with Aldwyth's. Her brothers are not unskilful in their part. "We cannot swear that our people will follow thee against the Norsemen if thou deny them this."

HAROLD. Canst thou love one, who cannot love again?
ALDWYTH. Full hope have I that love will answer love.
HAROLD. Then in the name of the great God, so be it!
Come, Aldred, join our hands before the hosts,
That all may see.
[ALDRED *joins the hands of* HAROLD *and* ALDWYTH *and blesses them.*

The second and third scenes of the Fourth Act are prelude and sequel to the Battle of Stamford Bridge. In the second scene Harold gives Tostig a last opportunity for reconciliation, and Tostig replies with a last defiance. In the third scene, while King Harold and his bride and his warriors are still celebrating the great victory of Stamford Bridge, the banquet is interrupted by the arrival of a Thane, who has ridden night and day from the south. William of Normandy has landed at Pevensey.

The Fifth Act has for its first scene "A tent on a Mound, from which can be seen the Field of Senlac," a

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spur of the Sussex Downs near Hastings, now occupied by the abbey and town of Battle. King Harold is sitting in his tent. By him stand his brothers Gurth and Leofwin; and the monk, Hugh Margot. Margot's mission is to be, in his own phrase, a "Norman Daniel" to the English Belshazzar. But Harold is less troubled by Margot's denunciations than by the warnings from the spirits of dead and living which come to him when, that night, he is left in solitude. He beholds a vision of Edward, a vision of Wulfnoth, a vision of Tostig, a vision of the Norman Saints. Already the Holy Rood had bowed above him, as in presage of ruin, in his own house of Waltham. But still deep down in his mind there is the sense that he has stood on the side of right, and that the power which accuses him in the name of the Saints is itself a power of darkness. He cannot disentangle the sophistry; but he feels the falsehood. He starts up, battle-axe in hand, from the oppression of the terrible phantasies:

> Away!
> My battle-axe against your voices. Peace!
> The King's last word—'the arrow!' I shall die—
> I die for England then, who lived for England—
> What nobler? men must die.
> I cannot fall into a falser world—
> I have done no man wrong. Tostig, poor brother,
> Art *thou* so anger'd?
> Fain had I kept thine earldom in thy hands
> Save for thy wild and violent will that wrench'd
> All hearts of freemen from thee. I could do

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No other than this way advise the king
Against the race of Godwin. Is it possible
That mortal men should bear their earthly heats
Into yon bloodless world, and threaten us thence
Unschool'd of Death? Thus then thou art revenged—
I left our England naked to the South
To meet thee in the North. The Norseman's raid
Hath helpt the Norman, and the race of Godwin
Hath ruin'd Godwin. No—our waking thoughts
Suffer a stormless shipwreck in the pools
Of sullen slumber, and arise again
Disjointed: only dreams—where mine own self
Takes part against myself! Why? for a spark
Of self-disdain born in me when I sware
Falsely to him, the falser Norman, over
His gilded ark of mummy-saints, by whom
I knew not that I sware,—not for myself—
For England—yet not wholly—

Enter EDITH.

Edith, Edith,
Get thou into thy cloister as the king
Will'd it: be safe: the perjury-mongering Count
Hath made too good an use of Holy Church
To break her close! There the great God of truth
Fill all thine hours with peace!—A lying devil
Hath haunted me—mine oath—my wife—I fain
Had made my marriage not a lie; I could not:
Thou art my bride! and thou in after years
Praying perchance for this poor soul of mine
In cold, white cells beneath an icy moon—

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This memory to thee !—and this to England,
My legacy of war against the Pope
From child to child, from Pope to Pope, from age to age,
Till the sea wash her level with her shores,
Or till the Pope be Christ's.

Two farewells remain to be taken—from the wife whom he never loved and from the loved one whom he could not wed. Then the Norman cries are heard afar off—"Ha Rou ! Ha Rou !" and the last English King of England goes forth to front the doom of God. Edith remains in the tent. As Harold leaves it, Stigand enters. By and by a whirring sound tells that the Norman archers have begun the attack. Stigand watches it from the tent, and reports to Edith each change in its fortunes. In the pauses a solemn chant is heard without—a Latin hymn, sung by the Canons of Waltham, of which the grand strains seem to rise or fall with the sounds of a battle. The hopes and fears of one who watches a great struggle are vividly expressed in a passage of sustained intensity :

EDITH. Look out upon the hill—is Harold there?

Stigand answers in the words of Edward's delirious prophecy, now fulfilled :

Sanguelac—Sanguelac—the arrow—the arrow!—away!

The closing scene is the Field of the Dead by night. Aldwyth and Edith meet in their search for the body of Harold. They have just found it, when William of Normandy enters with Malet. Aldwyth is recognized

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as the Queen. "Knowest thou this other?" asks William.

> MALET. When I visited England,
> Some held she was his wife in secret—some—
> Well—some believed she was his paramour.
> EDITH. Norman, thou liest! liars all of you,
> Your Saints and all! *I* am his wife! and she—
> For look, our marriage ring!
> [*She draws it off the finger of* HAROLD.
> I lost it somehow—
> I lost it, playing with it when I was wild.
> *That* bred the doubt! but I am wiser now . . .
> I am too wise . . . Will none among you all
> Bear me true witness—only for this once—
> That I have found it here again? [*She puts it on.*
> And thou,
> Thy wife am I for ever and evermore.
> [*Falls on the body and dies.*

The most distinctive feature in Tennyson's treatment of the subject is the dramatic use made of Harold's famous oath to William. Here is seen the special advantage for the historical dramatist—when he is a true artist—of a story such as that which Tennyson has handled here. The main lines are clear and firm. The principal characters are well defined. The dramatic poem can possess all the value of an accurate historical study. It can appeal to all the varied associations of an authentic and venerable tradition; and, at the same time, the dramatist is not rigidly excluded from the exercise of creative fancy. There is a margin of doubtful

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legend within which his imagination is legitimately free. There are elements of romance, floating around the history, to which the poet can give almost any shape or any significance that he pleases, without prejudicing the claim of his drama to be termed historical. That Harold really took some oath to William seems certain. As Mr. Freeman says, the Norman witnesses conflict with each other, and yet no English writer has ever contradicted the general charge. What Harold swore remains doubtful. We may say positively that he did not swear to receive a Norman garrison in Dover Castle, and yet allow that he may have sworn to support William's claim on the English Crown. Mr. Freeman inclines to think that Harold's oath was merely an engagement to marry one of William's daughters, coupled with an act of formal homage. Such an act might have been done when he received knighthood from William, or it might have accompanied the betrothal, and it would have been further recommended by gratitude for his deliverance from Guy's dungeon. At any rate, Tennyson has given a perfectly intelligible form to the incident. With true dramatic genius, he has drawn from it a motive which gives tragic unity to the entire action. Harold's oath becomes his avenging destiny. In his short career it is what the inherited curse was to the house of Pelops. Harold can say, in the true sense which Euripides meant, "My tongue has sworn, but my soul has not sworn." Nothing in the play seems to us finer than the contrast between Harold's own view of his predicament and the casuistry of the theologians who seek to reassure him.

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They give him absolution. They even suggest that the English saints will take his side against the Norman. Harold does not care to argue the point on metaphysical grounds; but he knows that an oath is an oath. He knows that he is forsworn; and yet, though the awful nature of the oath itself weighs upon his soul, a true instinct assures him that the real guilt of the perjury rests not with him, but with the man who ensnared him. He has a foreboding that he must suffer the immediate doom of the defiled; but, beyond that doom, he looks up to that Justice which shall give him the reward of the pure in spirit.

It would be easy to point out instances of the minute historical study which has gone to the production of Tennyson's noble drama. When Malet reminds William how his English captive

> Haled thy shore-swallow'd, armour'd Normans up,

the touch is justified by that section of the Bayeux tapestry which shows Harold, on the expedition against Conan, plucking the Norman soldiers, two at a time, from the quicksands below Mont St. Michel. Or when Stigand, watching the battle of Senlac, says

> There is one
> Come as Goliath came of yore,

the allusion is to the man named, or nicknamed, "Taillefer" ("Cut-iron")—a gigantic juggler or minstrel, who rode out before the Norman ranks singing like Harold Hardrada at Stamford Bridge, and tossing his sword in the air. The same accuracy is seen in the reference to "that old song of Brunanburh," of which

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Mr. Hallam Tennyson has lately given us a spirited translation in the *Contemporary Review*. But students of English history, however much they may be struck by such traits, will observe with higher interest the Poet Laureate's insight into the political conditions of the time. The scenes in Northumbria may be noticed as illustrating this.

The studies of character in the play are subtle and carefully finished. They have this advantage over those in *Queen Mary*—that, here, the contrasts are more effective, there is a larger, freer atmosphere, there is more action, and, above all, there is more sunshine.

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